

A  
C O L L E C T I O N  
of  
PSALMS *and* HYMNS

And  
Spiritual Songs:

For the Use

Of

C H R I S T I A N S

Of

Every DENOMINATION.

By the Rev. D. SIMPSON, M. A.

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The Second EDITION.

With an APPENDIX.

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M A C C L E S F I E L D:

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# P R E F A C E.

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**T**HE Reader is here presented with an Extract from the old and new Versions of the Psalms, together with a large Number of moral and divine Songs and Hymns, suited to the various Circumstances of Christians.

Some few of the Compositions may rather be called divine Poems than Songs or Hymns. These are more particularly intended for the Improvement and Entertainment of young People, and those among the Poor, whose Minds have happily taken a religious Turn, but who are not able to purchase many Books.

I have been induced to insert a small Number from the old Version, in Condescension to the Prejudices

of those Persons who admire them for their Antiquity:

It has often given me Pain to see the most noble and exalted, Part of divine Worship so much neglected, so ill performed, or the Words so injudiciously chosen. For certainly we never so much resemble the Inhabitants of the heavenly World, as when we are joining together with one Heart and one Voice in singing the Praises of our Creator and our God. *I beheld, and I heard the Voice of many Angels round about the Throne, and the Beasts, and the Elders; and the Number of them was ten thousand Times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands; saying with a loud Voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive Power, and Riches, and Wisdom, and Strength, and Honour, and Glory, and Blessing. And every Creature which is in Heaven, and on the Earth, and under the Earth, and such*

as

*as are in the Sea, and all that are in them, heard I, saying, Blessing, and Honour, and Glory, and Power, be unto him that sitteth upon the Throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.*

Such is the happy Employment of the Saints in Light! Let us studiously learn to emulate their elevated Strains. Our Debt of Duty and Gratitude is probably greater even than theirs. Let us then strive to sing with all our Might, with the Spirit, and with the Understanding also. Brisk, solemn, lively Tunes, are best adapted to awaken holy Affections. Avoid therefore such as are light, frothy and fantastic; and let all the Congregation join together in one grand Chorus. Such Words, such Tunes, such Singing as leaves us dull, stupid, and languid, answer no valuable End whatever. They are neither pleasing to God, nor profitable to Man.

But



But such as raise our Affections, carry us beyond ourselves, and bring all Heaven before our Eyes, these are the Tunes, this is the Singing, which is best calculated to answer the Purposes of divine Harmony.

“ I could heartily wish, says the  
 “ pious and judicious *Addison*, there  
 “ was the same Application and En-  
 “ deavours to cultivate and improve  
 “ our Church Music, as have been  
 “ lately bestowed on that of the  
 “ Stage. Our Composers have one  
 “ very great Incitement to it: They  
 “ are sure to meet with excellent  
 “ Words, and at the same Time,  
 “ a wonderful Variety of them.  
 “ There is no Passion that is not  
 “ finely expressed in those Parts of  
 “ the inspired Writings, which are  
 “ proper for divine Songs and An-  
 “ thems.

“ There is a certain Coldness and  
 “ Indifference in the Phrases of our

*European*

“ *European* Languages, when they  
 “ are compared with the oriental  
 “ Forms of Speech; and it happens  
 “ very luckily, that the *Hebrew* I-  
 “ dioms run into the *English*  
 “ Tongue with a particular Grace  
 “ and Beauty. Our Language has  
 “ received innumerable Elegancies  
 “ and Improvements, from that  
 “ Infusion of *Hebraisms*, which are  
 “ derived to it out of the poetical  
 “ Passages in holy Writ. They give  
 “ a Force and Energy to our Ex-  
 “ pression, warm and animate our  
 “ Language, and convey our  
 “ Thoughts in more ardent and  
 “ intense Phrases, than any that  
 “ are to be met with in our own  
 “ Tongue. There is Something so  
 “ pathetick in this Kind of Diction,  
 “ that it often sets the Mind in a  
 “ Flame, and makes our Heart burn  
 “ within us. How cold and dead  
 “ does a Prayer appear, that is  
 “ composed

“ composed in the most elegant and  
 “ polite Forms of Speech, which  
 “ are natural to our Tongue, when  
 “ it is not heightened by that Solem-  
 “ nity of Phrase, which may be  
 “ drawn from the sacred Writings!  
 “ It has been said by some of the  
 “ Ancients, that if the Gods were  
 “ to talk with Men, they would  
 “ certainly spake in *Plato's* Style; but  
 “ I think we may say, with Justice,  
 “ that when Mortals converse with  
 “ their Creator, they cannot do it  
 “ in so proper a style as in that of  
 “ the holy Scriptures.

“ If any one would judge of the  
 “ Beauties of Poetry that are to be  
 “ met with in the divine Writings,  
 “ and examine how kindly the *He-  
 brew* Manners of Speech mix and  
 “ incorporate with the *English* Lan-  
 “ guage; after having perused the  
 “ Book of Psalms, let him read a lite-  
 “ ral Translation of *Horace* or *Pindar*.  
 “ He

"He will find in these two last such  
 "an Absurdity and Confusion of  
 "Style, with such a comparative  
 "Poverty of Imagination, as will  
 "make him very sensible of what I  
 "have been here advancing.

"Since we have therefore such a  
 "Treasure of Words, so beautiful  
 "in themselves, and so proper for  
 "the Airs of Music, I cannot but  
 "wonder that Persons of Distincti-  
 "on should give so little Attention  
 "and Encouragement to that Kind  
 "of Music, which would have its  
 "Foundation in Reason, and which  
 "would improve our Virtue in Pro-  
 "portion as it raised our Delight.  
 "The Passions that are excited by  
 "ordinary Compositions generally  
 "flow from such silly and absurd  
 "Occasions, that a Man is ashamed  
 "to reflect upon them serious-  
 "ly; but the Fear, the Love, the  
 "Sorrow, the Indignation that are  
 B "awakened



“ awakened in the Mind by Hymns  
 “ and Anthems, make the Heart  
 “ better, and proceed from such  
 “ Causes as are altogether reasona-  
 “ ble and praise-worthy. Pleasure  
 “ and Duty go Hand in Hand, and  
 “ the greater our Satisfaction is, the  
 “ greater is our Religion.

“ *Homer* and *Hesiod* intimate to  
 “ us how this Art should be applied,  
 “ when they represent the Muses as  
 “ surrounding *Jupiter*, and warb-  
 “ ling their Hymns about his  
 “ Throne. I might shew from in-  
 “ numerable Passages in ancient  
 “ Writers, not only that vocal and  
 “ instrumental Music were made  
 “ use of in their religious Worship,  
 “ but that their most favourite Di-  
 “ versions were filled with Songs  
 “ and Hymns to their respective  
 “ Deities. Had we frequent En-  
 “ tertainments of this Nature a-  
 “ mong us, they would not a little  
 “ purify

“purify and exalt our Passions, give  
 “our Thoughts a proper Turn,  
 “and cherish those divine Impulses  
 “in the Soul, which every one  
 “feels that has not stifled them by  
 “sensual and immoderate Plea-  
 “sures.

“Music, when thus applied,  
 “raises noble Hints in the Mind  
 “of the Hearer, and fills it with  
 “great Conceptions. It strengthens  
 “Devotion, and advances Praise  
 “into Rapture. It lengthens out  
 “every Act of Worship, and pro-  
 “duces more lasting and permanent  
 “Impressions in the Mind, than  
 “those which accompany any tran-  
 “sient Form of Words that are  
 “uttered in the ordinary Method of  
 “religious Worship.

“Divine Music diffuses a Calm-  
 “ness all around us, it makes us  
 “drop all those vain or immodest  
 “Thoughts which would be an  
 B 2 Hindrance

" Hindrance to us in the Perform-  
 " ance of that great Duty of  
 " Thanksgiving, which, as we are  
 " informed by our almighty Bene-  
 " factor, is the most acceptable  
 " Return which can be made for  
 " those infinite Stores of Blessings,  
 " which he daily condescends to  
 " pour down upon his Creatures.  
 " When we make use of this pathe-  
 " tical Method of addressing our-  
 " selves to him, we can scarce con-  
 " tain from Raptures! The Heart  
 " is warmed with a Sublimity of  
 " Goodness! We are all Piety and  
 " all Love!

" How do the blessed Spirits re-  
 " joice and wonder to behold un-  
 " thinking Man prostrating his  
 " Soul to his dread Sovereign in  
 " such a Warmth of Piety as they  
 " themselves might not be ashamed  
 " of!"

" The

The royal Psalmist's Opinion and Practice are well known.

*Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his Sanctuary: Praise him in the Firmament of his Power. Praise him for his mighty Acts: Praise him according to his excellent Greatness. Praise him with the Sound of the Trumpet: Praise him with the Psalterv and Harp. Praise him with the Timbrel and Dance: Praise him with stringed Instruments, and Organs. Praise him upon the loud Cymbals: Praise him upon the high-sounding Cymbals. Let every thing that hath Breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord. Psalm 150.*

Nor is this Practice of singing the Praises of God with Instruments, any where prohibited under the New Testament Dispensation, as some well-meaning, but, in this Respect, erroneous, People are willing to suggest. For we find our Saviour took every Opportunity of attending



attending the Temple Service, where instrumental Music was constantly made use of; and he never, upon any Occasion, forbid the Use of Instruments in religious Worship, which he certainly ought to have done, had such a Method of praising and worshipping God been inconsistent with the Purity and Spirituality of the Gospel Dispensation. Nay, the New Testament itself being Judge, instrumental Music is so far from being inconsistent with the spiritual and reasonable Service of the Gospel, that it is made use of in the more spiritual, rational, and refined Songs and Worship of Angels.

*And when he had taken the Book, the four Beasts, and four and twenty Elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them Harps, and golden Vials full of Oacurs, which are the Prayers of Saints. And they sung a new Song*

Song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the Book, and to open the Seals thereof: for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy Blood, out of every Kindred, and Tongue, and People, and Nation; and hast made us unto our God Kings and Priests: And we shall reign on the Earth. Rev. 5 8, 9, 10.

And I looked, and, lo, a Lamb stood on the Mount Sion, and with him an hundred forty and four Thousand, having his Father's Name written in their Foreheads. And I heard a Voice from Heaven, as the Voice of many Waters, and as the Voice of a great Thunder: And I heard the Voice of Harpers harping with their Harps: And they sung as it were a new Song before the Throne, and before the four beasts and the Elders: And no Man could learn that Song, but the hundred and forty and four Thousand, which were

were redeemed from the Earth. Rev.  
14. 1, 2, 3.

Imitating these fine passages, our  
*Milton* has thus nobly represent-  
ed those harmonious Beings.

“ Then crown’d again, their golden Harps  
[ they took,  
“ Harps ever ‘un’d, that glitt’ring by their Side  
“ Like Quivers hung, and with Preamble sweet  
“ Of charming Symphony they introduce  
“ The sacred Song, and waken Raptures high:  
“ No one exempt, no Voice but well could join  
“ Melodious Part; such Concord is in Heav’n.”

The Christians in the first Ages  
of the Church are full in their Re-  
commendation of divine Harmony.

*Is any merry? Let him sing*  
PSALMS.

St. James.

*Let the Word of Christ dwell in you  
richly in all Wisdom; teaching and  
admonishing one another in PSALMS,  
and HYMNS, and SPIRITUAL SONGS,  
singing*

Rev. *singing with Grace in your Hearts to the Lord.*

our *St. Paul to the Colossians.*

sent- *Speaking to yourselves in PSALMS and HYMNS and SPIRITUAL SONGS, singing and making Melody in your Heart to the Lord.*

Harps took, *St. Paul to the Ephesians.*

r Side sweet *I will sing with the Spirit, and I will sing with the Understanding also.*

ce high: *St. Paul to the Corinthians.*

ld join av'n." *And when Christ and his Apostles had sung an HYMN, they went out into the Mount of Olives.*

Agess *St. Matthew.*

Re- *"The Christians used on a set*  
ony. *solemn Day, to meet together be-*  
sing *fore Sun-rising, and to sing a-*  
mes. *mong themselves an HYMN to*  
n you *Christ, as God."*  
and  
LMS,  
NGS,  
nging

*Pliny to Trajan.*

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This



This Evidence is abundantly sufficient to satisfy serious and candid Christians that there is no Impropriety in our making use of Hymns as well as Psalms in our religious Adoration of almighty God.

Some gloomy Beings indeed there are, who explode all Music, vocal and instrumental. What such Persons mean to make of themselves when they arrive at Heaven, where there is an eternal Hallelujah, sung in full Chorus before the Throne of God, I leave them to consider. At present however, I think the strong Sentiment of *Shakespeare*, with a little Softning, is not unapplicable:

“ The Man that hath no Music in himself,  
“ Nor is not mov'd with Concord of sweet

"Nor is not mov'd with Concord of sweet  
[Sounds,

[Sounds,

"Is fit for Treasons, Stratagems, and Spoils;

“ The Motions of his Spirit are dull as Night,

“ And his Affections dark as Erebus:

"Let no such Man be trusted."

## Various

Various are the Creatures we have got to deal with. Others have rooted and insuperable Prejudices against the Use of an Organ in our religious Assemblies.

As that noble Instrument is frequently conducted, I own it is rather hurtful to Devotion than otherwise. But an Organ, in good Hands, and under judicious Management, is attended, if I may be allowed to judge from my own Feelings, with most rare and delightful Effects upon the Mind.

—“ Oh! what Art can teach,

“ What human Voice can reach,

“ The sacred Organ’s Praise?

“ Notes inspiring holy Love,

“ Notes that wing their heavenly Ways

“ To mend the Choirs above.”

*Dryden.*

“ Now let the pealing Organ blow,

“ To the full voic’d Quire below,

“ In Service high, and Anthems clear,

“ As

“ As may with Sweetness, through mine Ear,  
 “ Dissolve me into Extasies,  
 “ And bring all Heav’n before mine Eyes.”

*Milton.*

“ Music religious Heats inspires;  
 “ It wakes the Soul, and lifts it high,  
 “ And wings it with sublime Desires,  
 “ And fits it to bespeak the Deity.  
 “ Th’ Almighty listens to a tuneful Tongue,  
 “ And seems well-pleas’d and courted with a Song,  
 “ Soft moving Sounds and heav’nly Airs  
 “ Give force to ev’ry Word, and recommend  
 [ our Pray’rs,

“ When Time itself shall be no more,  
 “ And all Things in Confusion hurl’d,  
 “ Music shall then exert its Pow’r,  
 “ And Sound survive the Ruins of the World:  
 “ Then Saints and Angels shall agree  
 “ In one eternal Jubilee:  
 “ All Heav’n shall echo with their Hymns divine,  
 “ And God himself with Pleasure see  
 “ The whole Creation in a Chorus join.”

*Addison.*

All there pleasing Testimonies in  
 Favour of divine Harmony are ex-  
 ceedingly strong. If they will not  
 remove the Scruples of serious, and  
 candid, and well-meaning Christi-  
 ans

ans, of every Denomination, No-  
 thing that I can farther urge will  
 be attended with that happy Effect.

These, it will be said, are small  
 Matters. I grant it. If therefore we  
 cannot agree in them, let us at least  
 agree to disagree; and let us allow  
 every one the Liberty of judging and  
 acting, as he finds most for his own  
 Edification; and let us love and do  
 good one to another notwithstanding.  
*For now we see through a Glass*  
*darkly; but by and by Face to Face;*  
*now we know in Part; but e're long*  
*we shall know even as also we are*  
*known.* Then shall all our little silly  
 Differences be adjusted, and we shall  
 agree to love one another with pure  
 Hearts fervently, and to sing the  
 Praises of God and the Lamb to-  
 gether, with united and harmoni-  
 ous Voices, to all Eternity.

DAVID SIMPSON.



and of every denomination. No-  
thing that I can farther say will  
be attended with that happy effect  
I hope, it will be said, and shall  
therefore I grant it. If therefore we  
cannot agree in them, let us at least  
agree to disagree; and let us allow  
every one the liberty of judging and  
acting, as he finds most for his own  
edification; and let us love and do  
good to one another notwithstanding.  
5 00 57  
I shall not say that I am in love  
with you in Part; but I am  
well contented in this respect  
now. Then shall all our little in-  
differences be adjusted, and we shall  
be able to love one another with pure  
and fervent hearts, and to sing the  
 praises of God and the Lamb to-  
gether with united and harmonious  
voices to all eternity.

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# PSALMS

Extracted

from the

OLD and NEW

Versions.



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**H**OW blest is he, who ne'er consents  
by ill Advice to walk ;  
Nor stands in Sinner's Ways, nor sits  
where Men profanely talk !  
But makes the perfect Law of God  
his Business and Delight ;  
Devoutly reads therein by Day,  
And meditates by Night.

Like some fair Tree, which, fed by Streams,  
with timely Fruit does bend,  
He still shall flourish, and Success  
all his Designs attend.

Ungodly Men, and their Attempts,  
no lasting Root shall find;

Untimely blasted, and dispers'd  
like Chaff before the Wind.

**Their Guilt shall strike the Wicked dumb  
before the Judge's Face :**

No formal Hypocrite shall then  
amongst the Saints have Place.

For God approves the just Man's Ways,  
to Happiness they tend ;

But Sinners, and the Paths they tread,  
shall both in Ruin end.

O Lord, thou art my righteous Judge,  
to my Complaint give ear;

Ther



- Thou still redeem'st me from Distress,  
have Mercy, Lord, and hear.
- 2 How long will ye, O Sons of Men,  
to blot my Fame, devise?  
How long your vain Designs pursue,  
and spread malicious Lies?
- 3 Consider, that the righteous Man  
is God's peculiar Choice;  
And when to him I make my Pray'r,  
he always hears my Voice.
- 4 Then stand in Awe of his Commands,  
flee ev'ry Thing that's ill;  
Commune in Private with your Hearts,  
and bend them to his Will.
- 5 The Place of other Sacrifice  
let Righteousness supply;  
And let your Hope, securely fixt,  
on God alone rely.

## P S A L M VIII.

- 1 O Thou to whom all Creatures bow  
within this earthly Frame,  
Thro' all the World how great art thou!  
how glorious is thy Name!
- 2 In Heav'n thy wond'rous Acts are sung,  
nor fully reckon'd there;  
And yet thou mak'st the Infant-Tongue  
thy boundless Praise declare.
- 3 Thro' thee the Weak confound the Strong,  
and crush their haughty Foes;  
And so thou quell'st the wicked Throng,  
that thee and thine oppose.

4 When

- 4 When Heav'n, thy beauteous Work on high,  
 employs my wond'ring Sight;  
 The Moon, that nightly rules the Sky,  
 With Stars of feebler Light;  
 5 What's Man, O Lord, that thus thou lov'st  
 to keep him in thy Mind ?  
 Or what his Offspring, that thou prov'st  
 to them so wond'rous kind ?  
 6 Him next in Pow'r thou didst create  
 to thy celestial Train ;  
 Ordain'd with Dignity and State,  
 o'er all thy Works to reign.  
 7 O thou to whom all Creatures bow  
 within this earthly Frame,  
 Thro' all the World how great art thou !  
 how glorious is thy Name !

## P S A L M IX.

**T**O celebrate thy Praise, O Lord,  
 I will my Heart prepare ;  
 To all the list'ning World thy Works,  
 thy wond'rous Works declare.  
 The Thought of them shall to my Soul  
 exalted Pleasures bring ;  
 Whilst to thy Name, O thou most High !  
 triumphant Praise I sing.  
 All those who have his Goodness prov'd  
 will in his Truth confide ;  
 Whose Mercy ne'er forlook the Man,  
 that on his Help rely'd.  
 Sing Praises therefore to the Lord,  
 from Sion his Abode ;

Proclaim his Deeds, 'till all the World  
confess no other God.

## P S A L M XI.

- 1 **T**HE Lord hath both a Temple here,  
and righteous Throne above ;  
Where he surveys the Sons of Men,  
and how their Counsels move.
- 2 If God, the Righteous, whom he loves,  
for Trial does correct ;  
What must the Sons of Violence,  
whom he abhors, expect ?
- 3 Snares, Fire, and Brimstone, on their Heads  
shall in one Tempest show'r ;  
This dreadful Mixture his Revenge  
into their Cup shall pour.
- 4 The righteous Lord will righteous Deeds  
with signal Favour grace ;  
And to the upright Man disclose  
the Brightness of his Face.

## P S A L M XII.

- 1 **S**INCE godly Men decay, O Lord,  
do thou my Cause defend ;  
For scarce these wretched Times afford  
one just and faithful Friend.
- 2 One Neighbour now can scarce believe  
what t'other doth impart :  
With flatt'ring Lips they all deceive,  
and with a double Heart.
- 3 But Lips that with Deceit abound,  
can never prosper long ;

God's righteous Vengeance will confound  
the proud blaspheming Tongue.

- 4 For God, who hears the suff'ring Poor,  
and their Oppression knows,  
Will soon arise and give them Rest,  
in Spite of all their Foes.
- 5 The Promise of his aiding Grace  
shall reach its purpos'd End;  
His Servants from this faithless Race,  
he ever shall defend.
- 6 Then shall the Wicked be perplex'd,  
nor know which Way to fly;  
When those whom they despis'd and vex'd,  
shall be advanc'd on High.

## P S A L M XIII.

- 1 **H**OW long wilt thou forget me, Lord?  
Must I for ever mourn?  
How long wilt thou withdraw from me,  
oh! never to return?
- 2 Since I have always plac'd my Trust  
beneath thy Mercy's Wing,  
Thy saving Health will come, and then  
my Heart with Joy shall spring.
- 3 Then shall my Song, with Praise inspir'd,  
to thee, my God, ascend;  
Who, to thy Servant in Distress  
such Bounty didst extend.

## P S A L M XIV.

- 1 **S**URE, wicked Fools must needs suppose  
that God is Nothing but a Name;  
Corrupt



Corrupt and lewd their Practice grows,  
no Breast is warm'd with holy Flame.

- 2 The Lord look'd down from Heav'n's high  
and all the Sons of Men did view, (Tow'r,  
To see if any own'd his Pow'r,  
if any Truth or Justice knew.
- 3 But all, he saw, were gone aside,  
all were degen'rate grown and base;  
None took Religion for their Guide,  
not one of all the sinful Race.
- 4 How will they tremble then for Fear,  
when his just Wrath shall them o'ertake!  
For, to the Righteous, God is near,  
and never will their Cause forsake.
- 5 Ill Men in vain with Scorn expose  
those Methods which the Good pursue;  
Since God a Refuge is for those,  
whom his just Eyes with Favour view.
- 6 Would he his saving Pow'r employ,  
to break his People's servile Band!  
Then Shouts of universal Joy  
should loudly echo thro' the Land.

P S A L M XV.

- 1 **L**ORD, who's the happy Man that may  
to thy blest Courts repair?  
Not, Stranger-like, to visit them,  
but to inhabit there?
- 2 'Tis he whose ev'ry Thought and Deed  
by Rules of Virtue moves;  
Whose gen'rous Tongue disdains to speak  
the Thing his Heart disproves.

3 Who

Who never did a Slander forge,  
 his Neighbour's Fame to wound;  
 Or hearken to a false Report,  
 by Malice wisper'd round.  
 Who Vice, in all its Pomp and Pow'r,  
 can treat with just Neglect;  
 And Piety, tho' cloth'd in Rags,  
 religiously respect.  
 Who to his plighted Vows and Trust  
 has ever firmly stood;  
 And tho' he promise to his Loss,  
 he makes his Promise good.  
 The Man, who by this steady Course  
 has Happiness insur'd, (stand,  
 When Earth's Foundation shakes, shall  
 by Providence secur'd.

## P S A L M XVI.

I Strive each Action to approve  
 to God's all-seeing Eye;  
 No Danger shall my Hopes remove,  
 because he still is nigh.  
 Therefore my Heart all Grief defies,  
 my Glory does rejoice;  
 My Flesh shall rest in Hope to rise,  
 wak'd by his pow'rful Voice.  
 Thou, Lord, when I resign my Breath,  
 my Soul from Hell shalt free;  
 Nor let thy Holy-One in Death  
 The least Corruption see.  
 Thou shalt the Paths of Life display,  
 which to thy Presence lead;

Where

Where Pleasures dwell without Allay,  
and Joys that never fade.

P S A L M XVII.

- 1 **A**RISE, O Lord, defeat their Plots,  
their swelling Rage controul;  
From wicked Men, who are thy Sword,  
deliver thou my Soul.
- 2 From worldly Men, thy sharpest Scourge,  
whose Portion's here below;  
Who, fill'd with earthly Stores, aspire  
no other Bliss to know.
- 3 Their Race is num'rous, that partake  
their Substance while they live:  
Their Heirs survive, to whom they may  
the vast Remainder give.
- 4 But I, in Uprightness, thy Face  
shall view without Controul:  
And, waking, shall its Image find  
reflected in my Soul.

P S A L M XVIII.

- 1 **N**O Change of Times shall ever shock  
my firm Affection, Lord, to thee;  
For thou hast always been a Rock,  
a Fortrefs and Defence to me.
- 2 Thou my Deliv'rer art, my God;  
my Trust is in thy mighty Pow'r:  
Thou art my Shield from Foes abroad,  
At Home my Safe-guard and my Tow'r.

PSALM

## P S A L M XVIII. P. 2.

**W**HEN God arose to take my Part,  
 the conscious Earth did quake for Fear;  
 From their firm Posts the Hills did start,  
 nor could his dreadful Fury bear.  
 Thick Clouds of Smoke dispers'd abroad,  
 Ensigns of Wrath before him came;  
 Devouring Fire around him glow'd,  
 that Coals were kindled at his Flame.  
 He left the beauteous Realms of Light,  
 whilst Heav'n bow'd down its awful Head;  
 Beneath his Feet substantial Night,  
 was, like a sabl Carpet, spread.  
 The Chariot of the King of Kings,  
 which active Troops of Angels drew,  
 On a strong Tempest's rapid Wings,  
 with most amazing Swiftneſs flew.  
 Black wat'ry Miſts and Clouds conspir'd  
 with thickeſt Shades his Face to veil;  
 But at his Brightneſs ſoon retir'd,  
 and fell in Show'rs of Fire and Hail.  
 Thro' Heav'n's wide Arch a thund'ring Peal,  
 God's angry Voice did loudly roar:  
 While Earth's ſad Face, with Heaps of Hail,  
 and Flakes of Fire, was cover'd o'er.  
 His ſharpen'd Arrows round he threw,  
 which made his ſcatter'd Foes retreat;  
 Like Darts his nimble Light'ning flew,  
 and quickly finiſh'd their Defeat.  
 The Deep its ſecret Stores diſclos'd;  
 the World's Foundations naked lay,

B

By



By his avenging Wrath expos'd,  
which fiercely rag'd that dreadful Day.

P S A L M XVIII. O. V.

- 1 **T**HE Lord descended from above,  
and bow'd the Heav'ns high:  
And underneath his Feet he cast  
the Darkneſs of the Sky.
- 2 On Cherubs and on Cherubims  
full royally he rode:  
And on the Wings of mighty Winds  
came flying ail abroad.

P S A L M XIX.

- 1 **T**HE Heav'ns declare thy Glory, Lord,  
which that alone can fill;  
The Firmament and Stars expreſs  
their great Creator's Skill.
- 2 The Dawn of each returning Day  
freſh Beams of Knowledge brings:  
From darkeſt Night's ſucceſſive Rounds  
divine Inſtruction ſprings.
- 3 Their pow'rful Language to no Realm  
or Region is confin'd:  
'Tis Nature's Voice, and underſtood  
alike by all Mankind.
- 4 Their Doctrine does its ſacred Senſe  
'Thro' Earth's Extent diſplay;  
Whoſe bright Contents the circling Sun  
does round the World convey.

5 From

From East to West, from West to East,  
 his restless Course he goes:  
 And, thro' his Progress, cheerful Light  
 and vital Warmth bestows.

## P S A L M XIX. P. 2.

**G**OD's perfect Law converts the Soul,  
 reclaims from false Desires;  
 With sacred Wisdom his sure Word  
 the Ignorant inspires.  
 The Statutes of the Lord are just,  
 and bring sincere Delight:  
 His pure Commands in Search of Truth,  
 assist the feeblest Sight.  
 His perfect Worship here is fix'd,  
 on sure Foundations laid:  
 His equal Laws are in the Scales  
 of Truth and Justice weigh'd.  
 Of more Esteem than golden Mines,  
 or Gold refin'd with Skill;  
 More sweet than Honey, or the Drops,  
 that from the Comb distil.  
 My trusty Councillors they are,  
 and friendly Warnings give;  
 Divine Rewards attend on those,  
 who by thy Precepts live.

## P S A L M XXIII.

**T**HE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,  
 vouchsafes to be my Guide;

- The Shepherd by whose constant Care  
my Wants are all supply'd.
- 2 In tender Grass he makes me feed,  
and gently there repose;  
Then leads me to cool Shades, and where  
refreshing Water flows.
- 3 He does my wand'ring Soul reclaim,  
and to his endless Praise,  
Instruct with humble Zeal to walk  
in his most righteous Ways.
- 4 I pass the gloomy Vale of Death,  
from Fear and Danger free;  
For there his aiding Rod and Staff  
defend and comfort me.
- 5 In Presence of my spiteful Foes  
he does my Table spread;  
He crowns my Cup with cheerful Wine,  
With Oil anoints mine Head.
- 6 Since God does thus his wond'rous Love  
through all my Life extend,  
That Life to him I will devote,  
and in his Temple spend.

## P S A L M XXIII. O. V.

- 1 **M**Y Shepherd is the living Lord,  
nothing therefore I need:  
In Pastures fair, near pleasant Streams,  
he setteth me to feed.
- 2 He shall convert and glad my Soul,  
and bring my Mind in frame;

To walk in Paths of Righteousness,  
for his most holy Name

3 Yea, tho' I walk in Vale of Death,  
yet will I fear no Ill;

Thy Rod and Staff do comfort me,  
and thou art with me still.

4 And in the Presence of my Foes  
my Table thou shalt spread:

Thou wilt fill full my Cup, and thou  
anointed hast my Head.

5 Thro' all my Life thy Favour is  
so frankly shew'd to me,

That in thy House for evermore  
my dwelling Place shall be.

P S A L M XXIV.

1 **T**HIS spacious Earth is all the Lord's,  
the Lord's her Fulness is;

The World and they that dwell therein,  
by sov'reign Right are his.

2 He fram'd and fix'd it on the Seas;  
and his almighty Hand,

Upon inconstant Floods has made  
the stable Fabric stand.

3 But for himself this Lord of all  
one chosen Seat design'd:

O! who shall to that sacred Hill  
deserv'd Admittance find?

4 The Man whose Hands and Heart are pure,  
whose Thoughts from Pride are free;

Who honest Poverty prefers  
To gainful Perjury.

This



- 5 This, this is he, on whom the Lord  
shall show'r his Blessings down ;  
Whom God his Saviour shall vouchsafe  
with Righteousness to crown.

## P S A L M XXIV. P. 2.

- 1 **E**RECT your Heads, eternal Gates :  
unfold, to entertain  
The King of Glory : see ! he comes  
with his celestial Train.
- 2 Who is the King of Glory ? who ?  
the Lord for Strength renown'd,  
In Battle mighty, o'er his Foes  
eternal Victor crown'd.
- 3 Erect your Heads, ye Gates, unfold,  
in State to entertain  
The King of Glory : see ! he comes  
with all his shining Train.
- 4 Who is the King of Glory ? who ?  
the Lord of Hosts renown'd :  
Of Glory he alone is King,  
who is with Glory crown'd.

## P S A L M XXV.

- 1 **T**HY Mercies and thy Love,  
O Lord, recall to mind ;  
And graciously continue still,  
As thou wert ever, kind.
- 2 Let all my youthful Crimes  
be blotted out by thee :  
And, for thy wond'rous Goodness sake,  
in Mercy think on me.

His Mercy and his Truth  
 the righteous Lord displays,  
 In bringing wand'ring Sinners home,  
 and teaching them his Ways.  
 He those in Justice guides,  
 who his Direction seek;  
 And in his sacred Paths shall lead  
 the Humble and the Meek.  
 Thro' all the Ways of God  
 both Truth and Mercy shine,  
 To such as with religious Hearts,  
 to his blest Will incline.

## P S A L M XXV. P. 2.

Since Mercy is the Grace  
 that most exalts thy Fame,  
 Forgive my hainous Sin, O Lord,  
 and so advance thy Name.  
 Whoe'er with humble Fear,  
 to God his Duty pays,  
 Shall find the Lord a faithful Guide,  
 in all his righteous Ways.  
 His quiet Soul with Peace  
 shall be for ever blest,  
 And by his num'rous Race the Land  
 successively possess.  
 For God to all his Saints  
 his sacred Will imparts,  
 And does his gracious Cov'nant write  
 in their obedient Hearts.

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## P S A L M XXVI.

- 1 **J**UDGE me, O Lord; for I the Paths  
of Righteousness have trod;  
I cannot fail, who all my Trust  
repose on thee, my God.
- 2 Search, prove my Heart, whose Innocence  
will thine the more 'tis try'd;  
For I have kept thy Grace in view  
and made thy Truth my Guide.
- 3 I never for Companions took  
the Idle or Profane;  
No Hypocrite, with all his Arts,  
could e'er my Friendship gain.
- 4 I'll wash my Hands in Innocence,  
and bring a Heart so pure;  
That when thy Altar I approach,  
my Welcome shall secure.
- 5 My Thanks I'll publish there, and tell  
how thy Renown excels;  
That Seat affords me most Delight,  
in which thy Honour dwells.

## P S A L M XXVII.

- 1 **C**ONTINUE, Lord, to hear my Voice,  
Whene'er to thee I cry;  
In Mercy all my Pray'rs receive,  
nor my Request deny.
- 2 When us to seek thy glorious Face  
thou kindly dost advise;

“Thy

" Thy glorious Face I'll always seek,"  
my grateful Heart replies.

3 Then hide not thou thy Face, O Lord,  
nor me in Wrath reject;

My God and Saviour, leave not him  
thou didst so oft protect.

4 Tho' all my Friends and nearest Kin  
their helpless Charge forsake;

Yet thou whose Love excels them all,  
wilt Care and Pity take.

5 God's Time with patient Faith expect,  
and he'll inspire thy Breast

With inward Strength; do thou thy Part,  
and leave to him the rest.

P S A L M XXVIII.

O Lord, my Rock, to thee I cry,  
in Sighs consume my Breath;

O! answer, or I shall become  
like those that sleep in Death.

2 Regard my Supplication, Lord,  
the Cries that I repeat,

With weeping Eyes, and lifted Hands,  
before thy Mercy-Seat.

3 Let me escape the Sinner's Doom,  
who make a Trade of Ill;

And ever speak the Person fair,  
whose Blood they mean to spill.

But I, with due Acknowledgement,  
his Praises will resound,

From whom the Cries of my Distress  
a gracious Answer found.



- 5 As he hath made my Joys complete,  
 'tis just that I should raise  
 The cheerful Tribute of my Thanks,  
 and thus resound his Praise.

## P S A L M XXIX.

- 1 **Y**E Princes, that in Might excel,  
 your grateful Sacrifice prepare;  
 God's glorious Actions loudly tell,  
 his wond'rous Pow'r to all declare.
- 2 To his great Name fresh Altars raise;  
 devoutly due Respect afford;  
 Him in his holy Temple praise,  
 where he's with solemn State ador'd.
- 3 'Tis he that with amazing Noise,  
 the wat'ry Clouds in sunder breaks;  
 The Ocean trembles at his Voice,  
 when he from Heav'n in Thunder speaks.
- 4 How full of Pow'r his Voice appears!  
 with what majestic Terror crown'd!  
 Which from the Roots tall Cedars tears,  
 and strews their scatter'd Branches round.
- 5 They, and the Hills on which they grow  
 are sometimes hurry'd far away;  
 And leap like Hinds that bounding go,  
 or Unicorns in youthful Play.
- 6 God rules the angry Floods on high;  
 his boundless Sway shall never cease;  
 His People he'll with Strength supply,  
 and bless his own with constant Peace.

## P S A L M XXX.

**I**'LL celebrate thy Praises, Lord,  
 who didst thy Pow'r employ  
 To raise my drooping Head, and check  
 my Foes insulting Joy.  
 In my Distress I cry'd to thee,  
 who kindly did'st relieve,  
 And from the Graves expecting Jaws,  
 my hopeless Life retrieve.  
 Thus to his Courts, ye Saints of his,  
 with Songs of Praise repair;  
 With me commemorate his Truth,  
 and providential Care.  
 His Wrath has but a Moment's Reign;  
 his Favour no Decay;  
 Your Night of Grief is recompenc'd  
 with Joy's returning Day.  
 But I in prosp'rous Days presum'd;  
 no sudden Change I fear'd,  
 Whilst in my Sunshine of Success  
 no low'ring Cloud appear'd.  
 But soon I found thy Favour, Lord,  
 my Empire's only Trust;  
 For when thou hidd'st thy Face, I saw  
 my Honour laid in Dust.

## P S A L M XXX. O. V.

**A**LL Laud and Praise with Heart and Voice,  
 O Lord, I give to thee;  
 who didst not make my Foes rejoice,  
 but hast exalted me.

- 2 O Lord, my God, to thee I cry'd  
in all my Pain and Grief:  
Thou gav'st an Ear and did'st provide  
to ease me with Relief.
- 3 Thou, Lord, hast brought my Soul from Hell,  
and thou the same didst save  
From them that in the Pit do dwell,  
and keep'st me from the Grave.
- 4 Sing praise, ye Saints, that prove and see  
the Goodness of the Lord:  
In Honour of his Majesty  
rejoice with one Accord.

## P S A L M XXXII.

- 1 **H**E's blest whose Sins have Pardon gain'd,  
no more in Judgment to appear;  
Whose Guilt Remission has obtain'd,  
and whose Repentance is sincere.
- 2 While I conceal'd the fretting Sore,  
my Bones consum'd without Relief:  
All Day did I with Anguish roar,  
but no Complaints asswag'd my Grief.
- 3 Heavy on me thy Hand remain'd,  
by Day and Night alike distress'd;  
Till quite of vital Moisture drain'd,  
like Land with Summer's Drought oppress'd.
- 4 No sooner I my Wound disclos'd,  
the Guilt that tortur'd me within,  
But thy Forgiveness interpos'd,  
and Mercy's healing Balm pour'd in.
- 5 True Penitents shall thus succeed,  
who seek thee whilst thou may'st be found.

And

And, from the common Deluge freed,  
 shall see remorseless Sinners drown'd.  
 Thy Favour, Lord, in all Distress,  
 my Tow'r of Refuge I must own;  
 Thou shalt my haughty Foes suppress,  
 and me with Songs of Triumph crown.

## P S A L M XXXIII.

**L**ET all the Just to God with Joy,  
 their cheerful Voices raise;  
 For well the Righteous it becomes,  
 to sing glad Songs of Praise.  
 Let Harps, and Psalteries, and Lutes,  
 in joyful Concert meet;  
 And new-made Songs of loud Applause  
 the Harmony complete.  
 For faithful is the Word of God,  
 his Works with Truth abound;  
 He Justice loves; and all the Earth  
 is with his Goodness crown'd.  
 Our Souls on God with Patience wait;  
 our Help and Shield is he;  
 Then, Lord, let still our Hearts rejoice,  
 because we trust in thee.  
 The Riches of thy Mercy, Lord,  
 do thou to us extend;  
 Since we, for all we want or wish,  
 on thee alone depend.

## P S A L M XXXIV.

**T**HRO' all the changing Scenes of Life,  
 in Trouble and in Joy;

The



- The Praises of my God shall still  
my Heart and T'ongue employ.
- 2 Of his Deliv'rance I will boast,  
'till all that are distress'd,  
From my Example Comfort take,  
and charm their Grievs to rest.
- 3 O! magnify the Lord with me,  
with me exalt his Name :  
When in Distress to him I call'd,  
he to my Rescue came.
- 4 O! make but Trial of his Love,  
Experience will decide  
How blest they are, and only they,  
who in his Truth confide.
- 5 Fear him, ye Saints, and you will then  
have Nothing else to fear ;  
Make you his Service your Delight,  
he'll make your Wants his Care.

## P S A L M XXXIV. P. 2.

- 1 **A**PPROACH, ye piously dispos'd,  
and my Instruction hear ;  
I'll teach you the true Discipline  
of his religious Fear.
- 2 Let him who Length of Life desires,  
and prosp'rous Days would see,  
From stand'ring Language keep his Tongue  
his Lips from Falshood free.
- 3 The crooked Paths of Vice decline,  
and Virtue's Ways pursue ;

Establish

Establiſh Peace, where 'tis begun ;  
and where 'tis loſt, renew.

The Lord from Heav'n beholds the Juſt  
with favourable Eyes ;

And when diſtreſs'd, his gracious Ear  
is open to their Cries :

But turns his wrathful Look on thoſe  
whom Mercy can't reclaim,

To cut them off, and from the Earth  
blot out their hated Name.

The Wicked from their wicked Arts  
Their Ruin ſhall derive ;

Whilſt righteous Men, whom they deteſt,  
ſhall them and theirs ſurvive.

For God preſerves the Souls of thoſe,  
who on his Truth depend ;

To them, and their Poſterity,  
his Bleſſings ſhall deſcend.

P S A L M XXXVI.

O Lord, thy Mercy, my ſure Hope,  
the higheſt Orb of Heav'n tranſcends ;  
Thy ſacred Truth's unmeaſur'd Scope  
beyond the ſpreading Sky extends.

Thy Juſtice, like the Hills, remains ;  
unfathom'd Depths thy Judgments are ;

Thy Providence the World ſuſtains ;  
the whole Creation is thy Care.

Since of thy Goodneſs all partake,  
with what Assurance ſhould the Juſt

Thy ſhelt'ring Wings their Refuge make,  
and Saints to thy Protection truſt !

- 4 Such Guests shall to thy Courts be led,  
to banquet on thy Love's Repast;  
And drink, as from a Fountain's Head,  
of Joys that shall for ever last.
- 5 With thee the Springs of Life remain;  
thy Presence is eternal Day;  
O! let thy Saints thy Favour gain;  
to upright Hearts thy Truth display.

## P S A L M XXXVI. O. V.

- 1 O Lord, thy Goodness doth ascend  
above the Heav'ns most high:  
So doth thy Truth itself extend  
unto the cloudy Sky.
- 2 Much more than Hills both high and steep  
thy Justice is exprest:  
Thy Judgments like the Seas most deep,  
thou fav'st both Man and Beast.
- 3 Thy Mercy is above all Things,  
O God, it doth excel:  
In Trust whereof, as in thy Wings,  
the Sons of Men shall dwell.
- 4 Within thy House they shall be fed  
with Plenty at their Will:  
Of all Delights they shall be sped,  
and take thereof their Fill.
- 5 Because the Well of Life most pure  
doth ever flow from thee:  
And in thy Light we are full sure  
eternal Light to see.

From such as thee desire to know,  
 let not thy Grace depart:  
 Thy Righteousness declare and show,  
 to Men of upright Heart.

## P S A L M XXXVII.

**T**HO' wicked Men grow rich or great,  
 Yet let not their successful State  
 Thy Anger or thy Envy raise:  
 For they, cut down like tender Grass,  
 Or like young Flow'rs, away shall pass,  
 Whose blooming Beauty soon decays.  
 Depend on God, and him obey,  
 So thou within the Land shalt stay,  
 Secure from Danger and from Want:  
 Make his Commands thy chief Delight,  
 And he, thy Duty to requite,  
 Shall all thy earnest Wishes grant.  
 In all thy Ways trust thou the Lord,  
 And he will needful Help afford  
 To perfect ev'ry just Design:  
 He'll make, like Light serene and clear,  
 Thy clouded Innocence appear,  
 And as a Mid-day Sun to shine.

## P S A L M XXXVII. P. 2.

**W**ITH quiet Mind on God depend,  
 And patiently for him attend;  
 Nor let thy Anger fondly rise,  
 Tho' wicked Men with Wealth abound,

D

And



- and with Success the Plots are crown'd,  
Which they maliciously devise.
- 2 From Anger cease, and Wrath forsake;  
Let no ungovern'd Passion make  
Thy wav'ring Heart espouse their Crime  
For God shall sinful Men destroy;  
Whilst only they the Land enjoy,  
Who trust on him, and wait his Time.
- 3 How soon shall wicked Men decay!  
Their Place shall vanish quite away,  
Nor by the strictest Search be found;  
Whilst humble Souls possess the Earth,  
Rejoicing still with godly Mirth,  
With Peace and Plenty always crown'd.

## P S A L M XXXVII. P. 3.

- 1 **W**HILE sinful Crowds, with false Design  
Against the righteous Few combine,  
And gnash their Teeth, and threat'ning stand  
God shall their empty Plots deride,  
And laugh at their defeated Pride;  
He sees their Ruin near at hand.
- 2 They draw the Sword, and bend the Bow  
the Poor and Needy to o'erthrow,  
And Men of upright Lives to slay;  
But their strong Bows shall soon be broke  
Their sharpen'd Weapons mortal Stroke  
Thro' their own Hearts shall force its Way.
- 3 A Little, with God's Favour blest,  
That's by one righteous Man possess'd,

The Wealth of many Bad excels;  
 For God supports the just Man's Cause;  
 But as for those that break his Laws,  
 Their unsuccessful Pow'r he quells.  
 His constant Care the Upright guides,  
 And over all their Life presides;  
 Their Portion shall for ever last:  
 They, when Distress o'erwhelms the Earth,  
 Shall be unmov'd, and ev'n in Dearth  
 The happy Fruits of Plenty taste.

## P S A L M XXXVII. P. 4.

THE good Man's Way is God's Delight;  
 He orders all the Steps aright  
 Of him that moves by his Command:  
 Tho he sometimes may be distress'd,  
 Yet shall he ne'er be quite oppress'd;  
 For God upholds him with his Hand.  
 From my first Youth till Age prevail'd,  
 I never saw the Righteous fail'd,  
 Or Want o'ertake his num'rous Race;  
 Because Compassion fill'd his Heart,  
 And he did cheerfully impart,  
 God made his Offspring's Wealth increase.  
 With Caution shun each wicked Deed,  
 In Virtue's Ways with Zeal proceed,  
 And so prolong your happy Days:  
 For God, who Judgment loves, does still  
 Preserve his Saints secure from Ill,  
 While soon the wicked Race decays,  
 The Upright shall possess the Land,  
 His Portion shall for Ages stand,

His Mouth with Wisdom is supply'd :  
 His Tongue by Rules of Judgment moves;  
 His Heart the Law of God approves ;  
 Therefore his Footsteps never slide.

## P S A L M XXXVII. P. 5.

- 1 **T**HE Wicked I in Pow'r have seen,  
 And, like a Bay-Tree, fresh and green,  
 That spreads its pleasant Branches round;  
 But he was gone as quick as Thought,  
 And tho' in ev'ry Place I sought,  
 No Sign or Track of him I found.
- 2 Observe the perfect Man with Care,  
 And mark all such as upright are ;  
 Their roughest Days in Peace shall end;  
 While on the latter End of those,  
 Who dare God's sacred Will oppose,  
 A common Ruin shall attend.
- 3 God to the Just will Aid afford;  
 Their only Safeguard is the Lord ;  
 Their Strength in Time of Need is he ;  
 Because on him they still depend,  
 The Lord will timely Succour send,  
 And from the Wicked set them free.

## P S A L M XXXIX.

- 1 **L**ORD, let me know my Term of Days,  
 how soon my Life will end ;  
 The num'rous Train of Ills disclose,  
 which this frail State attend.

My Life, thou know'st, is but a Span,  
 a Cypher sums my Years :  
 And ev'ry Man, in best Estate,  
 but Vanity appears.

Man, like a Shadow, vainly walks,  
 with fruitless Cares oppress'd ;  
 He heaps up Wealth, but cannot tell  
 by whom 'twill be possess'd.  
 Why then should I on worthless Toys,  
 with anxious Care attend ?  
 On thee alone my steadfast Hope  
 shall ever, Lord, depend.

P S A L M XXXIX. O. V.

**L**ORD, number out my Life and Days,  
 which yet I have not past ;  
 So that I may be certify'd  
 how long my Life shall last.  
 For thou hast pointed out my Life,  
 in Length much like a Span :  
 Mine Age is Nothing unto thee,  
 so vain is ev'ry Man.  
 Man walketh like a Shade, and doth  
 in vain himself annoy  
 in getting Goods, and cannot tell  
 who shall the same enjoy.  
 Therefore, O Lord; what wait I for,  
 what Help do I desire ?  
 Truly, my Hope is ev'n in thee,  
 I Nothing else require.

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 Man walketh like a Shade, and doth  
 in vain himself annoy  
 In getting Goods, and cannot tell  
 who shall the same enjoy.  
 Therefore, O Lord; what wait I for,  
 what Help do I desire ?  
 Truly, my Hope is ev'n in thee,  
 I Nothing else require.

PSALM

## P S A L M XL.

- 1 **I** Waited meekly for the Lord,  
'till he vouchsaf'd a kind Reply;  
Who did his gracious Ear afford,  
and heard from Heav'n my humble Cry.
- 2 He took me from the dismal Pit,  
when founder'd deep in miry Clay:  
On solid Ground he plac'd my Feet,  
and suffer'd not my Steps to stray.
- 3 The Wonders he for me has wrought,  
shall fill my Mouth with Songs of Praise,  
And others, to his Worship brought,  
to Hopes of like Deliv'rance raise.

## P S A L M XL. O. V.

- 1 **I** Waited long and sought the Lord,  
and patiently did bear;  
At length to me he did accord  
my Voice and Cry to hear.
- 2 He brought me from the dreadful Pit,  
out of the Mire and Clay:  
Upon a Rock he sat my Feet,  
and he did guide my Way.
- 3 To me he taught a Psalm of Praise,  
which I must shew abroad:  
And sing new Songs of Thanks always,  
unto the Lord our God.

## P S A L M XLI.

- 1 **H**APPY the Man, whose tender Care  
relieves the Poor distress'd:

When

When he's by Trouble compass'd round,  
 the Lord shall give him Rest.  
 The Lord his Life, with Blessings crown'd,  
 in Safety shall prolong;  
 And disappoint the Will of those  
 that seek to do him Wrong.  
 If he in languishing Estate,  
 oppress'd with Sicknes lie;  
 The Lord will easy make his Bed,  
 and inward Strength supply.

## P S A L M XLII.

**A**S pants the Hart for cooling Streams,  
 when heated in the Chace;  
 So longs my Soul, O God, for thee,  
 and thy refreshing Grace.  
 For thee, my God, the living God,  
 my thirsty Soul doth pine;  
 O! when shall I behold thy Face,  
 thou Majesty divine!  
 Why restless, why cast down, my Soul?  
 trust God, and he'll employ  
 His Aid for thee, and change these Sighs  
 to thankful Hymns of Joy.  
 Why restless, why cast down, my Soul?  
 hope still, and thou shalt sing  
 The Praise of him, who is thy God,  
 thy Health's eternal Spring.

## P S A L M XLIII.

**L**ET me with Light and Truth be blest;  
 be these my Guides to lead the Way,  
 Till



- Till on thy holy Hill I rest,  
 and in thy sacred Temple pray.
- 2 Then will I there fresh Altars raise  
 to God, who is my only Joy;  
 And well-tun'd Harps, with Songs of Praise  
 shall all my grateful Hours employ.
- 3 Why then cast down, my Soul? and why  
 so much oppress'd with anxious Care?  
 On God, thy God, for Aid rely,  
 who will thy ruin'd State repair.

## P S A L M XLIII. O. V.

- 1 **O** Lord, send out thy Light and Truth,  
 and lead me with thy Grace;  
 Which may conduct me to thy Hill,  
 and to thy Dwelling-Place:
- 2 Then shall I to thy Altar go,  
 with Joy to worship there:  
 And on my Harp give Thanks to thee,  
 O God, my God most dear.
- 3 Why art thou then so sad, my Soul,  
 and frett'st thus in my Breast?  
 Still trust in God; for him to praise  
 I hold it always best.
- 4 By him I have Deliverance  
 from all my Pain and Grief;  
 He is my God who doth always  
 at Need send me Relief.

## P S A L M XLIV.

- 1 **A**WAKE, arise; let seeming Sleep  
 no longer thee detain;

Nor let us, Lord, who sue to thee,  
forever sue in Vain.

O! wherefore hidest thou thy Face  
from our afflicted State;

Whose Souls and Bodies sink to Earth,  
with Grief's oppressive Weight?

Arise, O Lord, and timely Haste  
to our Deliv'rance make;

Redeem us, Lord;---if not for ours,  
yet for thy Mercy's Sake.

P S A L M XLVI.

**G**OD is our Refuge in Distress;  
A present Help when Dangers press;  
To him, undaunted, we'll confide;

Tho' Earth were from her Center toss'd,  
And Mountains in the Ocean lost,  
Torn piece-meal by the roaring Tide.

A gentler Stream with Gladness still,  
The City of our Lord shall fill,

The royal Seat of God most high:

God dwells in Sion, whose fair Tow'rs,  
Shall mock th' Assaults of earthly Pow'rs,  
While his almighty Aid is nigh.

In Tumults when the People rag'd,

And Kingdoms War against us wag'd,  
He thunder'd, and dispers'd their Pow'rs:

The Lord of Hosts conducts our Arms,  
Our Tow'r of Refuge in Alarms,

Our Father's Guardian-God, and ours.  
Submit to God's almighty Sway;

For him the Heathen shall obey,

E

and

And Earth her sov'reign Lord confests:  
 The Lord of Hosts conducts our Arms,  
 Our Tow'r of Refuge in Alarms,  
 As to our Fathers in Distress.

## P S A L M XLVII.

- 1 **O** All ye People, clap your Hands,  
 and with triumphant Voices sing;  
 No Force the mighty Pow'r withstands  
 of God, the universal King.
- 2 God is gone up, our Lord and King,  
 with Shouts of Joy and Trumpet's Sound  
 To him repeated Praises sing,  
 and let the cheerful Song go round.
- 3 Your utmost Skill in Praise be shewn,  
 for him who all the World commands,  
 Who sits upon his righteous Throne,  
 and spreads his Sway o'er Heathen Lands.

## P S A L M XLVII. O. V.

- 1 **Y**E People all, with one Accord,  
 clap Hands, shout and rejoice;  
 Be glad, and sing unto the Lord,  
 with sweet and pleasant Voice.
- 2 For high the Lord and dreadful is,  
 his Wonders manifold;  
 A mighty King he is likewise,  
 in all the Earth extoll'd.
- 3 Our God ascend'd up on high  
 with Joy, and pleasant Noise.

The Lord goes up above the Sky  
 with Trumpet's royal Voice.  
 Sing Praises to our God, sing Praise,  
 sing Praises to our King:  
 For God is King of all the Earth,  
 all skilful Praises sing.

## P S A L M L.

THE Lord hath spoke; the mighty God  
 Hath sent his Summons all abroad,  
 From dawning Light, 'till Day declines,  
 The list'ning Earth his Voice hath heard,  
 And he from Sion hath appear'd,  
 Where Beauty in Perfection shines.  
 Attend, my People: Isr'el, hear;  
 Thy strong Accuser I'll appear;  
 Thy God, thy only God, am I;  
 'Tis not of Off'rings I complain,  
 Which, daily in my Temple slain,  
 My sacred Altar did supply.

Think'st thou that I have any Need  
 On slaughter'd Bulls and Goats to feed,  
 To eat their Flesh, and drink their Blood?  
 The Sacrifices I require,  
 Are Hearts which Love and Zeal inspire,  
 And Vows with strictest Care made good.  
 In Time of Trouble call on me,  
 And I will set thee safe and free;  
 And thou Returns of Praise shalt make:  
 But to the Wicked thus saith God,  
 How dar'st thou teach my Laws abroad,  
 Or in thy Mouth my Cov'nant take?



- 5 Mark this, ye wicked Fools, lest I  
 Let all my Bolts of Vengeance fly,  
 Whilst none shall dare your Cause to own  
 Who praises me, due Honour gives;  
 And to the Man that justly lives,  
 My strong Salvation shall be shown.

## P S A L M LI.

- 1 **H**AVE Mercy, Lord, on me,  
 as thou wert ever kind;  
 Let me, oppress'd with Loads of Guilt,  
 thy wonted Mercy find.
- 2 Wash off my foul Offence,  
 and cleanse me from my Sin;  
 For I confess my Crime, and see  
 how great my Guilt has been.
- 3 Against thee, Lord, alone,  
 and only in thy Sight,  
 Have I transgress'd; and tho' condemn'd,  
 must own thy Judgments right.
- 4 Make me to hear with Joy  
 thy kind forgiving Voice;  
 That so the Bones which thou hast broke,  
 may with fresh Strength rejoice.
- 5 Blot out my crying Sins,  
 nor me in Anger view;  
 Create in me a Heart that's clean,  
 an upright Mind renew.

## P S A L M LI. P. 2.

- 1 **W**ITHDRAW not, Lord, thy Help,  
 nor cast me from thy Sight;

Nor let thy Holy Spirit take  
it's everlasting Flight.

The Joy thy Favour gives  
let me again obtain;

And let thy Spirit's firm Support  
my fainting Soul sustain.

So I thy righteous Ways  
to Sinners will impart;

Whilst my Advice shall wicked Men  
to thy just Laws convert.

Do thou unlock my Lips,  
with Sorrow clos'd, and Shame;  
So shall my Mouth thy wond'rous Praise  
to all the World proclaim.

P S A L M LVII.

**B**E thou, O God, exalted high;

And, as thy Glory fills the Sky,

So let it be on Earth display'd,

'Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

O God, my Heart is fix'd, 'tis bent

It's thankful Tribute to present;

And, with my Heart, my Voice I'll raise

To thee, my God, in Songs of Praise.

Awake, my Glory; Harp and Lute,

No longer let your Strings be mute;

And I, my tuneful Part to take,

Will with the early Dawn awake.

Thy Praises, Lord, I will resound

To all the list'ning Nations round:

Thy Mercy highest Heav'n transcends;

Thy Truth beyond the Clouds extends.

- 5 Be thou, O God, exalted high;  
 And, as thy Glory fills the Sky,  
 So let it be on Earth display'd,  
 Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

## P S A L M LXII.

- 1 **I**N God, ye People, always trust;  
 Before his Throne pour out your Hearts;  
 For God, the Merciful and Just,  
 His timely Aid to us imparts.
- 2 The Vulgar fickle are and frail;  
 The Great dissemble and betray;  
 And, laid in Truth's impartial Scale,  
 The lightest Things will both out-weigh.
- 3 Then trust not in oppressive Ways;  
 By Spoil and Rapine grow not vain;  
 Nor let your Hearts, if Wealth increase,  
 Be set too much upon your Gain.
- 4 For God has oft his Will express'd;  
 And I this Truth have fully known;  
 To be of boundless Pow'r possess'd,  
 Belongs, of Right, to God alone.
- 5 Tho' Mercy is his darling Grace,  
 In which he chiefly takes Delight;  
 Yet will he all the human Race,  
 According to their Works requite.

## P S A L M LXIII.

- 1 **O** GOD, my gracious God, to thee  
 My morning Pray'rs shall offer'd be;

For

For thee my thirsty Soul does pant ;  
 My fainting Flesh implores thy Grace,  
 Within this dry and barren Place,  
 Where I refreshing Waters want.

O ! to my longing Eyes once more,  
 That View of glorious Pow'r restore,

Which thy majestic House displays :  
 Because to me thy wond'rous Love,  
 Than Life itself does dearer prove,

My Lips shall always speak thy Praise.  
 My Life, while I that Life enjoy,  
 In blessing God I will employ,

With lifted Hands adore his Name :  
 My Soul's Content shall be as great,  
 As theirs who choicest Dainties eat,

While I with Joy his Praise proclaim.  
 When down I lie, sweet Sleep to find,  
 Thou, Lord, art present to my Mind ;  
 And when I wake in Dead of Night :

Because thou still dost Succour bring,  
 Beneath the Shadow of thy Wing  
 I rest with Safety and Delight.

P S A L M LXV.

FOR thee, O God, our constant Praise

In Sion waits, thy chosen Seat ;  
 Our promis'd Altars there we'll raise,  
 And all our zealous Vows compleat.

O thou, who to my humble Pray'r  
 Did'st always bend thy list'ning Ear ;  
 To thee shall all Mankind repair,  
 And at thy gracious Throne appear.



- 3 Our Sins (tho' numberless) in Vain  
To stop thy flowing Mercy try;  
Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty Stain,  
And wafhest out the crimson Dye.
- 4 Blest is the Man, who, near thee plac'd,  
Within thy sacred Dwelling lives!  
Whilst we, at humbler Distance, taste  
The vast Delights thy Temple gives.

## P S A L M LXV. P. 2.

- 1 **T**HOU, Lord, from out thy boundless Store  
With Rain reliev'st the thirsty Ground  
Mak'st Lands, that barren where before,  
With Corn and useful Fruits abound.
- 2 On rising Ridges down it pours,  
And ev'ry furrow'd Valley fills;  
Thou mak'st them soft with gentle Show'rs  
In which a blest Increase distils.
- 3 Thy Goodness does the circling Year,  
With fresh Returns of Plenty crown;  
And where thy glorious Paths appear,  
Thy fruitful Clouds drop Fatness down.
- 4 They drop on barren Forests, chang'd  
By them to Pastures fresh and green:  
The Hills about, in Order rang'd,  
In beauteous Robes of Joy are seen.
- 5 Large Flocks with fleecy Wool adorn  
The cheerful Downs; the Vallies bring  
A plenteous Crop of full-ear'd Corn,  
And seem for Joy to shout and sing.

## P S A L M LXVI.

**L**ET all the Lands, with Shouts of Joy,  
 to God their Voices raise;  
 Sing Psalms in Honour of his Name,  
 and spread his glorious Praise.  
 And let them say, How dreadful, Lord,  
 in all thy Works, art thou!  
 To thy great Pow'r thy stubborn Foes  
 shall all be forc'd to bow.  
 Thro' all the Earth the Nations round  
 shall thee their God confess;  
 And, with glad Hymns, their awful Dread  
 of thy great Name express.  
 O! come, behold the works of God,  
 and then with me you'll own,  
 That he to all the Sons of Men  
 has wond'rous Judgments shown.

## P S A L M LXVI. P. 2.

**O**! all ye Nations, bless our God,  
 and loudly speak his Praise;  
 Who keeps our Soul alive, and still  
 confirms our stedfast Ways.  
 O! come, all ye that fear the Lord;  
 attend with heedful Care,  
 Whilst I what God for me has done,  
 with grateful Joy declare.  
 As I before his Aid implor'd,  
 so now I praise his Name;  
 Who, if my Heart had harbour'd Sin,  
 would all my Pray'rs disclaim.

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4 But

- 4 But God to me, whene'er I cry'd,  
his gracious Ear did bend;  
And to the Voice of my Request,  
with constant Love attend.
- 5 Then blest'd for ever be my God,  
who never, when I pray,  
With-holds his Mercy from my Soul,  
nor turns his Face away.

## P S A L M LXVII.

- 1 **T**O bless thy chosen Race,  
in Mercy, Lord, incline;  
And caule the Brightne's of thy Face  
on all thy Saints to shine:
- 2 That so thy wond'rous Way  
may thro' the World be known;  
Whilst distant Lands their Tribute pay,  
and thy Salvation own.
- 3 Let diff'ring Nations join  
to celebrate thy Fame;  
Let all the World, O Lord, combine  
to praise thy glorious Name.
- 4 O let them shout and sing,  
dissolv'd in pious Mirth;  
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,  
shalt govern all the Earth.
- 5 Let diff'ring Nations join  
to celebrate thy Fame;  
Let all the World, O Lord, combine  
to praise thy glorious Name.
- 6 Then God upon our Land  
shall constant Blessings show'r;

And all the World in Awe shall stand  
of his resistless Pow'r.

P S A L M LXVII. O. V.

**H**AVE Mercy on us, Lord,  
and grant to us thy Grace:

To shew to us do thou accord  
the Brightness of thy Face.

That all the Earth may know  
the Way to godly Wealth:

And all the Nations here below  
may see thy saving Health.

Let all the World, O God,  
give Praise unto thy Name:

And let the People all abroad  
extol and laud the same.

Throughout the World so wide  
let all rejoice with Mirth;

For thou with Truth and Right dost guide  
the Nations of the Earth.

Let all the World, O God,  
give Praise unto thy Name;

And let the People all abroad  
extol and laud the same.

Then shall the Earth increase,  
great Store of Fruit shall fall,

And then our God, the God of Peace,  
shall ever bless us all.

P S A L M LXVIII.

**T**O God your Voice in Anthems raise;  
Jehovah's awful Name he bears;



- In him rejoice, extol his Praise,  
 who rides upon high-rolling Spheres,  
 2 Him, from his Empire of the Skies,  
 to this low World Compassion draws,  
 The Orphan's Claim to patronize,  
 and judge the injur'd Widow's Cause.  
 3 For Benefits each Day bestow'd,  
 be daily his great Name ador'd,  
 Who is our Saviour and our God,  
 of Life and Death the sov'reign Lord.

## P S A L M LXVIII. O. V.

- 1 **L**ET God arise, and then his Foes  
 will turn themselves to Flight:  
 His Enemies for Fear shall run,  
 and scatter out of Sight.  
 2 And as Wax melts before the Fire,  
 and Wind blows Smoak away:  
 So in the Presence of the Lord  
 the Wicked shall decay.  
 3 But righteous Men before the Lord,  
 shall heartily rejoice:  
 They shall be glad and merry all,  
 and cheerful in their Voice.  
 4 Sing Praise, sing Praise, unto the Lord,  
 who rideth on the Sky:  
 Extol the great Jehovah's Name,  
 and him still magnify.

## P S A L M LXXVII. O. V.

- 1 **I** will regard and think upon  
 the Working of the Lord:

And all his Wonders past and gone,  
I gladly will record.

Yea, all his Works I will declare,  
and what he did devise:

To tell his Facts I will not spare,  
and all his Counsel wise.

Thy Works, O Lord, are all upright,  
and holy all abroad:

What one hath Strength to match the Might  
of thee, the Lord our God?

Thou art a God that dost forth show  
thy Wonders ev'ry Hour:

And so dost make thy People know  
thy Virtue and thy Pow'r.

P S A L M LXXXIV.

O God of Hosts, the mighty Lord,  
how lovely is the Place,

Where thou, enthron'd in Glory, shew'st,  
the Brightness of thy Face!

My longing Soul faints with Desire  
to view thy blest Abode;

My panting Heart and Flesh cry out  
for thee the living God.

O Lord of hosts, my King and God,  
how highly blest are they,

Who in thy Temple alway dwell,  
and there thy Praise display!

Thrice happy they, whose Choice has thee,  
their sure Protection made;

Who long to tread the sacred Ways  
that to thy Dwelling lead!

- 5 For God, who is our Sun and Shield,  
will Grace and Glory give;  
And no good Thing will he with-hold  
from them that justly live.

## P S A L M LXXXIV. O. V.

- 1 **H**OW pleasant is thy Dwelling-Place,  
O Lord of Hosts, to me?  
The Tabernacles of thy Grace,  
how pleasant, Lord, they be!
- 2 My Soul doth long full fore to go  
into thy Courts abroad;  
My heart and Flesh cry out also  
for thee the living God.
- 3 O they be blessed that may dwell  
within thy House always:  
For they all Times thy Facts do tell,  
and ever give thee Praise.
- 4 Yea, happy sure likewise are they,  
whose Stay and Strength thou art:  
Who to thy House do mind the Way,  
and seek it in their Heart.
- 5 From Strength to Strength they go full fast,  
no Faintness there shall be:  
And so the God of God's at last  
in Sion they do see.

## P S A L M XCI.

- 1 **S**O teach us, Lord, th' uncertain Sum  
of our short Days to mind;  
That to true Wisdom all our Hearts  
may ever be inclin'd.

- 2 O to thy Servants, Lord, return,  
 and speedily relent!  
 As we of our Miideeds, do thou  
 of our just Doom, repent.  
 3 To satisfy and cheer our Souls,  
 thy early Mercy send;  
 That we may all our Days to come,  
 in Joy and Comfort spend.  
 4 Let happy Times with large Amends  
 dry up our former Tears;  
 Or equal at the least the Term  
 of our afflicted Years.  
 5 To all thy Servants, Lord, let this  
 thy wond'rous Work be known;  
 And to our Offspring yet unborn,  
 thy glorious Pow'r be shewn.  
 6 Let thy bright Rays upon us shine,  
 give thou our Work Success;  
 The glorious Work we have in Hand,  
 do thou vouchsafe to bless.

## P S A L M XCII.

**H**OW good and pleasant must it be  
 to thank the Lord most high!  
 And with repeated Hymns of Praise,  
 his Name to magnify!  
 With ev'ry Morning's early Dawn,  
 his Goodness to relate;  
 And of his constant Truth each Night,  
 the glad Effects repeat.  
 To ten-string'd Instruments we'll sing,  
 with tuneful Psalt'ries join'd;

And



And to the Harp, with solemn Sounds,  
for sacred Use design'd.

- 4 For thro' thy wond'rous Works, O Lord  
thou mak'st my Heart rejoice;  
The Thoughts of them shall make me glad  
and shout with cheerful Voice.

P S A L M XCIII.

- 1 **W**ITH Glory clad, with Strength array'd  
the Lord, that o'er all Nature reigns  
The World's Foundation strongly laid,  
and the vast Fabric still sustains.
- 2 How sure establish'd is thy Throne,  
which shall no Change or Period see!  
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,  
art God from all Eternity.
- 3 The Floods, O Lord, lift up their Voice  
and toss the troubled Waves on high;  
But God above can still their Noise,  
and make the angry Sea comply.
- 4 Thy Promise, Lord, is ever sure;  
and they that in thy House would dwell  
That happy Station to secure,  
must still in Holiness excel.

P S A L M XCV.

- 1 **O** Come, loud Anthems let us sing,  
Loud Thanks to our almighty King  
For we our Voices high should raise,  
When our Salvation's Rock we praise.

Into his Presence let us haste,  
 To thank him for his Favours past:  
 To him address, in joyful Songs,  
 The Praise that to his Name belongs.  
 For God the Lord, enthron'd in State,  
 Is, with unrivall'd Glory, great;  
 A King superior far to all,  
 Whom, by his Title, God we call.  
 The Depths of Earth are in his Hand,  
 Her secret Wealth at his Command;  
 The Strength of Hills, that reach the Skies,  
 Subjected to his Empire lies.  
 The rolling Ocean's vast Abyss  
 By the same sov'reign Right is his;  
 'Tis mov'd by his almighty Hand,  
 That form'd and fix'd the solid Land.  
 O let us to his Courts repair,  
 And bow with Adoration there;  
 Down on our Knees devoutly all  
 Before the Lord our Maker fall.

## P S A L M XCVI.

SING to the Lord a new-made Song;  
 Let Earth, in one assembled Throng,  
 Her common Patron's Praise resound.  
 Sing to the Lord, and bless his Name,  
 From Day to Day his Praise proclaim,  
 Who us has with Salvation crown'd:  
 To Heathen Lands his Fame rehearse,  
 His Wonders to the Universe.

- 2 Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,  
 Whose Pow'r the Universe sustains,  
 And banish'd Justice will restore:  
 Let therefore Heav'n new Joys confess,  
 And heav'nly Mirth let Earth express;  
 It's loud Applause the Ocean roar;  
 It's mute Inhabitants rejoice,  
 And for this Triumph find a Voice.
- 3 For Joy let fertile Vallies sing,  
 The cheerful Groves their Tribute bring;  
 The tuneful Choir of Birds awake,  
 The Lord's Approach to celebrate,  
 Who now sets out with awful State,  
 His Circuit thro' the Earth to take;  
 From Heav'n to judge the World he's come,  
 With Justice to reward and doom.

## P S A L M XCVI. O. V.

- 1 **S**ING ye with Praise unto the Lord,  
 new Songs with Joy and Mirth:  
 Sing unto him with one Accord,  
 all People on the Earth.
- 2 Yea, sing unto the Lord alway,  
 praise ye his holy Name:  
 Declare and shew from Day to Day  
 Salvation by the same.
- 3 Among the People all declare  
 his Honour round about:  
 To shew his Wonders do not spare  
 in all the World throughout.
- 4 For why? the Lord is great in Might,  
 and worthy of all Praise:

And

And he is to be fear'd of Right,  
above all Gods always.

P S A L M XCVIII.

**S**ING to the Lord a new-made Song,  
who wond'rous Things has done;  
With his right Hand and holy Arm,  
the Conquest he has won.  
The Lord has thro' th' astonish'd World  
display'd his saving Might,  
And made his righteous Acts appear  
in all the Heathen's Sight.  
With Harp and Hymn's soft Melody,  
into the Concert bring  
The Trumpet and shrill Cornet's Sound,  
before th' almighty King.  
Let the loud Ocean roar her Joy,  
with all that Seas contain;  
The Earth and her Inhabitants  
join Concert with the Main.  
With Joy let Riv'lets swell to Streams,  
to spreading Torrents they;  
And echoing Vales, from Hill to Hill,  
redoubled Shouts convey;  
To welcome down the World's great Judge,  
who does with Justice come,  
And, with impartial Equity,  
both to reward and doom.

P S A L M XCIX.

**J**EHOVAH reigns, let therefore all  
the guilty Nations quake;



- On Cherub's Wings he sits enthron'd;  
 let Earth's Foundation shake.
- 2 On Sion's Hill he keeps his Court,  
 his Palace makes her Tow'rs;  
 Yet thence his Sov'reignty extends  
 Supreme o'er earthly Pow'rs.
- 3 Let therefore all with Praise address  
 his great and dreadful Name;  
 And with his unresisted Might,  
 his Holiness proclaim.
- 4 For Truth and Justice, in his Reign,  
 of Strength and Pow'r take Place;  
 His Judgments are with Righteousness  
 dispens'd to Jacob's Race.
- 5 Therefore exalt the Lord our God,  
 before his Footstool fall;  
 And, with his unresisted Might,  
 his Holiness extol.

## P S A L M C.

- 1 **W**ITH one Consent let all the Earth  
 to God their cheerful Voices raise;  
 Glad Homage pay with awful Mirth,  
 and sing before him Songs of Praise.
- 2 Convinc'd that he is God alone,  
 from whom both we and all proceed;  
 We, whom he chooses for his own,  
 the Flock that he vouchsafes to feed.
- 3 O enter then his Temple Gate,  
 thence to his Courts devoutly press,  
 And still your grateful Hymns repeat,  
 and still his Name with Praises bless.

For he's the Lord, supremely good,  
 his Mercy is for ever sure;  
 His Truth, which always firmly stood,  
 to endless Ages shall endure.

## P S A L M C. O. V.

**A**LL People that on Earth do dwell,  
 sing to the Lord with cheerful Voice:  
 Him serve with Fear, his Praise forth tell,  
 come ye before him and rejoice.  
 The Lord ye know is God indeed,  
 without our Aid he did us make:  
 We are his Flock, he doth us feed,  
 and for his Sheep he doth us take.  
 O enter then his Gates with Praise,  
 approach with Joy his Courts unto:  
 Praise, laud, and bless his Name always,  
 for it is seemly so to do.  
 For why? the Lord our God is good,  
 his Mercy is for ever sure:  
 His Truth at all Times firmly stood,  
 and shall from Age to Age endure.

## P S A L M CI.

**O**F Mercy's never-failing Spring,  
 And stedfast Judgment I will sing;  
 And since they both to thee belong,  
 To thee, O Lord, address my Song.  
 When, Lord, thou shalt with me reside,  
 Wise Discipline my Reign shall guide;  
 With blameless Life my self I'll make  
 A Pattern for my Court to take.

- 3 No ill Design will I pursue,  
Nor those my Fav'rites make that do.  
Who to Reproof bears no Regard,  
Him I will totally discard.
- 4 The private Slanderer shall be  
In public Justice doom'd by me:  
From haughty Looks I'll turn aside,  
And mortify the Heart of Pride.
- 5 But Honesty, call'd from her Cell,  
In Splendor at my Court shall dwell;  
Who Virtue's Practice make their Care,  
Shall have the first Preferments there.
- 6 No Politics shall recommend  
His Country's Foe to be my Friend:  
None e'er shall to my Favour rise  
By flatt'ring or malicious Lies.

## P S A L M CIII.

- 1 **M**Y Soul, inspir'd with sacred Love,  
God's holy Name for ever bless;  
Of all his Favours mindful prove,  
and still thy grateful Thanks express.
- 2 'Tis he that all thy Sin forgives,  
and after Sickness makes thee sound;  
From Dangers he thy Life retrieves,  
by him with Grace and Mercy crown'd.
- 3 The Lord abounds with tender Love,  
and unexampled Acts of Grace;  
His waken'd Wrath does slowly move;  
his willing Mercy flies apace.

God will not always harshly chide,  
 but with his Anger quickly part;  
 And loves his Punishments to guide,  
 more by his Love than our Desert.  
 As high as Heav'n its Arch extends  
 above this little Spot of Clay;  
 So much his boundless Love transcends  
 the small Respects that we can pay.  
 As far as 'tis from East to West,  
 so far has he our Sins remov'd;  
 Who with a Father's tender Breast,  
 has such as fear'd him always lov'd.

## P S A L M CIII. P. 2.

**T**HE Lord, the universal King,  
 in Heav'n has fixt his lofty Throne:  
 To him, ye Angels, Praises sing, (shown.  
 in whose great Strength his Pow'r is  
 Ye that his just Commands obey,  
 and hear and do his sacred Will;  
 Ye Hosts of his, this Tribute pay,  
 who still what he ordains fulfil.  
 Let ev'ry Creature jointly bless  
 the mighty Lord: and thou, my Heart,  
 With grateful Joy thy Thanks express,  
 and in this Concert bear thy Part.

## P S A L M CIV.

**B**LESS God, my Soul; thou, Lord, alone  
 possessest Empire without Bounds;

With



- With Honour thou art crown'd; thy Throne  
eternal Majesty surrounds.
- 2 With Light thou dost thyself enrobe,  
and Glory for a Garment take:  
Heav'n's Curtains stretch beyond the Globe,  
thy Canopy of State to make.
- 3 God builds on liquid Air, and forms  
his Palace-Chambers in the Skies;  
The Clouds his Chariots are, and Storms  
the swift-wing'd Steeds with which he flies.
- 4 As bright as Flame, as swift as Wind,  
his Ministers Heav'n's Palace fill,  
To have their sundry Tasks assign'd;  
all proud to serve their Sov'reign's Will.
- 5 In praising God, while he prolongs  
my Breath, I will that Breath employ;  
And join Devotion to my Songs,  
sincere as is in him my Joy.
- 6 While Sinners from Earth's Face are hurl'd,  
my Soul, praise thou his holy Name,  
Till, with my Song, the list'ning World  
join Concert, and his Praise proclaim.

## P S A L M CIV. O. V.

- 1 **M**Y Soul, praise the Lord,  
spake good of his Name:  
O Lord, our great God,  
how dost thou appear  
So passing in Glory,  
that great is thy Fame;  
Honour and Majesty  
in thee shine most clear!

With Light as a Robe  
 thou hast thyself clad;  
 Whereby all the Earth  
 thy Greatness may see:  
 The Heav'ns in such sort  
 thou also hast spread,  
 That they to a Curtain  
 compared may be.  
 His Chamber-Beams lie  
 in the Clouds full sure,  
 Which as his Chariots,  
 are made him to bear:  
 And there with much Swiftnes  
 his Course doth endure,  
 Upon the Wings riding  
 of Winds in the Air.  
 He maketh his Spir'ts  
 as Heralds to go,  
 And Lightnings to serve  
 we see also prest:  
 His Will to accomplish  
 they run to and fro,  
 To save and consume Things,  
 as seemeth him best.  
 By Angels in Heav'n  
 of ev'ry Degree,  
 And Saints upon Earth  
 all Praise be address'd,  
 To God in three Persons,  
 one God ever blest;  
 As it has been, now is,  
 and always shall be.

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## P S A L M CV.

- 1 **O** Render Thanks, and bless the Lord;  
 invoke his sacred Name;  
 Acquaint the Nations with his Deeds,  
 his matchless Deeds proclaim.
- 2 Sing to his Praise in lofty Hymns,  
 his wond'rous Works rehearse;  
 Make them the Theme of your Discourse,  
 and Subject of your Verse.
- 3 Rejoice in his almighty Name,  
 alone to be ador'd:  
 And let their Heart o'erflow with Joy,  
 that humbly seek the Lord.
- 4 Seek ye the Lord, his saving Strength  
 devoutly still implore:  
 And, where he's ever present, seek  
 his Face for evermore.

## P S A L M CV. O. V.

- 1 **G**IVE Praises unto God the Lord,  
 and call upon his Name:  
 Among the People all declare  
 his Works, to spread his Fame.
- 2 Sing joyfully unto the Lord,  
 yea sing unto him Praise:  
 And talk of all his wond'rous Works,  
 that he hath wrought always.
- 3 In Honour of his holy Name  
 rejoice with one Accord;  
 And let the Heart also be glad  
 of them that seek the Lord.

Seek ye the Lord, and seek the Strength  
of his eternal Might:  
Yea, seek his Face incessantly,  
and Presence of his Sight.

## P S A L M CVI.

O Render Thanks to God above,  
The Fountain of eternal Love;  
Whose Mercy firm thro' Ages past  
Has stood, and shall for ever last.  
Who can his mighty Deeds express,  
Not only vast, but numberless!  
What mortal Eloquence can raise  
His Tribute of immortal Praise!  
Happy are they, and only they,  
Who from thy Judgments never stray;  
Who know what's right; nor only so,  
But always practice what they know.  
Extend to me that Favour, Lord,  
Thou to thy Chosen dost afford;  
When thou return'st to set them free,  
Let thy Salvation visit me.  
O may I worthy prove to see  
Thy Saints in full Prosperity!  
That I the joyful Choir may join,  
And count thy People's Triumph mine.  
Let Isr'el's God be ever blest,  
His Name eternally confest;  
Let all his Saints with full Accord,  
Sing loud Amens---Praise ye the Lord.



## P S A L M CVI. O. V.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, for he is good,  
his Mercy lasts alway:  
Who can express his noble Acts,  
or all his Praise display?
- 2 They blessed are that Judgment keep,  
and justly do alway:  
With Favour of thy People, Lord,  
remember me I pray.
- 3 And with thy saving Health, O Lord,  
vouchsafe to visit me:  
That I the great Felicity  
of thine Elect may see.
- 4 And with thy People's Joy, I may  
a joyful Mind possess:  
And may with thine Inheritance,  
a cheerful Heart express.

## P S A L M CXI.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord; our God to praise  
My Soul her utmost Pow'r shall raise  
With private Friends, and in the Throng  
Of Saints, his Praise shall be my Song.
- 2 His Works, for Greatness, tho' renowned  
His wond'rous Works with Ease are found  
By those who seek for them aright,  
And in the pious Search delight.
- 3 His Works are all of matchless Fame,  
And universal Glory claim;  
His Truth, confirm'd thro' Ages past,  
Shall to eternal Ages last.

By Precepts he has us enjoin'd,  
 To keep his wond'rous Works in Mind;  
 And to Posterity record,  
 That good and gracious is our Lord.  
 Just are the Dealings of his Hands,  
 Immutable are his Commands;  
 By 'Truth and Equity sustain'd,  
 And for eternal Rules ordain'd.  
 He set his Saints from Bondage free,  
 And then establish'd his Decree,  
 For ever to remain the same;  
 Holy and rev'rend is his Name.  
 Who Wisdom's sacred Prize would win,  
 Must with the Fear of God begin:  
 Immortal Praise, and heav'nly Skill  
 Have they who know and do his Will.

## P S A L M CXII.

**T**HAT Man is blest who stands in Awe  
 Of God, and loves his sacred Law:  
 His Seed on Earth shall be renown'd,  
 And with successive Honours crown'd!  
 His House, the Seat of Wealth shall be,  
 An inexhausted Treasury;  
 His Justice, free from all Decay,  
 Shall Blessings to his Heirs convey.  
 The Soul that's fill'd with Virtue's Light,  
 Shines brightest in Affliction's Night:  
 To pity the Distress'd inclin'd,  
 As well as just to all Mankind.  
 His lib'ral Favours he extends,  
 To some he gives, to others lends:

Yet

- Yet what his Charity impairs,  
 He saves by Prudence in Affairs.  
 5 Beset with threatning Dangers round,  
 Unmov'd shall he maintain his Ground;  
 The sweet Rememb'rance of the Just  
 Shall flourish when he sleeps in Dust.

## P S A L M CXIII.

- 1 **Y**E Saints and Servants of the Lord,  
 The Triumphs of his Name record;  
 His sacred Name for ever blest:  
 Where'er the circling Sun displays  
 His rising Beams, or setting Rays,  
 Due Praise to his great Name address.  
 2 God thro' the World extends his Sway;  
 The Regions of eternal Day  
 But Shadows of his Glory are.  
 To him, whose Majesty excels,  
 Who made the Heav'n in which he dwells,  
 Let no created Pow'r compare.  
 3 Tho' 'tis beneath his State to view  
 In highest Heav'n that Angels do,  
 Yet he to Earth vouchsafes his Care:  
 He takes the Needy from his Cell,  
 Advancing him in Courts to dwell,  
 Companion to the Greatest there.  
 4 When childless Families despair,  
 He sends the Blessing of an Heir,  
 To rescue their expiring Name:  
 Makes her that barren was, to bear,  
 And joyfully her Fruit to rear;  
 O then extol his matchless Fame!

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## P S A L M CXVII.

WITH cheerful Notes let all the Earth  
 to Heav'n their Voices raise;  
 Let all, inspir'd with godly Mirth,  
 sing solemn Hymns of Praise.  
 God's tender Mercy knows no Bound,  
 his Truth shall ne'er decay:  
 Then let the willing Nations round,  
 their grateful Tribute pay.

## P S A L M CXVIII.

OPraise the Lord, for he is good,  
 his Mercies ne'er decay;  
 That his kind Favours ever last,  
 let thankful Isr'el say.  
 Then open wide the Temple Gates  
 to which the Just repair,  
 That I may enter in and praise  
 my great Deliv'rer there.  
 Within those Gates of God's Abode  
 to which the Righteous press;  
 Since thou hast heard, and set me safe,  
 thy holy Name I'll bless.  
 That which the Builders once refus'd,  
 is now the Corner-Stone;  
 This is the wond'rous Work of God,  
 the Work of God alone.  
 This Day is God's; let all the Land  
 exalt their cheerful Voice:  
 Lord, we beseech thee, save us now,  
 and make us still rejoice.

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## P S A L M CXIX.

- 1 **H**OW blest are they who always keep  
the pure and perfect Way!  
Who never from the sacred Paths  
of God's Commandments stray!
- 2 Thrice blest who to his righteous Laws  
have still obedient been!  
And have with fervent humble Zeal  
his Favour sought to win!
- 3 Such Men their utmost Caution use  
to shun each wicked Deed;  
But in the Path which he directs  
with constant Care proceed.
- 4 Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord,  
to learn thy sacred Will;  
And all our Diligence employ  
thy Statutes to fulfil.
- 5 O then that thy most holy Will  
might o'er my Ways preside!  
And I the Course of all my Life  
by thy Direction guide!
- 6 Then with Assurance should I walk,  
from all Confusion free;  
Convinc'd, with Joy, that all my Ways  
with thy Commands agree.

## P S A L M CXIX. P. 2.

- 1 **I** NSTRUCT me in thy Statutes, Lord,  
thy righteous Paths display;  
And I from them thro' all my Life,  
will never go astray.

If thou true Wisdom from above  
wilt graciously impart;

To keep thy perfect Laws I will  
devote my zealous Heart.

Direct me in the sacred Ways

to which thy Precepts lead;

Because my chief Delight has been  
thy righteous Paths to tread.

Do thou to thy most just Commands  
incline my willing Heart;

Let no Desire of worldly Wealth  
from thee my Thoughts divert.

P S A L M CXIX. P. 3.

THE Love that to thy Laws I bear,  
no Language can display;

They with fresh Wonders entertain  
my ravish'd Thoughts all Day.

Through thy Commands I wiser grow  
than all my subtle Foes;

For thy sure Word does me direct,  
and all my Ways dispose.

From me my former Teachers now  
may abler Counsel take;

Because thy sacred Precepts I  
my constant Study make.

In Understanding I excel

the Sages of our Days;

Because by thy unerring Rules

I order all my Ways.

My Feet with Care I have refrain'd  
from ev'ry sinful Way,

I

That

That to thy sacred Word I might  
entire Obedience pay.

6 I have not from thy Judgments stray'd,  
by vain Desires misled;

For, Lord, thou hast instructed me  
thy righteous Paths to tread.

7 How sweet are all thy Words to me!  
O what divine Repast!

How much more grateful to my Soul,  
than Honey to my Taste!

8 Taught by thy sacred Precepts, I  
with heav'nly Skill am blest;

Thro' which the treach'rous Ways of Sin  
I utterly detest.

P S A L M CXXV.

1 **W**HO place on Sion's God their Trust  
like Sion's Rock shall stand;

Like her immoveable be fixt  
by his almighty Hand.

2 Look how the Hills on ev'ry Side  
Jerusalem inclose:

So stands the Lord around his Saints,  
to guard them from their Foes.

3 The Wicked may afflict the Just,  
but ne'er too long oppress;

Nor force him by Despair to seek  
base Means for his Redress.

4 Be good, O righteous God, to those  
who righteous Deeds affect;

The Heart that Innocence retains,  
let Innocence protect.

All those who walk in crooked Paths,  
 the Lord shall soon destroy;  
 Cut off th' Unjust, but crown the Saints  
 with lasting Peace and Joy.

## P S A L M CXXVIII.

THE Man is blest who fears the Lord;  
 nor only Worship pays,  
 But keeps his Steps confin'd with Care  
 to his appointed Ways.

He shall upon the sweet Returns  
 of his own Labour feed:

Without Dependance live, and see  
 his Wishes all succeed.

His Wife, like a fair fertile Vine,  
 her lovely Fruit shall bring;

His Children, like young Olive-Plants,  
 about his Table spring.

Who fears the Lord shall prosper thus;  
 him Sion's God shall bless;

And grant him all his Days to see  
 Jerusalem's Success.

He shall live on, 'till Heirs from him  
 descend with vast Increase;

Much blest in his own prosp'rous State,  
 and more in Isr'el's Peace.

## P S A L M CXXXI.

O Lord, I am not proud of Heart,  
 nor cast a scornful Eye;



- Nor my aspiring Thoughts employ  
in Things for me too high.
- 2 With Infant-Innocence thou know'st  
I have myself demean'd;  
Compos'd to Quiet, like a Babe  
that from the Breast is wean'd.
- 3 Like me let Isr'el hope in God,  
his Aid alone implore:  
Both now and ever trust in him,  
who lives for evermore.

## P S A L M CXXXIII. O. V.

- 1 **O** What a happy Thing it is,  
and joyful for to see,  
Brethren to dwell together in  
Friendship and Unity.
- 2 It's like the precious Ointment, that  
was pour'd on Aaron's Head;  
Which from his Beard down to the Skins  
of his rich Garments spread.
- 3 And as the lower Ground doth drink  
the Dew of Hermon Hill;  
And Sion with his silver Drops  
the Fields with Fruit doth fill:
- 4 Ev'n so the Lord doth pour on them  
his Blessings manifold;  
Whose Hearts and Minds sincerely do  
this Knot fast keep and hold.

## P S A L M CXXXIV.

- 1 **B**LESS God, ye Servants, that attend  
upon his solemn State;

That in his Temple, Night by Night,  
with humble Rev'rence wait.

Within his House lift up your Hands,  
and bless his holy Name;  
From Sion bless thy Isr'el, Lord,  
who Heav'n and Earth didst frame.

P S A L M CXXXV.

**O** Praise the Lord with one Consent,  
and magnify his Name;

Let all the Servants of the Lord  
his worthy Praise proclaim.

Praise him all ye that in his House  
attend with constant Care;

With those that to his utmost Courts,  
with humble Zeal repair.

For this our truest Int'rest is,

glad Hymns of Praise to sing;

And with loud Songs to bless his Name,  
a most delightful Thing.

P S A L M CXXXVI.

**T**O God the mighty Lord,

Your joyful Thanks repeat;

To him due Praise afford,

As good as he is great :

For God does prove

Our constant Friend;

His boundless Love

Shall never end.

To him whose wond'rous Pow'r

All other Gods obey,

Whom

Whom earthly Kings adore,  
This grateful Homage pay:

For God, &c.

- 3 By his almighty Hand  
Amazing Works are wrought;  
The Heav'ns by his Command,  
Were to Perfection brought:

For God, &c.

- 4 He spread the Ocean round  
About the spacious Land;  
And made the rising Ground  
Above the Waters stand:

For God, &c.

- 5 Thro' Heav'n he did display  
His num'rous Hosts of Light;  
The Sun to rule by Day,  
The Moon and Stars by Night:

For God, &c.

- 6 He does the Food supply  
On which all Creatures live;  
To God who reigns on high,  
Eternal Prailes give:

For God will prove  
Our constant Friend;  
His boundless Love  
Shall never end.

P S A L M CXXXIX.

- 1 **T**HOU, Lord, by strictest Search hast known  
My rising-up and lying-down;  
My secret Thoughts are known to thee,  
Known long before conceiv'd by me.

2 Thine

Thine Eye my Bed and Path surveys,  
 My public Haunts and private Ways;  
 Thou know'st what 'tis my Lips would vent,  
 My yet unutter'd Word's Intent.  
 Surrounded by thy Pow'r I stand,  
 On ev'ry Side I find thy Hand:  
 O Skill, for human Reach too high!  
 Too dazzling bright for mortal Eye!  
 O could I so perfidious be,  
 To think of once deserting thee!  
 Where, Lord, could I thy Influence shun?  
 Or whither from thy Presence run?  
 If up to Heav'n I take my Flight,  
 'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in Light:  
 Or dive to Hell's infernal Plains,  
 'Tis there almighty Vengeance reigns.  
 If I the Morning's Wings could gain,  
 And fly beyond the western Main,  
 Thy swifter Hand would first arrive,  
 And there arrest thy Fugitive.

## P S A L M CXXXIX. P. 2.

I'LL praise thee from whose Hands I came,  
 A Work of such a curious Frame:  
 The Wonders thou in me hast shown,  
 My Soul with grateful Joy must own.  
 Thine Eyes my Substance did survey,  
 While yet a lifeless Mass it lay;  
 In Secret how exactly wrought,  
 E'er from its dark Inclosure brought.  
 Thou didst the shapeless Embryo see,  
 It's Parts were register'd by thee;

Thou



- Thou saw'st the daily Growth they took,  
Form'd by the Model of thy Book.
- 4 Let me acknowledge too, O God,  
'That since this Maze of Life I trod,  
Thy Thoughts of Love to me surmount  
The Pow'r of Numbers to recount.
- 5 Far sooner could I reckon o'er  
The Sands upon the Ocean's Shore;  
Each Morn, revising what I've done,  
I find th' Account but new begun.
- 6 Search, try, O God, my Thoughts and Heart,  
If Mischief lurks in any Part;  
Correct me where I go astray,  
And guide me in thy perfect Way.

## P S A L M CXLV.

- 1 **T**HEE I'll extol, my God and King,  
thy endless Praise proclaim:  
This Tribute daily I will bring,  
and ever bless thy Name.
- 2 Thou, Lord, beyond Compare art great,  
and highly to be prais'd;  
Thy Majesty, with boundless Height,  
above our Knowledge rais'd.
- 3 Renown'd for mighty Acts, thy Fame  
to future Times extends;  
From Age to Age thy glorious Name  
successively descends.
- 4 Whilst I thy Glory and Renown,  
and wond'rous Works express;  
The World with me thy Might shall own,  
and thy great Pow'r confess.

The Praise that to thy Love belongs,  
 they shall with Joy proclaim ;  
 Thy Truth of all their grateful Songs  
 shall be the constant Theme.

## P S A L M CXLVI.

O Praise the Lord, and thou, my Soul,  
 for ever bless his Name ;  
 His wond'rous Love, while Life shall last,  
 my constant Praise shall claim.  
 On Kings, the greatest Sons of Men,  
 let none for Aid rely ;  
 They cannot save in dang'rous Times,  
 nor timely Help apply.  
 Depriv'd of Breath, to Dust they turn,  
 and there neglected lie ;  
 And all their Thoughts and vain Designs  
 together with them die.  
 Then happy he, who Jacob's God  
 for his Protector takes ;  
 Who still, with well-plac'd Hope, the Lord  
 his constant Refuge makes.  
 The God that does in Sion dwell,  
 is our eternal King :  
 From Age to Age his Reign endures,  
 let all his Praises sing.

## P S A L M CXLVII.

O Praise the Lord with Hymns of Joy,  
 and celebrate his Fame !  
 For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis  
 to praise his holy Name.

- 2 He kindly heals the broken Hearts,  
and all their Wounds doth close;  
He tells the Number of the Stars,  
their sev'ral Names he knows.
- 3 Great is the Lord, and great his Pow'r,  
his Wisdom has no Bound:  
The Meek he raises, and throws down  
the Wicked to the Ground.
- 4 To God, the Lord, a Hymn of Praise  
with grateful Voices sing:  
To Songs of Triumph tune the Harp,  
and strike each warbling String.

## P S A L M CXLVIII.

- 1 **Y**E boundless Realms of Joy,  
Exalt your Maker's Fame;  
His Praise your Song employ  
Above the starry Frame;  
Your Voices raise,  
Ye Cherubim  
And Seraphim,  
To sing his Praise.
- 2 Thou Moon, that rul'st the Night,  
And Sun that guid'st the Day;  
Ye glitt'ring Stars of Light,  
To him your Homage pay:  
His Praise declare,  
Ye Heav'ns above,  
And Clouds that move  
In liquid Air.
- 3 Let them adore the Lord,  
And praise his holy Name,

By whose almighty Word  
They all from Nothing came :

And all shall last  
From Changes free ;  
His firm Decree  
Stands ever fast.

United Zeal be shown,  
His wond'rous Fame to raise,  
Whose glorious Name alone  
Deserves our endless Praise.

Earth's utmost Ends  
His Pow'r obey :  
His glorious Sway  
The Sky transcends.

His chosen Saints to grace,  
He sets them up on high,  
And favours Isr'el's Race,  
Who still to him are nigh.

O therefore raise  
Your grateful Voice,  
And still rejoice  
The Lord to praise.

# P S A L M CL.

O Praise the Lord in that blest Place,  
from whence his Goodness largely flows :  
Praise him in Heav'n, where he his Face  
unveil'd in perfect Glory shows.  
Praise him for all the mighty Acts,  
which he in our Behalt hath done ;  
His Kindness this Return exacts,  
with which our Praise should equal run.



- 3 Let the shrill Trumpet's warlike Voice  
make Rocks and Hills his Praise rebound;  
Praise him with Harp's melodious Noise,  
and gentle Psalt'ry's silver Sound.
  - 4 Let Virgin-Troops soft Timbrels bring,  
and some with graceful Motion dance;  
Let Instruments of various Strings,  
with Organs join'd, his Praise advance.
  - 5 Let them who joyful Hymns compose,  
to Cymbals set their Songs of Praise;  
Cymbals of common Use, and those  
that loudly sound on solemn Days.
  - 6 Let all that vital Breath enjoy,  
the Breath he does to them afford,  
In just Returns of Praise employ;  
let ev'ry Creature praise the Lord!
- 

### V E N I C R E A T O R .

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost, eternal God,  
proceeding from Above,  
Both from the Father and the Son,  
the God of Peace and Love.
- 2 Visit our Minds, and into us  
thy heavenly Grace inspire;  
That 'Fruth and Godliness we may  
pursue with full Desire.
- 3 Thou art the very Comforter  
in all Grief and Distress:

The heav'nly Gift of God most high,  
which no Tongue can express :

The Fountain, and the living Spring  
of Joy celestial :

The Fire so bright, the Love so sweet,  
and Unction spiritual.

Thou in thy Gifts art manifold,  
whereby Christ's Church doth stand ;

In faithful Hearts writing thy Law,  
the Finger of God's Hand.

According to thy Promise made,  
thou givest Speech with Grace :

That through thy Help God's Praises may  
resound in ev'ry Place.

# MEMORIAL OF THE CREATOR. P. 2.

O Holy Ghost, into our Souls  
send down thy heavenly Light ;

Flame our Hearts with fervent Love  
to serve God Day and Night.

Our Weakness strengthen and confirm,  
which feeble is and frail :

That neither Devil, World, nor Flesh,  
against us may prevail.

Our Enemies put far from us,  
and help us to obtain

Peace in our Hearts with God and Man,  
the best and truest Gain.

And grant, O Lord, that thou being  
our Leader and our Guide,

We may escape the Snares of Sin,  
and never from thee slide.

- 5 Such Measures of thy pow'rful Grace  
grant, Lord, to us, we pray;  
That thou may'st be our Comforter  
at the last dreadful Day.

A Prayer to the Holy Ghost, to be sung before  
the Sermon.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, God of Might,  
the Comforter of all:  
Teach us to know thy Word aright,  
that we may never fall.
- 2 O Holy Ghost, visit our Land,  
defend us with thy Shield:  
Against all Sin and Wickedness,  
Lord, help us win the Field.
- 3 O Lord, preserve our King, and bless  
his Counsel, that they may  
Be stedfast in the Gospel of  
our Saviour Christ alway.
- 4 O Lord, that giv'st thy holy Word,  
send Preachers plenteously:  
That in the same we may accord,  
and therein live and die.

A Prayer to the Holy Ghost, to be sung before  
the Sermon. P. 2.

- 1 O Holy Spirit, guide aright  
the Preachers of thy Word,  
That thou by them may'st cut down Sin  
as it were with a Sword.

Depart not from thy Pastors pure,  
 but aid them at their Need;  
 Who break to us the Bread of Life,  
 whereon our Souls do feed.  
 Convert all those that are our Foes,  
 and bring them to thy Light:  
 That they and we may all agree,  
 and praise thee Day and Night.  
 True Faith in us, O Lord, increase,  
 and let Love so abound,  
 That Man and Wife may live in Peace,  
 and all about us round.  
 In our Time give thy Peace, O Lord,  
 to Nations far and nigh:  
 And teach them all thy Word, that they  
 may sing to thee, Most-High.

### The Lamentation of a Sinner.

O Lord, turn not thy Face away  
 From him that lies prostrate,  
 lamenting sore his sinful Life,  
 before thy Mercy-Gate;  
 Which thou dost open wide to those,  
 that do lament their Sin:  
 shut it not against me, Lord,  
 but let me enter in.  
 Call me not to a strict Account  
 how I have lived here:  
 for then I know right well, O Lord,  
 how vile I shall appear.  
 I need not to confess my Life,  
 for surely thou canst tell:

What



What I have been, and what I am,  
Thou knowest very well.

5 O Lord, thou know'st what Things be past,  
Also the Things that be:  
Thou know'st also what is to come,  
Nothing is hid from thee.

6 Before the Heav'ns and Earth where made  
Thou knew'st what Things were then;  
As all Things else that have been done  
Among the Sons of Men.

7 And can the Things that I have done  
Be hidden from thee then?  
No, no, thou know'st them all, O Lord,  
Where they were done, and when.

8 Wherefore with Fears I come to thee  
To beg and to entreat;  
Ev'n as a Child that hath done Ill,  
And feareth to be beat.

9 So come I to the Throne of Grace,  
Where Mercy doth abound,  
Desiring Mercy for my Sin,  
To heal my deadly Wound.

10 O Lord, I need not to repeat,  
What I do beg or crave:  
For thou dost know, before I ask,  
The Thing that I would have:

11 Mercy, good Lord, Mercy I ask,  
This is the total Sum,  
For Mercy, Lord, is all my Suit  
O let thy Mercy come.

5 OE 57

The END of the PSALMS.

# H Y M N S

And

## SPIRITUAL SONGS.



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H Y M N I.

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MY God, my King, thy various Praise  
 Shall fill the Remnant of my Days;  
 Thy Grace employ my humble Tongue,  
 Till Death and Glory raise the Song.

The Wings of ev'ry Hour shall bear  
 Some thankful Tribute to thine Ear;  
 And ev'ry setting Sun shall see  
 New Works of Duty done for thee.

Thy Truth and Justice I'll proclaim;  
 Thy Bounty flows, an endless Stream;  
 Thy Mercy swift, thy Anger slow,  
 But dreadful to the stubborn Foe.

Thy Works with sov'reign Glory shine,  
 And speak thy Majesty divine;  
 Let Britain round her Shores proclaim  
 The Sound and Honour of thy Name.

Let distant Times and Nations raise  
 The long Succession of thy Praise;  
 And unborn Ages make my Song,  
 The Joy and Labour of their Tongue.

But who can speak thy wond'rous Deeds?  
 Thy Greatness all our Thoughts exceeds:  
 Swift and unsearchable thy Ways:  
 Swift and immortal be thy Praise!



## H Y M N II.

- 1 I'LL praise my Maker with my Breath;  
And when my Voice is lost in Death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler Pow'rs:  
My Days of Praise shall ne'er be past,  
While Life, and Thought, and Being last,  
Or Immortality endures.
- 2 Why should I make a Man my Trust?  
Princes must die and turn to Dust:  
Vain is the Help of Flesh and Blood;  
Their Breath departs, their Pomp and Pow'r  
And Thoughts, all vanish in an Hour,  
Nor can they make their Promise good.
- 3 Happy the Man whose Hopes rely  
On Israel's God: He made the Sky,  
And Earth, and Seas, with all their Train  
His Truth for ever stands secure:  
He saves th' Opprest, he feeds the Poor,  
And none shall find his Promise vain.
- 4 The Lord hath Eyes to give the Blind;  
The Lord supports the sinking Mind;  
He sends the lab'ring Conscience Peace,  
He helps the Stranger in Distress,  
The Widow and the Fatherless,  
And grants the Pris'ner sweet Release.
- 5 He loves his Saints, he knows them well,  
But turns the Wicked down to Hell;  
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns:  
Let ev'ry Tongue, let ev'ry Age,

In this exalted Work engage ;  
Praise him in everlasting Strains.

I'll praise him while he lends me Breath,  
And when my Voice is lost in Death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler Pow'rs:  
My Days of Praise shall ne'er be past,  
While Life, and Thought, and Being last,  
Or Immortality endures.

### H Y M N III.

**E**TERNAL Source of ev'ry Joy!  
Well may thy Praise our Lips employ,  
While in thy Temple we appear ;  
Thy Goodness crowns the circling Year.

Wide as the Wheels of Nature roll,  
Thy Hand supports the steady Pole ;  
The Sun is taught by thee to rise,  
And Darkness when to veil the Skies.

The flow'ry Spring at thy Command,  
Embalms the Air, and paints the Land ;  
The Summer Rays with Vigour shine,  
To raise the Corn, and cheer the Vine.

Seasons, and Months, and Weeks, and Days,  
Demand successive Songs of Praise ;  
Still be the cheerful Homage paid,  
With op'ning Light and ev'ning Shade.

Here in thy House shall Incense rise,  
As circling Sabbaths bless our Eyes ;  
Still will we make thy Mercies known .  
Around thy Board, and round our own.

6 O may our more harmonious Tongues,  
 In Worlds unknown pursue the Songs;  
 And in those brighter Courts adore,  
 Where Days and Years revolve no more

## H Y M N IV.

1 **L**ORD of the Worlds above,  
 How pleasant and how fair  
 The Dwellings of thy Love,  
 Thy earthly Temples are!  
 To thine Abode my Heart aspires,  
 With warm Desires to see my God.

2 O happy Souls that pray  
 Where God appoints to hear!  
 O happy Men that pay  
 Their constant Service there!  
 They praise thee still: And happy they  
 That love the Way to Sion's Hill.

3 They go from Strength to Strength,  
 Thro' this dark Vale of Tears,  
 Till each arrives at length,  
 Till each in Heav'n appears.  
 O glorious Seat! Thou God our King  
 Shalt thither bring our willing Feet.

4 God is our Sun and Shield,  
 Our Light and our Defence;  
 With Gifts his Hands are fill'd;  
 We draw our Blessings thence:  
 He shall bestow upon our Race  
 His saving Grace, and Glory too.

The Lord his People loves,  
 His Hand no Good withholds  
 From those his Heart approves,  
 From holy, humble Souls.  
 Twice happy he, O God of Hosts,  
 Whose Spirit trusts alone in thee!

## H Y M N V.

COME let us join our cheerful Songs  
 With Angels round the Throne;  
 Ten thousand thousand are their Tongues,  
 But all their Joys are one.

Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,  
 To be exalted thus;  
 Worthy the Lamb our Lips reply,  
 For he was slain for us.

Jesus is worthy to receive  
 Honour and Pow'r divine;  
 And Blessings more than we can give,  
 Be, Lord, for ever thine.

Let all that dwell above the Sky,  
 And Air, and Earth, and Seas;  
 Conspire to lift thy Glories high,  
 And speak thine endless Praise.

Let all Creation join in one,  
 To bless the sacred Name  
 Of him that sits upon the Throne,  
 And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN



## H Y M N VI.

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful Throne,  
Ye Nations, bow with sacred Joy;  
Know that the Lord is God alone,  
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign Pow'r, without our Aid,  
Made us of Clay, and form'd us Men!  
And when like wand'ring Sheep we stray  
He brought us to his Fold again.
- 3 We'll croud thy Gates with thankful Song  
High as the Heav'ns our Voices raise;  
And Earth with her ten thousand Tongues  
Shall fill thy Courts with sounding Praise.
- 4 Wide as the World is thy Command;  
Vast as Eternity thy Love;  
Firm as a Rock thy Truth must stand,  
When rolling Years shall cease to move.

## H Y M N VII.

- 1 **I**NDULGENT Sov'reign of the Skies  
And wilt thou bow thy gracious Ear  
While feeble Mortals raise their Cries,  
Wilt thou the great Jehovah hear?
- 2 Look down, O God, with pitying Eyes  
And view the Desolation round;  
See what wide Realms in Darkness lie,  
And hurl their Idols to the Ground.

Loud let the Gospel-Trumpet blow,  
 And call the Nations from afar;  
 Let all the Isles their Saviour know,  
 And Earth's remotest Ends draw near.

With gentle Beams on Britain shine,  
 And bless her Princes and her Priests;  
 And by thy Energy divine,  
 Let sacred Love o'erflow their Breasts.

Triumphant here let Jesus reign,  
 And on his Vineyard sweetly smile;  
 While all the Virtues of his Train,  
 Adorn our Church and bless our Isle.

On all our Souls let Grace descend,  
 Like heav'nly Dew, in copious Show'rs;  
 That we may call our God our Friend,  
 That we may hail Salvation ours.

Then shall each Age and Rank agree,  
 United Shouts of Joy to raise;  
 And Zion, made a Praise by thee,  
 To thee shall render back the Praise.

### H Y M N VIII.

MARK! in the Wilderness a Cry!  
 It shakes the Mountains, rends the Earth;  
 The King appears, behold him nigh,  
 The God by Nature, Man by Birth.

Run to and fro, ye Heralds, run;  
 Proclaim aloud, Prepare the Way!  
 Redemption's glorious Work's begun,  
 And who his potent Arm shall stay?

M

3 Make

- 3 Make strait the Paths before his Feet,  
And ev'ry Obstacle remove;  
Drop down, ye Hills, your cumb'rous Weight  
And bow before redeeming Love.
- 4 Then shall the lowly Valley rise,  
Its budding Honours spring to View;  
Swift the creating Fiat flies,  
And all is blissful, all is new.
- 5 Know'st thou the Meaning, Nature's Child  
Know'st thou the Import of the Cry?  
Thy Heart's the Desert waste and wild;  
But lo! the kind Reclaimer's nigh.
- 6 Mountains of Unbelief and Sin  
Before him crumble into Dust;  
Thy humbl'd Heart shall then begin  
His all-restoring Hand to trust.
- 7 By him exalted, know thy State,  
A Garden rich in Fruit and Flow'r;  
Thy gracious Master's lov'd Retreat,  
The Wonder of redeeming Pow'r.

## H Y M N IX.

- 1 O JESU, our Lord,  
Thy Name be ador'd  
For all the rich Blessings convey'd thro' thy Word
- 2 In Spirit we trace  
Thy Wonders of Grace,  
And cheerfully join in a Concert of Praise.
- 3 The Trumpet of God

Is sounding abroad  
The Language of Mercy—Salvation thro' Blood.

4 Thrice happy are they  
Who hear and obey,  
And share in the Blessings of this Gospel-Day.

5 The People who know  
The Saviour below,  
With burning Affection to worship him glow.

6 The People are blest  
Who lean on his Breast,  
And have a rich Foretaste of his promis'd Rest.

7 This Blessing is mine  
Through Favour divine :  
But, O my Redeemer, the Glory be thine !

8 The Work is of Grace;  
Thine, thine be the Praise!  
And mine to adore thee and tell of thy Ways.

## H Y M N X.

COME, ye Sinners, poor and wretched,  
God's free Bounty glorify !  
True Belief, and true Repentance,  
Ev'ry Grace that brings us nigh,  
Without Money, without Money, &c.  
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

Let not Conscience make you linger,  
Nor of Fitness fondly dream ;  
All the Fitness he requireth



Is, to feel our Want of him :  
 This he gives you, this he gives you, &c.  
 'Tis the Spirit's rising Beam.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
 Lost and ruin'd by the Fall;  
 If you tarry 'till you're better,  
 You will never come at all.  
 Not the Righteous, not the Righteous,  
 Sinners Jesus came to call.

4 View him grov'ling in the Garden;  
 Lo ! your Maker prostrate lies;  
 On the bloody Tree behold him;  
 Hear him cry, before he dies,  
 It is finish'd; it is finish'd; &c.  
 Sinner, will not this suffice ?

5 Lo ! th' Incarnate God ascended,  
 Pleads the Merit of his Blood :  
 Venture on him, venture wholly ;  
 Let no other Trust intrude :  
 None but Jesus, none but Jesus, &c.  
 Can do helpless Sinners good.

6 Saints and Angels join'd in Concert,  
 Sing the Praises of the Lamb ;  
 While the blissful Seats of Heaven  
 Sweetly echo with his Name.  
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !  
 Sinners here may sing the same.

## H Y M N XI.

1 ZION, arise, thy Garments shake,  
 Of thy dear Saviour's Worth partake

Oh ! call his Blessings down !  
 Thy Wants are great—but Jesus dy'd,  
 He loves to see them well supply'd,  
 He makes thy Case his own.

Strangers in Heart we lately were,  
 Till our Redeemer brought us near  
 By his attracting Pow'r;  
 Break out all ye in Songs aloud,  
 Who feel Redemption through his Blood,  
 And our High-Priest adore.

O Jesus, Lord, we humbly pray,  
 Be gracious to thy Church to-day,  
 Thy saving Health impart !  
 The Dew of Heav'n on us distil,  
 With Love each empty Vessel fill,  
 And cheer the drooping Heart !

## H Y M N XII.

WELCOME, welcome, blessed Servant,  
 Messenger of Jesu's Grace !

O how beautiful the Feet of  
 Him that brings good News of Peace.  
 All hail, Herald ! all hail, Herald ! &c.  
 Priest of God, thy People's Joy !

Saviour, bless his Message to us,  
 Give us Hearts to hear the Sound  
 Of Redemption, dearly purchas'd  
 By thy Death and precious Wounds.

O reveal it ! O reveal it ! &c.  
 To our poor and helpless Souls !

- 3 Give Reward of Grace and Glory  
To thy faithful Labourer dear;  
Let the Incense of our Hearts be  
Offer'd up in Faith and Pray'r,  
Bless, O bless him; bless, O bless him;  
Now, henceforth for evermore.

H Y M N XIII

- 1 **B**LOW ye the Trumpet, blow  
The gladly-solemn Sound;  
Let all the Nations know  
To Earth's remotest Bound,  
The Year of Jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd Sinners, home!
- 2 Extol the Lamb of God,  
The great-atoning Lamb!  
Redemption in his Blood,  
Throughout the World proclaim:  
The Year of Jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd Sinners, home!
- 3 Ye who have sold for Nought  
Your Heritage above;  
Shall have it back unbought  
The Gift of Jesu's Love:  
The Year of Jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd Sinners, home!
- 4 Ye Slaves of Sin and Hell,  
Your Liberty receive;  
And safe in Jesus dwell  
And blest in Jesus live:

The Year of Jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd Sinners, home!

The Gospel-Trumpet hear,  
The News of heav'nly Grace,  
Ye happy Souls, draw near,  
Behold your Saviour's Face:

The Year of Jubilee is come;  
Return to your eternal Home.

### H Y M N XIV.

**L**ET every mortal Ear attend,  
and every Heart rejoice;  
The Trumpet of the Gospel sounds  
with an inviting Voice.

Ho! all ye wretched starving Souls,  
that feed upon the Wind,  
And vainly strive with earthly Toys  
to fill an empty Mind:

Eternal Wisdom has prepar'd  
a Soul-reviving Feast,  
And bids your longing Appetites  
the rich Provision taste.

Ho! ye that pant for living Streams,  
and pine away and die;  
Here you may quench your raging Thirst,  
with Streams that never dry:

Rivers of Love and Mercy here,  
in a rich Ocean join;  
Salvation in Abundance flows,  
like Floods of Milk and Wine.



- 6 The happy Gates of Gospel-Grace  
stand open Night and Day:  
Lord, we are come to seek Supplies,  
and drive our Wants away.

## H Y M N XV.

- 1 **Y**E Servants of God, your Master proclaim  
And publish abroad his wonderful Name  
The Name all victorious of Jesus extol;  
His Kingdom is glorious, and rules over all  
2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;  
And still he is nigh, his Presence we have  
The great Congregation his Triumph shall sing  
Ascribing Salvation to Jesus our King.  
3 Salvation to God, who sits on the Throne  
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son:  
Our Jesus's Prailes the Angels proclaim,  
Fall down on their Faces, and worship the Lamb  
4 Then let us adore and give him his Right,  
All Glory and Pow'r, and Wisdom and Might,  
All Honour and Blessing, with Angels above,  
And Thanks never ceasing, and infinite Love.

## H Y M N XVI.

- 1 **R**AISE your triumphant Songs  
To an immortal Tune;  
Let the wide Earth resound the Deeds  
Celestial Grace has done.  
2 Sing how eternal Love  
Its chief Beloved chose,

And bid him raise our wretched Race  
From their Abyfs of Woes.

His Hand no Thunder bears,  
No Terror clothes his Brow;  
No Bolts to drive our guilty Souls  
To fiercer Flames below.

Twas Mercy fill'd the Throne,  
And Wrath stood silent by,  
When Christ was sent with Pardons down  
To Rebels doom'd to die.

Now, Sinners, dry your Tears,  
Let hopeless Sorrow cease;  
Now to the Sceptre of his Love,  
And take the offer'd Peace.

May we obey the Call,  
And lay an humble Claim  
On the Salvation he hath brought,  
And love and praise his Name!

## H Y M N XVII.

SALVATION! O the joyful Sound!

What Pleasure to our Ears!

A sov'reign Balm for ev'ry Wound,

A Cordial for our Fears.

Blessing, Honour, Praise and Power,

Be unto the Lamb for ever:

Jesus Christ is our Redeemer:

Hallelujah; Hallelujah; Hallelujah;

Praise the Lord.

Salvation! let the Echo fly

The spacious Earth around;

N

While

While all the Armies of the Sky  
Conspire to raise the Sound!  
Blessing, Honour, Praise and Power,

- 3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!  
To thee the Praise belongs;  
Salvation shall inspire our Hearts,  
And dwell upon our Tongues.  
Blessing, Honour, Praise and Power,

### H Y M N XVIII.

- 1 **A** WAKE, our Souls, away our Fears,  
Let ev'ry trembling Thought be gone  
Awake, and run the heav'nly Race,  
And put a cheerful Courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny Road,  
And mortal Spirits tire and faint;  
But they forget the mighty God,  
That feeds the Strength of ev'ry Saint:
- 3 The mighty God whose matchless Power  
Is ever new and ever young;  
And firm endures, while endless Years  
Their everlasting Circles run.
- 4 From thee, the ever-flowing Spring,  
Our Souls shall draw a large Supply;  
While such as seek refreshing Draughts  
From mortal Streams shall droop and die.
- 5 Swift as an Eagle cuts the Air,  
We'll mount aloft to thy Abode;  
On Wings of Love our Souls shall fly,  
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly Road.

## H Y M N XIX.

**A**WAKE, my Soul, and with the Sun  
 Thy daily Stage of Duty run;  
 Shake off dull Sloth, and early rise  
 To pay thy morning Sacrifice.

Redeem thy mis-spent Time that's past,  
 Live this Day as if 'twere thy last;  
 T' improve thy Talents take due Care,  
 Gainst the great Day thyself prepare.

Let all thy Converse be sincere,  
 Thy Conscience as the Noon-Day clear,  
 Think how th' all-seeing God thy Ways,  
 And all thy secret Thoughts surveys.

Glory to God, who safe hath kept,  
 And hath refresh'd me while I slept;  
 Grant, Lord, when I from Death shall wake,  
 I may of endless Life partake.

Direct, controul, suggest this Day,  
 All I design, or do, or say;  
 That all my Pow'rs, with all their Might,  
 In thy sole Glory may unite.

Praise God from whom all Blessings flow;  
 Praise him, all Creatures here below;  
 Praise him above, ye heav'nly Host;  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



## H Y M N XX.

- 1 **G**OD of the Morning, at whose Voice  
The cheerful Sun makes haste to rise,  
And like a Giant doth rejoice  
To run his Journey thro' the Skies.
- 2 From the fair Chambers of the East  
The Circuit of his Race begins,  
And without Weariness or Rest  
Round the whole Earth he flies and shines.
- 3 O like the Sun may I fulfil  
Th' appointed Duties of the Day,  
With ready Mind and active Will  
March on and keep my heav'nly Way.
- 4 But I shall rove and lose the Race,  
If God, my Sun, shall disappear,  
And leave me in the World's wild Maze  
To follow ev'ry wand'ring Star.
- 5 Lord, thy Commands are clean and pure,  
Enlight'ning our beclouded Eyes;  
Thy Threat'nings just, thy Promise sure,  
Thy Gospel makes the Simple wise.
- 6 Give me thy Counsel for my Guide,  
And then receive me to thy Bliss;  
All my Desires and Hopes beside  
Are faint and cold, compar'd with this.

## H Y M N XXI.

- 1 **O**NCE more, my Soul, the rising Day  
salutes thy waking Eyes;  
Once more, my Voice, thy Tribute pay  
to him that rolls the Skies.

2 Night

Night unto Night his Name repeats,  
 the Day renews the Sound,  
 Wide as the Heav'n on which he sits  
 to turn the Seasons round.

'Tis he supports my mortal Frame,  
 my Tongue shall speak his Praise;  
 My Sins would rouse his Wrath to Flare,  
 and yet his Wrath delays.

Great God, let all my Hours be thine,  
 while I enjoy the Light;  
 Then shall my Sun in Smiles decline,  
 and bring a pleasant Night.

## H Y M N XXII.

**H**OSANNAH, with a cheerful Sound,  
 to God's upholding Hand;  
 Ten thousand Snares attend us round,  
 and yet secure we stand.

That was a most amazing Pow'r,  
 which rais'd us with a Word;  
 And ev'ry Day and ev'ry Hour  
 we lean upon the Lord.

The Ev'ning rests our weary Head,  
 and Angels guard the Room;  
 We wake and we admire the Bed,  
 which was not made our Tomb.

The rising Morning can't assure  
 that we shall end the Day;  
 For Death stands ready at the Door  
 to make our Lives his Prey.

- 5 God is our Sun whose daily Light  
our Joy and Safety brings;  
Our feeble Frames lie safe at Night,  
beneath his guardian Wings.

H Y M N XXIII.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, sweet Day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise;  
Welcome to this reviving Breast,  
And these rejoicing Eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near,  
And feasts his Saints to-day;  
Here we may sit, and see him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One Day amidst the Place,  
Where our dear God hath been,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand Days  
Of pleasurable Sin.
- 4 My willing Soul would stay,  
In such a Frame as this;  
And sit, and sing herself away,  
To everlasting Bliss.

H Y M N XXIV.

- 1 **A**WAKE, our drowsy Souls,  
Shake off each slothful Band,  
The Wonders of this Day,  
Our noblest Songs demand.  
Auspicious Morn! thy blisful Rays  
Harmonious Songs of Seraphs grace.

At thy approaching Dawn  
 Reluctant Death resign'd,  
 The glorious Prince of Life  
 Her dark Domains confin'd.  
 Th' angelic Host around him bends,  
 And 'midst their Shouts the God ascends.

All hail, triumphant Lord,  
 Heav'n with Hosannas rings;  
 While Earth in humbler Strains,  
 Thy Praise responsive sings :  
 Worthy art thou who once wast slain,  
 Through endless Years to live and reign.

Gird on, O God, thy Sword,  
 Ascend thy conqu'ring Carr,  
 While Justice, Truth and Love,  
 Maintain the glorious War.  
 Victorious thou thy Foes shalt tread,  
 And Sin and Hell in Triumph lead.

Make bare thy potent Arm,  
 And wing th' unerring Dart,  
 With salutary Pangs,  
 To each rebellious Heart.  
 Then willing Souls shall round thee bow,  
 Num'rous as Drops of morning Dew.

## H Y M N XXV.

- 1 **G**REAT God, this sacred Day of thine  
 Demands our Soul's collected Power  
 May we employ in Work divine,  
 These solemn, these devoted Hours!  
 O may our Souls adoring own  
 The Grace which calls us to thy Throne
- 2 Hence, ye vain Cares and Trifles, fly!  
 Where God resides appear no more,  
 Omniscient God, thy piercing Eye  
 Can every secret Thought explore.  
 O may thy Grace our Hearts refine,  
 And fix our Thoughts on Things divine.
- 3 The Word of Life dispens'd to-day,  
 Invites us to a heav'nly Feast;  
 May every Ear the Call obey,  
 Be every Heart a humble Guest!  
 O bid the wretched Sons of Need,  
 On soul-reviving Dainties feed!
- 4 Thy Spirit's powerful Aid impart,  
 O may thy Word with Life divine,  
 Engage the Ear and warm the Heart;  
 Then shall the Day indeed be thine:  
 Then shall our Souls adoring own  
 The Grace which calls us to thy Throne.



## H Y M N XXVI.

ARISE betimes and praise the Lord;  
 Be all Attention to his Word;  
 Call on his Name with fervent Prayer;  
 Deny myself; for Death prepare.

Each Moment piously improve;  
 For Friends and Foes breathe ardent Love;  
 Guard well my ever-roving Thoughts;  
 Hate and forsake my fav'rite Faults.

In Virtue's Dress adorn my Life;  
 Keep far from Pride, Lust, Passion, Strife;  
 Live still by Faith on Jesus' Name;  
 My Maker's Praise be all my Aim.

No Thoughts so much indulge, as those  
 Of Judgment, Heaven, and endless Woes;  
 Prudence and Truth my Lips still guard;  
 Quell scandalous Talk as soon as heard.

rash Promises avoid with Care;  
 Speak gracious Words with pious Fear;  
 Take daily Food with Pray'r and Praise;  
 Use it for Strength in heav'nly Ways.

Wife be my Intimates and few;  
 Exactly pay to all their Due;  
 Yet lay up Store with frugal Care;  
 That the Poor may largely share.

## H Y M N XXVII.

- 1 **A** ROSE I soon to praise the Lord?  
Bent was my Mind to search his Word  
Call'd I on him with fervent Breath?  
Deny'd I self? I thought I of Death?
- 2 Each passing Hour did I improve?  
For Friends and Foes flam'd I with Love  
Guarded were all my roving Thoughts?  
Have I forsook my fav'rite Faults?
- 3 In Virtue's Drefs form'd I my Life?  
Kept I from Pride, Lust, Passion, Strife  
Liv'd I by Faith on Jesus' Name?  
Made I my Maker's Praise my Aim?
- 4 No Thoughts did I so choose, as those  
Of future Judgment, Joys, and Woes?  
Plac'd I before my Lips a Guard?  
Quell'd I the stand'rous Talk I heard?
- 5 Rash Promises shun'd I with Care?  
Spake I with Grace and pious Fear?  
Took I my Food with Pray'r and Praise  
Us'd I my Strength in heav'nly Ways?
- 6 Wise were my Intimates and few?  
Exactly paid I all their Due?  
Yet careful to increase my Store?  
Zealously to feed and clothe the Poor?

## H Y M N XXVIII.

GLORY to thee, my God, this Night,  
For all the Blessings of the Light;  
Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,  
Under thine own almighty Wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
Whatever Ills this Day I've done;  
That with the World, myself, and thee,  
e're I sleep, at Peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The Grave as little as my Bed;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Triumphing rise at the last Day.

O may my Soul on thee repose,  
And with sweet Sleep my Eyelids close;  
Sleep that may me more vig'rous make,  
To serve my God when I awake.

Let my blest Guardian, while I sleep,  
Close to my Bed his Vigils keep;  
Let no vain Dreams disturb my Rest,  
No Pow'rs of Darkness me molest.

Praise God from whom all Blessings flow;  
Praise him, all Creatures here below;  
Praise him above, ye heav'nly Host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## H Y M N XXIX.

SOFT Season of Repose,  
Thy sable Curtains spread,

- Come, downy Sleep, and stretch thy Wings  
 Around my weary Head.
- 2 But Oh! the lawless Range,  
 With which my Thoughts have stray'd  
 Through mazy Paths of Sense and Sin,  
 From Morn to evening Shade!
- 3 Ah! born to nobler Ends,  
 My Soul, no more pursue  
 These fleeting Vanities of Life,  
 But bid the World adieu.
- 4 Thy Pity, gracious God,  
 Thy Pardon I implore,  
 Oh! heal these Follies of my Mind,  
 And aid me with thy Power.
- 5 Be thou my friendly Guard,  
 While slumb'ring on my Bed;  
 And with thy sacred Teachings fill  
 The Visions of my Head.
- 6 When Morning's gladsome Rays  
 Salute my waking Eyes,  
 All vigorous may my Soul to thee,  
 In grateful Songs arise.
- 7 Devoted to thy Fear,  
 Thy Service, and thy Praise,  
 My God, I would be wholly thine,  
 The Remnant of my Days.

## H Y M N XXX.

- 1 SLEEP, downy Sleep, come close mine Eyes  
 Tir'd with beholding Vanities:  
 Welcome, sweet Sleep, that drives away  
 The Toils and Follies of the Day.

On thy soft Bosom will I lie,  
 Forget the World, and learn to die :  
 O ! Israel's watchful Shepherd spread  
 Thine Angel-Tents around my Bed.  
 Clouds and thick Darkness are thy Throne,  
 Thy wonderful Pavilion :  
 O ! dart from thence one cheering Ray,  
 And turn my Midnight into Day.  
 Thus when the Morn, in Crimson dress'd,  
 Breaks from the Chambers of the East,  
 My grateful Songs of Praise shall rise,  
 Like fragrant Incense to the Skies.

## H Y M N XXXI.

**M**OST gracious God ! of boundless Might !  
 supreme, eternal King !  
 Direct my Heart and Voice aright,  
 when I thy Praises sing.  
 Lord, hear my Prayer ; accept my Song ;  
 and sanctify my Mind ;  
 And grant I may my whole Life long  
 be virtuously inclin'd :  
 That when thou dost my Soul require,  
 and I must hence remove ;  
 then may join the heav'nly Choir,  
 and sing with Saints above.  
 Glory to thee, eternal God !  
 one Co-eternal Three !  
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 immortal Glory be !

HYMN



## H Y M N XXXII.

- 1 **O** Come let us in God rejoice ;  
it is a pleasant Thing  
To join in Praise with Heart and Voice,  
sweet Harmony to sing.
- 2 O blessed Lord, eternal King,  
look down from Heaven so high ;  
Grant we a joyful Hymn may sing,  
thy Name to magnify.
- 3 For all the Wonders thou hast done  
also with thy right Hand ;  
Thou mad'st the Sun the Moon and Stars  
to be at thy Command.
- 4 Therefore let us with one Accord,  
lift up our Voice to sing  
Sweet Hallelujah to the Lord,  
our everlasting King.

HALLELUJAH, &amp;c.

## H Y M N XXXIII.

- 1 **T**HUS far the Lord has led me on,  
Thus far his Pow'r prolongs my Days  
And ev'ry Ev'ning shall make known  
Some fresh Memorial of his Grace.
- 2 Much of my Time has run to waste,  
And I perhaps am near my Home ;  
But he forgives my Follies past,  
He gives me Strength for Days to come.
- 3 I lay my Body down to sleep,  
Peace is the Pillow of my Head ;

His ever-watchful Eye shall keep  
Its constant Guard around my Head.

Faith in his Name forbids my Fear:  
O may thy Presence ne'er depart!  
And in the Morning make me hear  
The Love and Kindness of thy Heart.

Thus when the Night of Death shall come,  
My Flesh shall rest beneath the Ground,  
And wait thy Voice to rouse my Tomb,  
With sweet Salvation in the Sound.

### H Y M N XXXIV.

LONG had Earth's num'rous Nations  
salvation to obtain, (sought  
Pardon and Peace, and endless Life,  
and Happiness in Vain.

Isr'el, through ev'ry Land dispers'd,  
sprung forth with eager Wish,  
In their Messiah to embrace,  
the long expected Bliss.

And lo! he comes, the Saviour comes,  
the promis'd Seed appears;  
He, in whom center'd all the Hopes  
of past and future Years.

He comes, from an Abyss of Woes,  
to raise our ruin'd Race;  
He bleeds, he dies, that we might share  
the Blessings of his Grace.

- 5 Wondrous Event, more wondrous Love  
of our Incarnate God!  
Should we be mute, sure Rocks would wait  
to ipread his Praise abroad.
- 6 Dear Lord, th' O'erflowings of thy Grace  
our flinty Boloms fire;  
Our conquer'd Hearts now pant for thee,  
with an intense Desire.
- 7 Here be thy Throne for ever fix'd,  
and this thy lasting Rest;  
And be our Souls beneath thy Smiles,  
through endless Ages blest.

## H Y M N XXXV.

- 1 **H**ARK, the glad Sound! the Saviour comes  
the Saviour promis'd long!  
Let ev'ry Heart prepare a Throne,  
and ev'ry Voice a Song.
- 2 On him the Spirit largely pour'd  
exerts its sacred Fire;  
Wisdom and Might and Zeal and Love,  
his holy Breast inspire.
- 3 He comes the Pris'ners to release,  
in Satan's Bondage held;  
The Gates of Brass before him burst,  
the iron Fetters yield.
- 4 He comes from thickest Films of Vice  
to clear the mental Ray,

And on the Eye-Balls of the Blind  
to pour celestial Day.

He comes the broken Heart to bind,  
the bleeding Soul to cure;  
And with the Treasures of his Grace,  
t' enrich the humble Poor.

Our glad Hofannas, Prince of Peace,  
thy Welcome shall proclaim:  
And Heav'n's eternal Arches ring  
with thy beloved Name.

# H Y M N XXXVI.

**H**AIL, Progeny divine!  
Hail, Virgin's wond'rous Son!  
Who for that humble Shrine,  
Didst quit th' Almighty's Throne:  
The Infant Lord our Voices sing,  
and be the King of Grace ador'd.

Ye Princes, disappear,  
And boast your Crowns no more;  
Lay down your Sceptres here,  
And in the Dust adore:  
Where Jesus dwells, the Manger bare,  
Lustre far your Pomp excels.

With Bethlem's Shepherds mild,  
The Angels bow their Head;  
And round the sacred Child,  
Their guardian Wings they spread:  
They knew that, where their Sovereign lies  
now Disguise, Heav'n's Court is there.

P

4 Thither

- 4 Thither, my Soul, repair,  
And humble Homage pay  
To thy Redeemer fair,  
As on his natal Day :

I kiss thy Feet, and, Lord, would be  
A Child like thee, whom thus I greet.

## H Y M N XXXVII.

- 1 **S**HEPHERDS, rejoice, lift up your Eyes,  
and send your Fears away;  
News from the Regions of the Skies,  
Salvation's born to Day.
- 2 Jesus, the God whom Angels fear,  
comes down to dwell with you;  
To Day he makes his Entrance here,  
but not as Monarchs do.
- 3 Go, Shepherds, where the Infant lies,  
and see his humble Throne;  
With Tears of Joy in all your Eyes,  
go, Shepherds, kiss the Son.
- 4 Thus Gabriel sang, and strait around  
the heav'nly Armies throng,  
They tune their Harps to lofty Sound,  
and thus conclude the Song:
- 5 Glory to God that reigns above,  
let Peace surround the Earth;  
Mortals shall know their Maker's Love,  
at their Redeemer's Birth.
- 6 Lord, and shall Angels have their Songs,  
and Men no Tunes to raise?



O may we lose our useless Tongues,  
when they forget thy Praise!

Glory to God that reigns above,  
that piti'd us forlorn;  
We join to sing our Maker's Love,  
for there's a Saviour born.

## H Y M N XXXVIII.

**H**IGH let us swell our tuneful Notes,  
and join th' angelic Throng;  
For Angels no such Love have known,  
t'awake a cheerful Song.

Good-Will to guilty Men is shewn,  
and Peace on Earth is giv'n;  
For lo! th' incarnate Saviour comes,  
with Messages from Heav'n.

Justice and Grace with sweet Accord,  
his rising Beams adorn:  
Let Heav'n and Earth in Concert join,  
now such a Child is born.

Glory to God in highest Strains,  
in highest Worlds be paid;  
His Glory by our Lips proclaim'd,  
and by our Lives display'd.

When shall we reach those blissful Realms,  
where Christ exalted reigns,  
and learn of the celestial Choir,  
their own immortal Strains?

## H Y M N XXXIX.

- 1 **A**RISE, and hail the happy Day;  
Cast all low Cares of Life away,  
And Thoughts of meaner Things:  
This Day to cure our deadly Woes,  
The Sun of Righteousness arose,  
With Healing in his Wings.
- 2 If Angels on that happy Morn,  
The Saviour of the World was born,  
Pour'd forth their joyful Songs;  
Much more should we, of human Race,  
Adore the Wonders of his Grace,  
To whom that Grace belongs.
- 3 O then let Heav'n and Earth rejoice,  
Let every Creature join his Voice,  
To hymn the happy Day;  
When Satan's Empire vanquish'd fell,  
And all the Powers of Death and Hell,  
Confess'd his sov'reign Sway.

## H Y M N XL.

- 1 **H**ARK! the herald Angels sing,  
Glory to the new-born King;  
Peace on Earth, and Mercy mild,  
God and Sinners reconcil'd.
- 2 Joyful, all ye Nations rise,  
Join the Triumph of the Skies,  
Universal Nature, say,  
Christ, the Lord, is born to Day!

Christ, by highest Heav'n ador'd,  
 Christ, the everlasting Lord,  
 Late in Time behold him come,  
 Offspring of the Virgin's Womb.

Hail, the Heav'n-born Prince of Peace!

Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!  
 Light and Life to all he brings,  
 Risen with Healing in his Wings.

Mild he lays his Glory by,  
 Born that Man no more might die;  
 Born to raise the Sons of Earth;  
 Born to give them second Birth.

Come, Desire of Nations, come,  
 Fix in us thy humble Home,  
 Rise the Woman's promis'd Seed,  
 Bruise in us the Serpent's Head.

Glory to the new-born King,  
 Let us all the Anthem sing,  
 Peace on Earth, and Mercy mild,  
 God and Sinners reconcil'd!

## H Y M N XLI.

**H**ARK! hark! what News the Angels bring,  
 Glad Tidings of a new-born King!

Born of a Maid, a Virgin pure,  
 Born without Sin, from Guile secure.

Hail, mighty Prince, eternal King!  
 Let Heaven and Earth rejoice and sing:  
 Angels and Men, with one Accord,  
 Break forth in Songs and praise the Lord.

3 Behold

- 3 Behold he comes and leaves the Skies,  
Awake, ye slumb'ring Mortals, rise!  
Wake to new Joys and hail this Morn,  
The Saviour of the World is born!

## H Y M N XLII.

- 1 **T**H' Eternal speaks; all Heav'n attend:  
Who will the human Race defend,  
While Justice aims the Blow?  
See! Nature trembles at their Fates;  
Death with his iron Sceptre waits;  
Hell opes her adamantine Gates,  
And triumphs at their woe.  
See! Nature trembles, &c.
- 2 Which of the bright celestial Throng,  
With Love so warm and Heart so strong,  
Dares languish on a Cross?  
Who can leave Liberty for Chains,  
Abandon Extasy for Pains?  
What Angel-Fortitude sustains  
Th' inestimable Loss?  
Who can leave, &c.
- 3 He said: and death-like Silence reign'd;  
Deep was their Awe; the radiant Band  
The mighty Task decline.  
At length Heav'n's Prince the Silence broke,  
And ardent, thus the Sire bespoke;  
None but thy Son can ward the Stroke;  
Then let the Task be mine.  
At length, &c.

Mine be the feeble infant State;  
 Mine, in Return for Love, be Hate;  
 A Manger be my Throne.  
 Pain, when thy Glory calls, is Bliss;  
 When Man's in Danger, Torture's Peace;  
 Shame, Praise; a Paradise th' Abyss:  
 Then yield thy darling Son.  
 Pain, when thy Glory, &c.

Th' Almighty Radiance smil'd Assent,  
 Loud was the Shout that Æther rent,  
 All Heav'n was in Amaze.  
 Go, my lov'd Image, said the Sire,  
 Be born, in Anguish to expire;  
 Earth, triumph; Angels, strike the Lyre  
 To everlasting Praise.  
 Go, my lov'd Image, &c.

### H Y M N XLIII.

**A**ND now, my Soul, another Year  
 of thy short Life is pass'd:  
 cannot long continue here,  
 and this may be my last.

Much of my dubious Life is gone,  
 nor will return again:  
 and swift my passing Moments run,  
 the few that yet remain.

awake, my Soul, with utmost Care  
 thy true Condition learn:  
 What are thy Hopes, how sure, how fair;  
 and what thy great Concern?



- 4 Now a new Scene of Time begins,  
set out afresh for Heaven:  
Seek Pardon for thy former Sins,  
in Christ so freely given.
- 5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,  
and on his Grace depend;  
With Zeal pursue the heav'nly Road,  
nor doubt a happy End.

H Y M N XLIV.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of Earth and Sky,  
The God of Ages praise,  
Who reigns enthron'd on high  
Ancient of endless Days;  
Who lengthens out our Trial here,  
And spares us yet another Year.
- 2 Barren and wither'd Trees,  
We cumber'd long the Ground;  
No Fruit of Holiness  
On our dead Souls was found:  
Yet doth he us in Mercy spare,  
Another, and another Year.
- 3 When Justice bar'd the Sword,  
To cut the Fig-Tree down,  
The Pity of our Lord  
Cry'd, Let it still alone.  
The Father mild inclines his Ear,  
And spares us yet another Year.
- 4 Jesus, thy speaking Blood  
From God obtain'd the Grace,

Who therefore hath bestow'd  
 On us a longer Space:  
 Thou didst in our Behalf appear,  
 And lo, we see another Year!

Then dig about our Root,  
 Break up our fallow Ground,  
 And let our gracious Fruit  
 To thy great Praise abound:  
 O let us all thy Praise declare,  
 And Fruit unto Perfection bear!

## H Y M N XLV.

SONS of Men, behold from far,  
 Hail the long-expected Star;  
 Jacob's Star, that gilds the Night,  
 Guides bewilder'd Nature right.

Fear not hence that there shall flow  
 Wars or Pestilence below;  
 Wars it bids and Tumults cease,  
 Sh'ring in the Prince of Peace.

Mild he shines on all beneath,  
 Piercing thro' the Shades of Death;  
 Batt'ring Error's wide-spread Night,  
 Kindling Darkness into Light.

Nations all, far off and near,  
 Haste to see your God appear;  
 Haste, for him your Hearts prepare;  
 Meet him manifested there.

- 5 There behold the Day-Spring rise,  
 Pouring Eye-Sight on your Eyes;  
 God in his own Light survey,  
 Shining to the perfect Day.
- 6 Sing, ye Morning-Stars, again;  
 God descends on Earth to reign!  
 Deigns for Man his Life t'employ,  
 Shout, ye Sons of God, for Joy.

## H Y M N XLVI.

- 1 **A**LAS! and did my Saviour bleed?  
 and did my Sov'reign die?  
 Would he devote that sacred Head  
 for such a Worm as I?
- 2 Was it for Crimes that I had done  
 he groan'd upon the Tree?  
 Amazing Pity! Grace unknown!  
 and Love beyond Degree!
- 3 Well might the Sun in Darkness hide,  
 and shut his Glories in;  
 When Christ the mighty Maker dy'd,  
 for Man the Creature's Sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing Face,  
 while his dear Cross appears;  
 Dissolve my Heart in Thankfulness,  
 and melt mine Eyes to Tears.

But Drops of Grief can ne'er repay  
 the Debt of Love I owe;  
 Here, Lord, I give Myself away,  
 'tis all that I can do.

## H Y M N XLVII.

O! If my Soul was form'd for Wo,  
 how wou'd I vent my Sighs!  
 Repentance should like Rivers flow  
 from both my streaming Eyes.

'Twas for my Sins my dearest Lord  
 hung on the curst Tree,  
 And groan'd away a dying Life,  
 for thee, my Soul, for thee.

How I hate those Lusts of mine,  
 that crucify'd my God;  
 Those Sins that pierc'd and nail'd his Flesh  
 fast to the fatal Wood.

Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,  
 my Heart hath so decreed;  
 nor will I spare those guilty Things,  
 that made my Saviour bleed.

Whilst with a melting, broken Heart,  
 my murder'd Lord I view,  
 I raise Revenge against my Sins,  
 and slay the Murtherers too.

## H Y M N XLVIII.

1. 'TIS finish'd, the Redeemer said,  
And meekly bow'd his dying Head  
O wond'rous loving Pain!  
Come, Sinners, and mark well the Way  
There view the Conquest of our Lord,  
Complete for helpless Man.
- 2 Finish'd the Righteousness of Grace;  
Finish'd the Pain that bought our Peace  
The Sinner's Debt is paid:  
Accusing Law cancell'd by Blood,  
The Wrath of an offended God  
In sweet Oblivion laid.
- 3 Who now shall urge a second Claim?  
The Law no longer can condemn,  
Faith a Release can shew:  
Justice itself a Friend appears,  
The Prison-House a Whisper hears,  
Loose him, and let him go.
- 4 O Unbelief, injurious Bar!  
Source of tormenting fruitless Fear,  
Why dost thou yet reply?  
Where'er thy loud Objections fall,  
'Tis finish'd, still may answer all,  
And silence ev'ry Cry.



## H Y M N XLIX.

THE Lord is risen ! He who came  
 To suffer Death, and conquer too,  
 Is risen ; let our Songs proclaim  
 The Praise to Man's Redeemer due ;  
 To him whom God in tender Love,  
 Always alike to blest inclin'd,  
 Bent to redeem us from above ;  
 To save, to sanctify Mankind.

## C H O R U S.

*WORTHY of all Pow'r and Praise,  
 HE who di'd, and rose again ;  
 Lamb of GOD, and slain to raise  
 MAN, to Life redeem'd—AMEN.*

That Life which Adam ceas'd to live,  
 When to this World he turn'd his Heart,  
 And to his Children could not give,  
 The second Adam can impart,  
 We, on our earthly Parent's Side,  
 Could but receive a Life of Earth ;  
 The Lord from Heav'n, he liv'd, and di'd,  
 And rose to give us heav'nly Birth.

*CHO. Worthy, &c.*

This mortal Life, this living Death,  
 Shews that in Adam we all die ;  
 In Christ we have immortal Breath,  
 And Life's unperishing Supply :

He

He took our Nature, and sustain'd  
 The Mis'ries of it's sinful State;  
 Sinless himself, for us regain'd  
 To Paradise an open Gate.

CHO. *Worthy, &c.*

- 4 As Adam rais'd a Life of Sin,  
 So Christ, the Serpent-bruising Seed,  
 By God's Appointment could begin  
 The Birth, in us, of Life indeed:  
 He did begin; parental Head,  
 As Adam fell, so Jesus stood;  
 Fulfill'd all Righteousness, and said  
 'Tis finish'd!—on the sacred Wood.

CHO. *Worthy, &c.*

- 5 Finish'd his Work, to quench the Wrath,  
 That Sin had brought on Adam's Race;  
 To pave the sole, and certain Path  
 From Nature's Life, to that of Grace:  
 For Joy of this, God's only Son  
 Endur'd the Cross, despis'd the Shame,  
 And gave the Victory, so won,  
 For imitating Love to claim.

CHO. *Worthy, &c.*

- 6 To tread the Path that Jesus trod,  
 Aided by him, be our Employ;  
 To die to Sin, and live to God,  
 And yield him the fair purchas'd Joy:  
 To all the Laws that Love has made  
 Stedfast, unshaken to attend;

He

He di'd, he rose, himself our Aid,  
Lo! I am with you to the End.

CHO. *Worthy, &c.*

## H Y M N L.

**Y**ES, the Redeemer rose;  
The Saviour left the Dead,  
And o'er our hellish Foes  
High rais'd his conqu'ring Head:  
In wild Dismay, the Guards around  
Fell to the Ground, and sunk away.

Lo! The angelic Bands,  
In full Assembly meet,  
To wait his high Commands,  
And worship at his Feet;  
Joyful they come, and wing their Way  
From Realms of Day to Jesu's Tomb.

Then back to Heav'n they fly,  
And the glad Tidings bear;  
Hark! As they soar on high  
What Music fills the Air?  
Their Anthems say, "Jesus who bled  
"Hath left the Dead;—He rose To-Day."

Ye Mortals, catch the Sound,  
Redeem'd by him from Hell;  
And send the Echo round  
The Globe on which you dwell:  
Transported cry, "Jesus who bled  
"Hath left the Dead, no more to die."

5 All-hail

- 5 All-hail, triumphant Lord,  
 Who sav'st us with thy Blood!  
 Wide be thy Name ador'd,  
 Thou rising, reigning God!  
 With thee we rise, with thee we reign,  
 And Empires gain beyond the Skies.

## H Y M N L I.

- 1 **H**E dies! the heav'nly Lover dies!  
 The Tidings strike a doleful Sound  
 On my poor Heart-Strings: deep he lies  
 In the cold Caverns of the Ground.  
 Come, Saints, and drop a Tear or two  
 On the dear Bosom of your God;  
 He shed a thousand Drops for you,  
 A thousand Drops of richer Blood.
- 2 Here's Love and Grief beyond Degree,  
 The Lord of Glory dies for Men!  
 But lo, what sudden Joys I see!  
 Jesus the Dead revives again.  
 The rising God forsakes the Tomb,  
 Up to his Father's Court he flies;  
 Cherubic Legions guard him Home,  
 And shout him welcome to the Skies.
- 3 Break off your Tears, ye Saints, and tell  
 How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;  
 Sing how he spoil'd the Hosts of Hell,  
 And led the Monster Death in Chains.  
 Say, Live for ever, wond'rous King!  
 Born to redeem, and strong to save!

Then ask the Monster, Where's his Sting?  
And where's thy Vict'ry, boasting Grave?

## H Y M N LII.

CHRIST the Lord is ris'n To Day, Hallelujah.

Sons of Men and Angels say, Hal.

Who so lately on the Cross, Hal.

Offer'd to redeem our Loss. Hal.

Hymns of Praises let us sing Hallelujah.

Unto Christ our heav'nly King, Hal.

Who endur'd the Cross and Grave, Hal.

Winners to redeem and save. Hal.

At the Pains which he endur'd, Hallelujah.

Our Salvation have procur'd; Hal.

Now he reigns above the Sky, Hal.

Where the Angels ever cry, Hallelujah.

## H Y M N LIII.

ANGELS, roll the Rock away,

Death yield up thy mighty Prey:

He! He rises from the Tomb,

Glowing with immortal Bloom.

Hallelujah.

He is the Saviour! Angels raise

His eternal Trump of Praise;

At the Earth's remotest Bound,

Hear the Joy-inspiring Sound.

Hallelujah.

Now, ye Saints, lift up your Eyes,

Now to Glory see him rise,

R

In



In long Triumph up the Sky,  
Up to waiting Worlds on high.

Hallelu

- 4 Heav'n displays her Portals wide,  
Glorious Hero, through them ride;  
King of Glory, mount thy Throne,  
Thy great Father's and thy own.

Hallelu

- 5 Praise him, all ye heav'nly Choirs,  
Praise, and sweep your golden Lyres;  
Shout, O Earth, in rapt'rous Song,  
Let the Strains be sweet and strong.

Hallelu

- 6 Ev'ry Note with Wonder swell,  
Sin o'erthrown and captiv'd Hell;  
Where is Hell's once dreaded King?  
Where, O Death, thy mortal Sting?

Hallelu

## H Y M N LIV.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the Prince of Light,  
who cloth'd himself in Clay:  
Enter'd the iron Gates of Death,  
and tore the Bars away.
- 2 Death is no more the King of Dread,  
since our Immanuel rose;  
He took the Tyrant's Sting away,  
and spoil'd our hellish Foes.

how the Conqu'ror mounts on high,  
 and to his Father flies,  
 with Scars of Honour in his Flesh,  
 and Triumph in his Eyes.

There our exalted Saviour reigns,  
 and sends his Blessings down;  
 for Jesus fills the middle Seat  
 of the celestial Throne.

Use your Devotion, mortal Tongues,  
 to reach his blest'd Abode:  
 meet be the Accents of your Songs,  
 to our incarnate God.

Light Angels, strike your loudest Strings,  
 your sweetest Voices raise;  
 Heav'n, and all created Things,  
 sound our Immanuel's Praise.

## H Y M N LV.

REJOICE, the Saviour reigns!  
 The God of Truth and Love;  
 When he had purg'd our Stains,  
 He took his Seat above:  
 Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice,  
 Rejoice; again, I say, Rejoice.

His Kingdom cannot fail,  
 He rules o'er Earth and Heav'n;  
 The Keys of Death and Hell,  
 Are to our Jesus given:

Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice  
Rejoice; again, I say, Rejoice.

3 He all his Foes shall quell,  
Shall all our Sins destroy,  
And every Bosom swell  
With pure Seraphic Joy:

Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice,  
Rejoice; again, I say, Rejoice.

4 Rejoice in glorious Hope,  
Jesus the Judge shall come,  
And take his Servants up  
To their eternal Home:

We soon shall hear th' Archangel's Voice  
The Trump of God shall sound, Rejoice

## H Y M N LVI.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
with all thy quick'ning Pow'rs;  
Kindle a Flame of sacred Love  
in these cold Hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,  
fond of these earthly Toys;  
Our Souls, how heavily they go  
to reach eternal Joys!

3 In vain we tune our formal Songs,  
in vain we strive to rise;  
Hosannas languish on our Tongues,  
and our Devotion dies,

Dear Lord! and shall we ever live,  
 at this poor dying Rate?  
 Our Love so faint, so cold to thee,  
 and thine to us so great?

Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
 with all thy quick'ning Pow'rs;  
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's Love,  
 and that shall kindle ours.

### H Y M N LVII.

REJOICE, rejoice, ye fallen Race,  
 The Day of Pentecost is come!  
 Expect the sure descending Grace,  
 Open your Hearts to make him Room.

Our Jesus is gone up on high,  
 For us the Blessing to receive;  
 It now comes streaming from the Sky,  
 The Spirit comes and Sinners live.

Assembled here with one Accord,  
 Calmly we wait the promis'd Grace,  
 The Purchase of our dying Lord;  
 Come, Holy Ghost, and fill this Place.

Behold to thee our Souls aspire,  
 And long the blest Descent to feel;  
 Kindle in each thy living Fire,  
 And stamp on ev'ry Heart thy Seal.

Wisdom and Strength to thee belong,  
 Sweetly within our Bosoms move,  
 Now let us speak with other Tongue  
 The new strange Language of thy Love.

HYMN

## H Y M N LVIII.

1 **C**OME now, dear Lord, thyself reveal,  
 And let the Promise now take place!  
 Be it according to thy Will,  
 According to thy Word of Grace;  
 Thy sorrowful Disciples cheer  
 And send us down the Comforter.

2 He visits now the troubled Breast,  
 And oft relieves our sad Complaint;  
 But soon we lose the transient Guest,  
 But soon we droop again and faint;  
 Repeat the me'ancholy Moan—  
 Our Joy is fled, our Comfort gone!

3 Hasten him, Lord, into each Heart,  
 Our sure inseparable Guide :  
 O might we meet and never part!  
 O might he in our Hearts abide !  
 And keep his House of Praise and Prayer,  
 And rest, and reign for ever there!

## H Y M N LIX.

1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost, our Souls inspire  
 And lighten with celestial Fire,  
 Thou the anointing Spirit art,  
 Who dost thy sev'nfold Gifts impart,

2 Thy blessed Unction from above,  
 Is Comfort, Life, and Fire of Love;  
 Enable with perpetual Light  
 The Dulness of our blinded Sight,

3 Anoi



Anoint and cheer our soiled Face  
 With the Abundance of thy Grace.  
 Keep far our Foes, give Peace at Home!  
 Where Thou art Guide no Ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,  
 And Thee of both to be but One;  
 That through the Ages all along  
 This, this may be our endless Song——

Praise God from whom all Blessings flow;  
 Praise him all Creatures here below;  
 Praise him above, ye heav'nly Host;  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## H Y M N LX.

**H**AIL Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!  
 be endless Praise to Thee!  
 Supream, essential One, ador'd  
 in co-eternal Three.

Enthron'd in everlasting State,  
 e'er Time its Round began,  
 Who join'd in Council to create  
 the Dignity of Man.

To whom Isaiah's Vision shew'd  
 the Seraphs veil their Wings,  
 While Thee, Jehovah, Lord and God,  
 th' Angelic Army sings.

To Thee by mystic Pow'rs on high  
 were humble Praises given,  
 When John beheld with favour'd Eye  
 th' Inhabitants of Heaven.

5 All that the Name of Creature owns,  
to Thee in Hymns aspire ;  
May we as Angels on our Thrones  
for ever join the Choir !

6 Hail Holy, Holy, Holy Lord !  
be endless Praise to Thee ;  
Supream, essential One, ador'd  
in co-eternal Three.

H V M N LXI.

1 **W**E give immortal Praise  
To God the Father's Love ;  
For all our Comforts here,  
And better Hopes above.

He sent his own  
Eternal Son,  
To die for Sins  
That Man had done,

2 To God the Son belongs  
Immortal Glory too,  
Who bought us with his Blood,  
From everlasting Woe.

And now he lives,  
And now he reigns,  
And sees the Fruit  
Of all his Pains.

3 To God the Spirit's Name,  
Immortal Worship give ;

Whose new-creating Pow'r  
Makes the dead Sinner live.

His Work compleats  
The great Design,  
And fills the Soul  
With Joy divine.

Almighty God, to thee  
Be endless Honours done;  
The undivided Three,  
And the mysterious One!

Where Reason fails  
With all her Pow'rs,  
There Faith prevails  
And Love adores.

## H Y M N LXII.

COME, thou almighty King,  
Help us thy Name to sing,  
Help us to praise!

Father all glorious,  
Ever all victorious,  
Come and reign over us,  
Antient of Days!

Jesus, our Lord, arise,  
Scatter our Enemies,  
And make them fall!

Let thine almighty Aid  
Our sure Defence be made,  
Our Souls on thee be stay'd;  
Lord, hear our Call!

S

3 Come

3 Come, thou incarnate Word,  
Gird on thy mighty Sword,  
Our Pray'r attend!  
Come and thy People bless,  
And give thy Word Success,  
Spirit of Holiness,  
On us descend!

4 Come, holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred Witness bear,  
In this glad Hour!  
Thou who a'mighty art,  
Now rule in ev'ry Heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of Pow'r!

5 To the great One in Three  
Eternal Praises be  
Hence evermore!  
His sov'reign Majesty  
May we in Glory see,  
And to Eternity  
Love and adore.

## H Y M N LXIII.

1 HAIL, hail, reviv'd reviving Spring!  
Fair Type of Heav'n's eternal Year  
While Nature's Works thy Praises sing  
Lo, Gratitude salutes thee here!  
Swell, gently swell the solemn Song,  
Now pour the bounding Notes along;

Each Choirs below to Choirs above  
 To echo back the common Lay;  
 And as they praise unbound'd Love,  
 To join in Bounty's Holiday.

## C H O R U S.

*To God the universal King,  
 Be sacred every grateful Choir!  
 In ceaseless Hymns, all Praises sing,  
 That endless Bounty can inspire!*

All lost beneath stern Winter's Reign,  
 Creation's genial Powers appear'd;  
 Spring call'd them into Life again,  
 And budding Verdure shews they heard.  
 O Man! the kind Design,  
 Whose nobler Counter-Part is thine:  
 By Powers a gloomier Winter froze,  
 Thy Messiah's cheering Ray,  
 Whose fair Truth arose,  
 Shed the Blaze of mental Day.

### CHO. *To God, &c.*

Spotless as the Truth he taught,  
 As the Mercy he display'd,  
 Shew'd what human Duty ought,  
 Did what heav'nly Goodness bade;  
 Pre'd each just Command he gave,  
 Liv'd, nor dy'd in vain to save.  
 Realms on high, his Worlds below,  
 Witness'd his unwearied Care;



The Victim here of gen'ral Woe,  
The Captain of Salvation there.

CHO. *To God, &c.*

## H Y M N LXIV.

- 1 **B**ENIGN Creator, bounteous Lord,  
Wheree'er I turn my ravish'd Eyes,  
Fruits of thy Wisdom, Power and Love,  
In beauteous, various Order rise.
- 2 The flow'ry Meads, the verdant Vales,  
The bleating Flocks, the lowing Kine,  
The springing Herb, the blooming Tree  
All in thy joyful Praises join.
- 3 Hark, how the sacred Theme resounds!  
Whilst the sweet Warblers of the Grove  
Wing through the Air their traceless Way  
With soft harmonious Notes of Love.
- 4 My Soul, and canst thou silent lie  
Beneath the Bounties of thy God?  
Awake, my Heart, awake, my Tongue  
And spread your Maker's Praise abroad.

## H Y M N LXV.

**PRAISE** to the Lord, whose mighty Hand,  
 So oft reveal'd, hath sav'd our Land;  
 And when united Nations rose,  
 Hath thain'd and scourg'd our haughtiest Foes.

While for our Princes they prepare,  
 In Caverns deep a burning Snare,  
 He shot from Heav'n a piercing Ray,  
 And the dark Treach'ry brought to Day.  
 Such great Deliv'rance God hath wrought,  
 And down to us Salvation brought;  
 And still the Care of guardian Heav'n,  
 Secures the Bliss itself hath giv'n.

In thee we trust, almighty Lord,  
 Continu'd Rescue to afford;  
 Still be thy pow'rful Arm made bare,  
 For all thy Servant's Hopes are here.

## H Y M N LXVI.

**TO** thee, most holy, and most high,  
 To thee we bring our thankful Praise;  
 Thy Works declare thy Name is nigh,  
 Thy Works of Wonder and of Grace.

Britain was doom'd to be a Slave;  
 Her Frame dissolv'd, her Fears where great,  
 When God a new Supporter gave,  
 To bear the Pillars of the State.

He from thy Hand receiv'd his Crown,  
 And sware to rule by whollome Laws;

His

His Feet shall tread th' Oppressors down,  
His Arm defend the right'ous Cause.

- 4 Let haughtv Sinners sink their Pride,  
Nor lift so high their scornful Head;  
But lay their foolish Thoughts aside,  
And own the King that God hath made,
- 5 Such Honours never come by Chance,  
Nor do the Winds Promotion blow;  
'Tis God, the Judge, doth one advance,  
'Tis God that lays another low,
- 6 Now shall the Lord exalt the Just;  
And while he tramples on the Proud,  
And lays their Glory in the Dust,  
My Lips shall sing his Praise aloud.

## H Y M N LXVII.

- 1 **T**HE King of Heav'n his Table spreads,  
and Dainties crown the Board,  
Not Paradise with all its Joys,  
could such Delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and Peace to dying Men,  
and endless Life are giv'n;  
And the rich Blood which Jesus shed,  
to raise the Soul to Heav'n.
- 3 Millions of Souls in Glory now,  
were fed and feasted here;  
And Millions more, still on their Way,  
around the Board appear.
- 4 Yet is his House and Heart so large,  
that Millions more may come;

Nor could the wide assembling World,  
O'er-fill the spacious Room.

All Things are ready, come away,  
Nor weak Excuses frame;  
Croud to your Places at the Feast,  
and blis the Founder's Name.

## HYMN LXVIII.

CAT, drink, in Mem'ry of your Friend;  
An easy Task, enjoins our Lord;  
Who Death and Tortures bore, that we  
Might be to endless Bliss restor'd.

Yes, we'll record thy matchless Love,  
Thou dearest, tend'rest, best of Friends;  
Thy dying Love the noblest Praise  
Of long Eternity transcends.

'Tis Pleasure more than Earth can give,  
Thy Beauties thro' these Veils to see;  
Thy table Food celestial yields,  
And happy they who sit with thee.

But O what vast transporting Joys,  
Shall swell our Breasts, our Tongues inspire,  
When we his sweet majestic Form,  
With prostrate Cherubs shall admire!

When these vile Bodies all refin'd,  
Perfect and glorious as his own,  
Unwearied shall our Minds obey,  
And join to make his Favours known!

HYMN

## H Y M N LXIX.

- 1 **O**THERS may tell of famous Things  
Done by their Heroes and their Kings  
The Lord we serve them all exceeds  
For mighty Suff'rings, mighty Deeds.
- 2 The Torments he hath undergone,  
The glorious Triumphs he hath won,  
Armies of wond'ring Angels cause  
To fill the Heav'ns with loud Applause.
- 3 Deep in our Breast let us record  
The Story of our dying Lord;  
As we his kind Memorials view,  
Our Wonder and our Songs renew.
- 4 Prevent me, O almighty Grace!  
Nor let me e'er so treach'rous prove,  
To crucify my Lord afresh,  
And render Hate for all his Love.

## H Y M N LXX.

- 1 **A**ND will thy Table, Lord, be spread  
And will thy Cup with Love o'erflow  
'Thither be all thy Childre'n led,  
And let them all its Sweetness know.
- 2 Hail, sacred Feast, which Jesus makes,  
Memorial of his Flesh and Blood!  
Thrice happy he, who here partakes  
That sacred Stream, that heav'nly Food.
- 3 Why are such Blessings all in vain  
Before unwilling Hearts display'd?



Is not for you the Victim slain?  
 Do you forbid the Children's Bread?

Let thy Table honour'd be,  
 And furnish'd well with joyful Guests;  
 And may each Soul Salvation see,  
 And here its sacred Pledges tastes!

Let Crouds approach with Hearts prepar'd;  
 And Hearts inflam'd let all attend;  
 When we leave our Father's Board,  
 For Pleasure or the Profit end.

Give thy dying Churches, Lord,  
 And bid our drooping Graces live;  
 And more that Energy afford,  
 Which Right'ousness and Joy will give.

## H Y M N LXXI.

OUR Spirits join t'adore the Lamb;  
 O that our feeble Lips could move  
 And strains exalted as his Name,  
 And melting as his dying Love!

Where ever equal Pity found?  
 The Prince of Heav'n resigns his Breath,  
 And pours his Life out on the Ground,  
 To save us from eternal Death.

And in our mortal Voices strive  
 To speak Compassion so divine;  
 And give a thousand Lives to give,  
 And thousand Lives should all be thine.

## H Y M N LXXII.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wond'rous Cross,  
On which the Prince of Glory  
My richest Gain I count but Loss,  
And pour Contempt on all my Pride,
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the Death of Christ my God:  
All the vain Things that charm me here,  
I sacrifice them to his Blood.
- 3 See from his Head, his Hands, his Feet,  
Sorrow and Love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such Love and Sorrow meet,  
Or Thorns compose so rich a Crown?
- 4 Were the whole Realm of Nature mine,  
That were a Present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my Soul, my Life, my All.

## H Y M N LXXIII.

- 1 **A**T thy Command, our dearest Lord,  
Here we attend thy dying Feast;  
The Bread thy broken Body shows,  
The Wine thy Blood shed for each Guest.
- 2 Our Faith adores thy bleeding Love,  
And trusts for Life in one that di'd;  
We hope for heav'nly Crowns above,  
From a Redeemer crucify'd.
- 3 Let the vain World pronounce it Shame,  
And fling their Scandals on thy Cause;

come to boast our Saviour's Name,  
make our Triumphs in his Crofs.

h Joy we tell the scoffing Age,  
that was dead hath left the Tomb;  
lives above their utmost Rage,  
we are waiting till he come.

## H Y M N LXXIV.

S, only this, subdues the Fear of Death.  
d what is this? survey the wond'rous Cure;  
each Step let higher Wonder rise!  
for infinite Offence! and Pardon  
gh Means, that speak its Value infinite!  
on bought with Blood! with Blood divine!  
Blood divine of him I made my Foe!  
d to provoke! though woo'd, and aw'd,  
nd chastis'd, a flagrant Rebel still!  
el 'midst the Thunders of his Throne!  
alone; a Rebel Universe!  
ecies up in Arms! not one exempt!  
the Foulest of the Foul he dies.  
y'd for the Redeem'd from deepest Guilt!  
r Race were held of highest Rank;  
odhead dearer, as more kind to Man!  
ev'ry Heart! and, ev'ry Bosom, burn!  
at a Scale of Miracles is here!

## H Y M N LXXV.

- 1 **A**LL Praise to the Lord,  
 all Praise is his Due ;  
 To Day is his Word  
 of Promise found true ;  
 We, we are the Nations  
 presented to God ;  
 Well-pleasing Oblations  
 thro' Jesus's Blood.
- 2 Poor Gentiles from far  
 to Jesus we came,  
 And offer'd we are  
 to God thro' his Name ;  
 To God thro' the Spirit  
 ourselves do we give,  
 And sav'd by the Merit  
 of Jesus we live.

## H Y M N LXXVI.

- 1 **O**UR Shepherd alone,  
 the Lord, let us bless ;  
 Who sits on the Throne  
 the Prince of our Peace ;  
 Who evermore saves us  
 by shedding his Blood ;  
 All hail, holy Jesus,  
 our Lord, and our God !
- 2 We daily will sing  
 thy Merits and Praise,  
 Thou merciful Spring  
 of Pity and Grace :

XV.

Thy Kindness for ever  
to Men we will tell,  
And say our dear Saviour  
redeems us from Hell.

Preserve us in Love  
while here we abide,  
Nor ever remove,  
nor cover, nor hide  
Thy glorious Salvation,  
till joyful we see  
The beautiful Vision  
completed in thee !

## H Y M N LXXVII.

**N**AKED as from the Earth we came,  
and crept to Life at first ;  
We to the Earth return again,  
and mingle with the Dust.

XXVI.

The dear Delights we here enjoy  
and fondly call our own,  
Are but short Favours borrow'd now,  
to be repaid anon.

'Tis God that lifts our Comforts high,  
or sinks them to the Grave ;  
He gives, and (blessed be his Name ! )  
he takes but what he gave.

Peace all our angry Passions then,  
let each rebellious Sigh  
Be silent at his sov'reign Will,  
and ev'ry Murmur die.



- 5 If smiling Mercy crown our Lives,  
its Praises shall be spread;  
And we'll adore the Justice too  
that strikes our Comforts dead.

H Y M N LXXVIII.

- 1 **T**HE Spirits of the Just,  
Confin'd in Bodies, groan ;  
Till Death consigns the Corpse to Dust,  
And then the Conflict's done.
- 2 Jesus, who came to save,  
The Lamb for Sinners slain,  
Perfum'd the Chambers of the Grave,  
And made ev'n Death our Gain.
- 3 Why fear we then to trust  
The Place where Jesus lay ?  
In Quiet rests our Brother's Dust ;  
And this it seems to say :
- 4 Forbear, my Friends, to weep,  
Since Death hath lost its Sting ;  
Those Christians, that in Jesus sleep,  
Our God will with him bring.

H Y M N LXXIX.

- 1 **S**TRANGERS and Sojourners below,  
We travel through this Wilderness ;  
Seeking the promis'd Rest to know  
In Christ the Fountain of true Bliss ;

We seek a Place beyond the Skies,  
An everlasting Paradise.

In this Pursuit we stand in need  
Of daily fresh Supplies of Grace ;  
Our Souls with Manna Christ must feed,  
While we his leading Footsteps trace :  
So shall each Pilgrim gladly move  
Onward unto his Home above.

No earthly Bliss is worth our Stay,  
Or struggle for another Breath ;  
These Comforts vanish and decay,  
And yield no solid Joy in Death :  
While others vain Delights pursue,  
We taste God's Love forever new.

His Cross inflicts the deadly Blow,  
And crucifies each rebel Sin ;  
Peace, Love, and Joy, hence richly flow,  
And cause sweet Melody within :  
Dependent on the God of Pow'r,  
We glory in a suff'ring Hour.

The new Jerusalem appears,  
Her Citizens resplendent shine,  
For God hath wip'd away her Tears,  
And fill'd them with the Life divine :  
With them we shall his Glory see,  
And praise him thro' Eternity.

## H Y M N LXXX.

WHY do we mourn departing Friends,  
or shake at Death's Alarms ?

'Tis

'Tis but the Voice that Jesus sends  
to call them to his Arms.

- 2 Are we not tending upward too,  
as fast as Time can move ?  
Why should we wish the Hours more slow  
that keep us from our Love ?
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey  
their Bodies to the Tomb ?  
There the dear Flesh of Jesus lay,  
and left a sweet Perfume !
- 4 The Graves of all his Saints he blest,  
and soften'd ev'ry Bed ;  
Where should the dying Members rest,  
but with their dying Head ?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,  
and shew'd our Feet the Way :  
Up to the Lord our Flesh shall fly  
at the great rising Day.

### H Y M N LXXXI.

- 1 GREAT God, I own thy Sentence just,  
and Nature must decay ;  
I yield my Body to the Dust,  
to dwell with fellow Clay.
- 2 Yet Faith may triumph o'er the Grave,  
and trample on the Tombs ;  
My Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,  
my God, my Saviour, comes.
- 3 The mighty Conqu'ror shall appear  
high on a royal Seat ;

And Death the last of all his Foes,  
 lie vanquish'd at his Feet.

Tho' greedy Worms devour my Skin  
 and gnaw my wasting Flesh;  
 When God shall build my Bones again,  
 he cloaths them all afresh.

Then shall I see thy lovely Face  
 with strong immortal Eyes,  
 And feast upon thy unknown Grace  
 with Pleasure and Surprize.

## H Y M N LXXXII.

THEE we adore, eternal Name,  
 and humbly own to thee,  
 How feeble is our mortal Frame,  
 what dying Worms we be.

Our wasting Lives grow shorter still,  
 as Days and Months increase;  
 and ev'ry beating Pulse we tell  
 leaves but the Number less.

The Year rolls round and steals away  
 the Breath that first it gave:  
 Whate'er we do, where e'er we be,  
 we're traveling to the Grave.

Dangers stand thick thro' all the Ground  
 to push us to the Tomb;  
 and fierce Diseases wait around,  
 to hurry Mortals home.

Great God, on what a slender Thread  
 hang everlasting Things!

U

Th' eternal

Th'eternal States of all the Dead  
upon Life's feeble Strings!

- 6 Infinite Joy and endless Woe  
attend on every Breath:  
And yet how unconcern'd we go  
upon the Brink of Death?
- 7 Wake n, O Lord, our drowsy Sense,  
to walk this dang'rous Road:  
And if our Souls are hurri'd hence,  
may they be found with God.

## H Y M N LXXXIII.

- 1 'TIS finish'd ! 'tis done !  
the Spirit is fled,  
The Pris'ner is gone,  
the Christian is dead !  
The Christian is living  
thro' Jesus's Love,  
And gladly receiving  
a Kingdom above.
- 2 All Honour and Praise  
are Jesus's Due;  
Supported by Grace  
he fought his Way thro';  
Triumphantly glorious  
thro' Jesus's Zeal,  
And more than victorious  
o'er Sin, Death, and Hell.
- 3 'Then let us record  
the conquering Name,



Our Captain and Lord  
 with Shoutings proclaim:  
 Who trust in his Passion  
 and follow our Head,  
 To certain Salvation  
 we all shall be led.

O Jesus, lead on  
 thy militant Care,  
 And give us the Crown  
 of Righteousness there;  
 Where dazled with Glory  
 the Seraphims gaze,  
 Or prostrate adore thee  
 in Silence of Praise.

Come, Lord, and display  
 thy Sign in the Sky,  
 and bear us away  
 to Mansions on high:  
 thy Kingdom be given,  
 the Purchase divine,  
 and crown us in Heaven  
 eternally thine.

# H Y M N LXXXIV.

MY Life's a Shade, my Days  
 Apace to Death decline;  
 My Lord is Life, he'll raise  
 My Dust again, ev'n mine.  
 Sweet Truth to me;  
 I shall arise,

And with these Eyes  
My Saviour see.

- 2 My peaceful Grave shall keep  
My Bones till that sweet Day  
I wake from my long Sleep,  
And leave my Bed of Clay.

Sweet Truth,

- 3 My Lord, his Angels shall  
Their golden Trumpets sound;  
At whose most welcome Call  
My Grave shall be unbound.

Sweet Truth,

- 4 I said sometimes with Tears,  
Ah me! I'm loath to die:  
Lord, silence thou those Fears,  
My Life's with thee on high.

Sweet Truth,

- 5 What means my trembling Heart,  
To be thus shy of Death?  
My Life and I sha'n't part,  
Tho' I resign my Breath.

Sweet Truth,

- 6 Then welcome, harmless Grave;  
By thee to Heav'n I'll go;  
My Lord, his Death shall save  
Me from the Flames below.

Sweet Truth,

## HYMN LXXXV.

THE spacious Firmament on high,  
 With all the blue ethereal Sky,  
 And spangled Heav'ns, a shining Frame,  
 Their great Original proclaim :  
 'unwearied Sun from Day to Day,  
 Does his Creator's Power display,  
 And publishes to ev'ry Land,  
 The Work of an almighty Hand.

When as the evening Shades prevail,  
 The Moon takes up the wond'rous Tale,  
 And nightly to the list'ning Earth  
 Repeats the Story of her Birth :  
 While all the Stars that round her burn,  
 And all the Planets in their Turn,  
 Confirm the Tidings as they roll,  
 And spread the Truth from Pole to Pole.

That though, in solemn Silence, all  
 Move round the dark terrestrial Ball ?  
 That though nor real Voice nor Sound  
 Amid their radiant Orbs be found ?  
 Reason's Ear they all rejoice,  
 And utter forth a glorious Voice,  
 Or ever singing, as they shine,  
 "The Hand that made us is divine."

## H Y M N LXXXVI.

- 1 **T**HERE is a God, all Nature speaks,  
Through Earth, and Air, and Sea,  
See from the Clouds his Glory breaks  
When the first Beams of Morning rise.
- 2 The rising Sun, serenely bright,  
O'er the wide World's extended Frame  
Inscribes in Characters of Light,  
His mighty Maker's glorious Name.
- 3 Diffusing Life, his Influence spreads,  
And Health and Plenty smile around,  
And fruitful Fields and verdant Meads  
Are with a thousand Blessings crown'd.
- 4 Almighty Goodness, Power divine,  
The Fields and verdant Meads display,  
And bless the Hand which made them shine  
With various Charms profusely gay.
- 5 For Man and Beast, here daily Food  
In wide diffusive Plenty grows;  
And there, for Drink, the crystal Flood  
In Streams sweet winding, gently flows.
- 6 By cooling Streams and soft'ning Showers  
The vegetable Race are fed,  
And Trees, and Plants, and Herbs, and Flowers  
Their Maker's Bounty smiling spread.
- 7 The flow'ry Tribes, all blooming, rise  
Above the weak Attempts of Art:

XXVI.

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ir bright, inimitable Dyes,  
k sweet Conviction to the Heart.

urious Minds, who roam abroad,  
trace Creation's Wonders o'er,  
efs the Footsteps of the God,  
bow before him and adore.

## H Y M N LXXXVII.

THOU didst, O mighty God, exist  
e'er Time began its Race,  
re the ample Elements  
d up the Voids of Space.

re the pond'rous earthly Globe  
fluid Air was stay'd,  
re the Ocean's mighty Springs  
eir liquid Stores display'd.

Men ador'd, or Angels knew,  
prais'd thy wond'rous Name :  
Bliss, O sacred Spring of Life &  
d Glory were the same.

when the Pillars of the World,  
ith sudden Ruin break,  
all this vast and goodly Frame,  
inks in the mighty Wreck :

en from her Orb the Moon shall start,  
'astonish'd Sun roll back,  
ile all the trembling starry Lamps  
eir ancient Course forsake :



- 6 Forever permanent and fix'd,  
from Agitation free,  
Unchang'd in everlasting Years,  
shall thy Existence be.

## H Y M N LXXXVIII.

- 1 JEHOVAH reigns, his Throne is his  
His Robes are Light and Majesty:  
His Glory shines with Beams so bright,  
No Mortal can sustain the Sight.
- 2 His Terrors keep the World in Awe,  
His Justice guards his holy Law;  
His Love reveals his smiling Face,  
His Truth and Promise seal the Grace.
- 3 Through all his Works his Wisdom shines  
And baffles Satan's deep Designs;  
His Power is sovereign to fulfil,  
The noblest Counsels of his Will.
- 4 And will Jehovah condescend  
To be my Father and my Friend?  
Then let my Songs with Angels join;  
Heav'n is secure, if God be mine.

## H Y M N LXXXIX.

Y E flaming pow'rs, and winged warriors  
That erst with music, and triumphant  
First heard by happy watchful shepherd's  
So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along  
Through the soft silence of the list'ning night

w mourn; and if sad share with us to bear  
 ur fiery essence can distil no tear,  
 n in your sighs, and borrow  
 s wept from our deep sorrow:  
 who with all heav'n's heraldry whilere  
 er'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease;  
 , how soon our sin  
 ore doth begin  
 His infancy to seize!  
 ore exceeding love, or law more just?  
 law indeed, but more exceeding love!  
 we by rightful doom remediless  
 re lost in death, till he that dwelt above  
 n thron'd in secret bliss, for us frail dust  
 otied his glory, ev'n to nakedness;  
 that great covenant which we still transgress  
 rely satisfied,  
 the full wrath beside  
 engeful justice bore for our excess,  
 seals obedience first with wounding smart  
 s day, but O ere long  
 e pangs and strong  
 Will pierce more near his heart.

## H Y M N XC.

**F**LY envious time, till thou run out thy race,  
 Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,  
 Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;  
 And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,  
 Which is no more than what is false and vain,  
 And merely mortal dross;  
 So little is our loss,  
 So little is thy gain.  
 For when as each thing bad thou hast intomb'd,  
 And last of all thy greedy self consum'd,  
 Then long eternity shall greet our bliss  
 With an individual kiss;  
 And joy shall overtake us as a flood,  
 When every thing that is sincerely good  
 And perfectly divine,  
 With truth, and peace, and love, shall ever shine  
 About the supreme throne  
 Of him, t'whose happy-making fight alone  
 When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall clime,  
 Then all this earthly grossness quit,  
 Attir'd with stars, we shall for ever sit,  
 Triumphant over death, and chance, and thee,  
 O time.

## H Y M N XCI.

**Y**E Tribes of Adam, join  
 With Heav'n, and Earth, and Seas;  
 And offer Notes divine  
 To your Creator's Praise.

Ye holy Throng of Angels bright,  
In Realms of Light, begin the Song.

2 Thou Sun with dazling Rays,  
And Moon that rul'st the Night,  
Shine to your Maker's Praise,  
With Stars of twinkling Light.

His Pow'r declare, ye Floods on high,  
And Clouds that fly in empty Air.

3 The shining Worlds above  
In beauteous Order stand,  
Or in swift Courses move  
By his supreme Command.  
He spake the Word, and all their Frame  
From Nothing came to praise the Lord.

Ye Mountains near the Skies,  
With lofty Cedars there,  
And Trees of humbler Size,  
That Fruit in Plenty bear :  
Beastswild and tame, Birds, Flies, and Worms,  
In various Forms exalt his Name.

Virgins and Youth, engage  
To sound his Praise divine,  
While Infancy and Age  
Their feeble Voices join.  
Wide as he reigns his Name be sung  
By ev'ry Tongue, in endless Strains.

Let all the Nations fear  
The God that rules above ;  
He brings his People near,

And makes them taste his Love:  
While Earth and Sky attempt his Praise,  
His Saints shall raise his Honours high.

## H Y M N XCII.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, immortal Choir!  
that fill the Realms above;  
Praise him who form'd you of his Fire  
and feeds you with his Love.
- 2 Shine to his Praise, ye chrystal Skies,  
the Floor of his Abode,  
Or veil in Shades your thousand Eyes,  
before your brighter God.
- 3 Thou restless Globe of golden Light,  
whose Beams create our Days,  
Join with the silver Queen of Night,  
to own your borrow'd Rays.
- 4 Winds, ye shall bear his Name aloud  
through the etherial Blue,  
For when his Chariot is a Cloud,  
he makes his Wheels of you.
- 5 Shout to the Lord, ye surging Seas,  
in your eternal Roar;  
Let Wave to Wave resound his Praise,  
and Shore reply to Shore.
- 6 Thunder and Hail, and Fires, and Storms  
the Troops of his Command,  
Appear in all your dreadful Forms,  
and speak his awful Hand.
- 7 Wave your tall Heads, ye lofty Pines,  
to him that bid you grow,



Sweet Clusters, bend the fruitful Vines  
on ev'ry thankful Bough.

Thus while the meaner Creatures sing,  
ye Mortals, catch the Sound,  
Echo the Glories of your King,  
through all the Nations round.

## H Y M N XCIII.

GOD of my Life, through all its Days,  
My grateful Pow'rs shall sound thy Praise;  
The Song shall wake with op'ning Light,  
And warble to the silent Night.

When anxious Cares would break my Rest,  
And Grief would tear my throbbing Breast,  
Thy tuneful Praise I'll raise on high,  
And check the Murmur and the Sigh.

When Death o'er Nature shall prevail,  
And all its Pow'rs of Language fail,  
Joy through my swimming Eyes shall break,  
And mean the Thanks I cannot speak.

But O! when that last Conflict's o'er,  
And I am chain'd to Flesh no more,  
With what glad Accents shall I rise,  
To join the Music of the Skies!

When shall I learn th' exalted Strains,  
Which echo through the heav'nly Plains;  
And emulate with Joy unknown,  
The glowing Seraphs round thy Throne.

## H Y M N XCIV.

- 1 **J**OIN all the glorious Names  
Of Wisdom, Love, and Pow'r,  
That ever Mortals knew,  
That ever Angels bore :  
All are too mean to speak his Worth,  
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.
- 2 Array'd in mortal Flesh,  
He like an Angel stands,  
And holds the Promises  
And Pardons in his Hands :  
Commission'd from his Father's Throne  
To make his Love to Mortals known.
- 3 Great Prophet of my God,  
My Tongue would bless thy Name ;  
By thee the joyful News  
Of our Salvation came ;  
The joyful News of Sins forgiv'n,  
Of Hell subdu'd, and Peace with Heav'n.
- 4 Jesus, my great High Priest,  
Offer'd his Blood and dy'd ;  
My guilty Conscience seeks  
No Sacrifice beside.  
His pow'rful Blood did once atone ;  
And now it pleads before the Throne.
- 5 My great almighty Lord,  
My Conqu'ror and my King,  
Thy Sceptre and thy Sword,  
Thy reigning Grace I sing.

Thine is the Pow'r; behold I sit  
willing Bonds beneath thy Feet.

Now let my Soul arise  
And tread the Tempter down;  
My Saviour leads me forth  
To Conquest and a Crown.  
feeble Saint shall win the Day,  
though Death and Hell obstruct the Way.

## H Y M N XCV.

WITH Extasy of Joy  
Extol his glorious Name,  
Who rais'd the spacious Earth,  
And rais'd our ruin'd Frame:  
He built the Church who built the Sky,  
He put and exalt his Honours high.  
See the Foundation laid  
By Pow'r and Love divine;  
Jesus, his first-born Son,  
How bright his Glories shine!  
Now he descends, in Dust he lies,  
That from his Tomb a Church might rise.

But he forever lives;  
Nor for himself alone;  
Each Saint new Life derives  
From him, the living Stone:  
His Influence spreads through every Soul,  
And in one House unites the Whole.  
To him with Joy we move;  
In him cemented stand;

The

The living Temple grows,  
And owns the Founder's Hand.  
That Structure, Lord, still higher raise,  
Louder to sound its Builder's Praise.

- 5 Descend and shed abroad  
The tokens of thy Grace,  
And with more radiant Beams  
Let Glory fill the Place:  
Our joyful Souls shall prostrate fall,  
And own, our God is All in All.

### H Y M N XCVI.

- 1 **W**HEN Isra'el freed from Pharaoh's Hand  
Left the proud Tyrant and his Land  
The Tribes with cheerful Homage own  
Their King, and Judah was his Throne.
- 2 Across the Deep their Journey lay;  
The Deep divides to make them Way:  
Jordan beheld their March, and fled  
With backward Current to his Head.
- 3 The Mountains shook like frightened Sheep  
Like Lambs the little Hillocks leap!  
Not Sinai on her Base could stand,  
Conscious of sov'reign Pow'r at hand.
- 4 What Pow'r could make the Deep divide  
Make Jordan backward roll his Tide?  
Why did ye leap, ye little Hills?  
And whence the Fright that Sinai feels?

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Let ev'ry Mountain, ev'ry Flood,  
Retire, and know th' approaching God,  
The King of Isra'l: See him here;  
Tremble, thou Earth, adore and fear.

He thunders, and all Nature mourns,  
The Rock to standing Pools he turns;  
Flints spring with Fountains at his Word,  
And Fires and Seas confess their Lord.

### H Y M N XCVII.

**T**HOU God of glorious Majesty,  
To thee against myself, to thee  
A Worm of Earth I cry;  
An half awaken'd Child of Man,  
An Heir of endless Bliss or Pain,  
A Sinner born to die.

Lo! on a narrow Neck of Land,  
Twixt two unbounded Seas I stand  
Secure, insensible:  
A Point of Life, a Moment's Space  
Removes me to that heav'nly Place,  
Or shuts me up in Hell.

O God, mine inmost Soul convert,  
And deeply on my thoughtful Heart  
Eternal Things impress:  
Give me to feel their solemn Weight,  
And tremble on the Brink of Fate,  
And wake to Righteousness.

Before me place in dread Array,  
The Pomp of that tremendous Day,

Y

When



When thou with Clouds shalt come  
To judge the Nations at thy Bar :  
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there  
To meet a joyful Doom ?

- 5 Be this my one great Business here,  
With serious Industry and Fear,  
My future Bliss t' insure,  
Thine utmost Counsel to fulfil,  
And suffer all thy righteous Will,  
And to the End endure.
- 6 Then, Saviour, then my Soul receive,  
Transported from this Vale, to live,  
And reign with thee above,  
Where Faith is sweetly lost in Sight,  
And Hope in full supreme Delight,  
And everlasting Love.

### H Y M N XCVIII.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my Pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a Shepherd's Care  
His Presence shall my Wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful Eye;  
My Noon-day Walks he shall attend,  
And all my Midnight Hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry Glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty Mountain pant,  
To fertile Vales, and dewy Meads  
My weary, wand'ring Steps he leads;  
Where peaceful Rivers soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant Landskip flow.

Tho' in the Paths of Death I tread,  
 With gloomy Horrors overspread,  
 My stedfast Heart shall fear no Ill,  
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still;  
 Thy friendly Crook shall give me Aid,  
 And guide me thro' the dreadful Shade.

Tho' in a bare and rugged Way,  
 Thro' devious, lonely Wilds I stray,  
 Thy Bounty shall my Pains beguile:  
 The barren Wilderness shall smile,  
 With sudden Greens and Herbage crown'd,  
 And Streams shall murmur all around.

## H Y M N XCIX.

FATHER of All! in ev'ry Age,  
 in ev'ry Clime, ador'd,  
 By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,  
 the universal Lord!

What Conscience dictates to be done,  
 or warns me not to do,  
 This, teach me more than Hell to shun,  
 that, more than Heav'n pursue.

What Blessings thy free Bounty gives,  
 let me not cast away;  
 For God is paid when Man receives,  
 t' enjoy is to obey.

Let not to Earth's contracted Span  
 thy Goodness let me bound;  
 Or think thee Lord alone of Man,  
 when thousand Worlds are round.

- 5 Let not this weak, unknowing Hand  
presume thy Bolts to throw,  
And deal Damnation round the Land,  
on each I judge thy Foe.
- 6 If I am right, thy Grace impart,  
still in the Right to stay;  
If I am wrong, O teach my Heart  
to find that better Way.
- 7 Save me alike from foolish Pride,  
or impious Discontent,  
At aught thy Wisdom hath deny'd,  
or aught thy Goodness lent.
- 8 Teach me to feel another's Woe,  
to hide the Fault I see;  
That Mercy I to others shew,  
that Mercy shew to me.
- 9 Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,  
since quicken'd by thy Breath;  
O lead me wheresoe'er I go,  
thro' this Day's Life or Death.
- 10 This Day be Bread and Peace my Lot,  
all else beneath the Sun,  
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not;  
and let thy Will be done.
- 11 To thee, whose Temple is all Space,  
whose Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies!  
One Chorus let all Being raise!  
all Nature's Incense rise!

## H Y M N C.

r SHALL loyal Nations hail the Day,  
That crown their King with loud Acclam

And shall not Saints their Homage pay  
 To their beloved Saviour's Name?  
 Ye Saints, resound in joyful Strains,  
 Jesus the King of Glory reigns!  
 Jesus who vanquish'd all your Foes,  
 Who came to save, who reigns to bless,  
 From him your ev'ry Comfort flow's,  
 Life, Liberty, and Joy, and Peace.  
 Resound, resound in joyful Strains,  
 Jesus the King of Glory reigns!  
 Yes, thou art worthy, dearest Lord,  
 Of universal endless Praise;  
 With ev'ry Pow'r to be ador'd,  
 That Men or Angels e'er can raise.  
 Let Heav'n and Earth unite their Strains,  
 Jesus the King of Glory reigns!  
 But Earth, nor Heav'n can e'er proclaim,  
 The boundless Glories of their King;  
 Yet must our Hearts adore his Name,  
 Dear Name, whence all our Blessings spring!  
 Resound, resound in joyful Strains,  
 Jesus the King of Glory reigns!  
 How mean the Tribute Mortals pay,  
 How cold the Heart, how faint the Tongue;  
 But, Lord, thy Coronation Day  
 Shall tune a more exalted Song;  
 Resounding in immortal Strains,  
 Jesus the King of Glory reigns!  
 He comes, he comes with Triumph crown'd,  
 In dazzling Robes of Light array'd,  
 Faith views the Splendor dawning round,  
 Earth's

Earth's fairest Lustre sinks in Shade,  
Resound, resound in joyful Strains,  
Jesus the King of Glory reigns!

## H Y M N C I.

- 1 **PLUNG'D** in a Gulph of dark Despair,  
we wretched Sinners lay,  
Without one cheerful Beam of Hope,  
or Spark of glimm'ring Day.
- 2 With pitying Eye the Prince of Life,  
beheld our helpless Grief;  
He saw, and, O surprising Love!  
he ran to our Relief.
- 3 Down from the shining Seats above,  
with joyful Haste he fled,  
Enter'd the Grave in mortal Flesh,  
and dwelt among the Dead.
- 4 Oh! for this Love, let Rocks and Hills,  
their lasting Silence break,  
And all harmonious human Tongues,  
the Saviour's Praises speak.
- 5 Angels, assist our mighty Joys,  
strike all your Harps of Gold;  
But when you raise your highest Notes,  
his Love can ne'er be told.

## H Y M N C II.

- 1 **WE** sing the deep mysterious Plan,  
Which God devis'd ere Time began  
At length disclos'd in all its Light.  
We bless the wond'rous Birth of Love,

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Which beams around us from above,  
With Grace so free, and Hope so bright.

Where has the wise eternal Mind  
In Christ, their common Head, conjoin'd  
Gentiles and Jews, and Earth and Heav'n:  
Through him, from the great Father's Throne,  
Rivers of Bliss come rolling down,  
And endless Peace and Life are giv'n.

No more the awful Cherubs guard  
The Tree of Life with flaming Sword,  
To drive afar Man's trembling Race;  
At Salem's pearly Gates they stand,  
And smiling wait (a friendly Band!)  
To welcome Strangers to the Place.

While we expect that glorious Sight,  
Above shall our Hearts with theirs unite,  
And ardent Hope our Bosoms raise;  
From Earth's vile Cottages of Clay,  
To those resplendent Realms of Day,  
We'll try to send the sounding Praise.

### H Y M N CIII.

GREAT God of Wonders! all thy Ways  
Are matchless, godlike, and divine;  
But the fair Glories of thy Grace  
More godlike and unrivall'd shine:  
*Who is a pard'ning God like thee?  
Or who has Grace so rich and free?*

Crimes

2 Crimes of such Horror to forgive,  
 Such guilty daring Worms to spurt,  
 This is thy grand Prerogative,  
 And none shall in the Honour share.  
*Who is, &c.*

3 Angels and Men, resign your Claim  
 To Pity, Mercy, Love, and Grace;  
 These Glories crown Jehovah's Name,  
 With an incomparable Blaze.  
*Who is, &c.*

4 In Wonder lost, with trembling Joy,  
 We take the Pardon of our God,  
 Pardon for Crimes of deepest Dye,  
 A Pardon, bought with Jesus' Blood.  
*Who is, &c.*

5 O may this strange, this matchless Grace  
 This godlike Miracle of Love,  
 Fill the wide Earth with grateful Praise,  
 And all th' angelic Hosts above!  
*Who is, &c.*

## H Y M N CIV.

1 **L**ET others boast their ancient Line  
 In long Succession great;  
 In the proud List let Heroes shine,  
 And Monarchs swell the State:  
 Descended from the King of Kings,  
 Each Saint a nobler Title sings.

Pronounce me, gracious God, thy Son,  
 Own me an Heir divine:  
 I'll pity Princes on the Throne  
 When I can call thee mine:  
 Sceptres and Crowns unenvy'd rise,  
 And lose their Lustre in my Eyes.

Content, obscure I pass my Days,  
 To all I meet unknown,  
 And wait till thou thy Child shalt raise,  
 And seat me near thy Throne.  
 No Name, no Honours here I crave,  
 Well pleas'd with those beyond the Grave.

Jesus, my elder Brother, lives,  
 With him I too shall reign;  
 Nor Sin, nor Death, while he survives,  
 Shall make the Promise vain.  
 To him my Title stands secure,  
 And shall while endless Years endure.

When he, in Robes divinely bright,  
 Shall once again appear,  
 Thou too, my Soul, shalt shine in Light,  
 And his full Image bear.  
 Enough! — I wait th' appointed Day,  
 O my Saviour, haste and come away!

## H Y M N CV.

GRACE! tis a charming Sound!  
 So harmonious to the Ear;  
 Heav'n with the Echo shall resound,  
 And all the Earth shall hear.

- 2 Grace first contriv'd a Way  
to save rebellious Man,  
And all the Steps that Grace display,  
which drew the wond'rous Plan.
- 3 Grace taught my roving Feet  
to tread the heav'nly Road;  
And new Supplies each Hour I meet,  
while pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the Work shall crown,  
through everlasting Days;  
It lays in Heav'n the topmost Stone,  
and well deserves the Praise.

## H Y M N C V I.

- 1 **W**HY will you lavish out your Years,  
Amidst a thousand trifling Cares?  
While in this various Range of Thought,  
The one Thing needful is forgot?
- 2 Why will you chase the fleeting Wind,  
And furnish an immortal Mind?  
While Angels with Regret look down,  
To see you spurn a heav'nly Crown.
- 3 Th' eternal God calls from above,  
And Jesus pleads his dying Love;  
Awaken'd Conscience gives you Pain;  
And shall they join their Pleas in vain?
- 4 Not so your dying Eyes shall view  
Those Objects, which you now pursue;  
Not so shall Heav'n and Hell appear,  
When the decisive Hour is near.

5 Almighty



Almighty God, thy Pow'r impart  
 To fix Conviction on the Heart;  
 Thy Pow'r unveils the blindest Eyes,  
 And makes the proudest Scorners wise.

## H Y M N CVII.

WHEN rising from the Bed of Death,  
 o'erwhelm'd with Guilt and Fear,  
 I see my Maker Face to Face,  
 O how shall I appear?

If yet, while Pardon may be found,  
 and Mercy may be sought,  
 My Heart with inward Horror shrinks,  
 and trembles at the Thought:

When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd  
 in Majesty severe,  
 And sit in Judgment on my Soul,  
 O how shall I appear!

But thou hast told the troubled Mind,  
 who does her Sins lament,  
 The timely Tribute of her Tears,  
 shall endless Woe prevent.

Then see the Sorrows of my Heart,  
 e'er yet it be too late;  
 And hear my Saviour's dying Groans,  
 to give those Sorrows Weight.

For never shall my Soul despair  
 her Pardon to procure,



Who knows thy only Son hath dy'd  
to make her Pardon sure.

## H Y M N CVIII.

- 1 **V**ITAL Spark of heav'nly Flame!  
Quit, oh quit this mortal Frame;  
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,  
Oh the Pain, the Bliss of dying!  
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy Strife,  
And let me languish into Life.
- 2 Hark! they whisper, Angels say,  
Sister Spirit, come away;  
What is this absorbs me quite?  
Steals my Senses, shuts my Sight,  
Drowns my Spirits, draws my Breath?  
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?
- 3 The World recedes, it disappears,  
Heav'n opens on my Eyes, my Ears  
With Sounds seraphic ring:  
Lend, lend your Wings, I mount, I fly,  
O Grave, where is thy Victory!  
O Death, where is thy Sting!

## H Y M N CIX.

- 1 **B**LEST is the Man who fears the Lord  
And walks with Pleasure in his Ways  
Who trembles at his holy Word,  
And gladly his Commands obeys:  
His House with Blessings shall abound,  
His Seed be mighty and renown'd.

A gen'rous Pity warms his Heart,  
 His Kindness widely he extends;  
 The Poor in all his Wealth have Part,  
 To some he gives, to others lends:  
 Yet what his Bounty wastes, repairs  
 By wisely ord'ring his Affairs.

When Times with dismal Face appear,  
 By frightful Clouds and Gloom o'erspread,  
 His Heart shall entertain no Fear,  
 Above the Gloom he'll lift his Head:  
 His Faith shall bear his Courage up,  
 And God approve, and crown his Hope.

When raging Waves and Tempests roar,  
 And Sinners and their Hopes are drown'd;  
 He'll sit, and see it, safe on Shore,  
 With Life and with Salvation crown'd:  
 On Earth Renown, and Heav'n above,  
 Shall recompence his Faith and Love.

## H Y M N CX.

MISTAKEN Souls! that dream of Heav'n,  
 and make their empty Boast  
 of inward Joys, and Sins forgiven,  
 while they are Slaves to Lust!

in are our Fancies, airy Flights,  
 if Faith be cold and dead;  
 one but a living Pow'r unites  
 to Christ the living Head.

is Faith that purifies the Heart,  
 is Faith that works by Love;

That

That bids our sinful Joys depart,  
and lifts our Thoughts above.

- 4 'Tis Faith that conquers Earth and Hell,  
by a celestial Power;  
This is the Grace that shall prevail  
in the decisive Hour,

H Y M N CXI.

- 1 **W**HEN we can read our Title clear  
to Mansions in the Skies,  
We bid farewell to ev'ry Fear,  
and wipe our weeping Eyes.
- 2 Should Death against our Souls engage,  
and hellish Darts be hurl'd;  
Then we can smile at Satan's Rage,  
and face a frowning World.
- 3 Should Cares like a wild Deluge come,  
and Storms of Sorrow fall;  
May we but safely reach our Home,  
our God, our Heav'n, our All:
- 4 There shall we bathe our weary Souls  
in Seas of heav'nly Rest;  
And not a Wave of Trouble roll  
across our peaceful Breast.

H Y M N CXII.

- 1 **W**ITH Joy commemorate the Grace  
of your High-Priest above;

His Heart is made of Tenderness,  
His Bowels melt with Love.

Touch'd with a Sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble Frame,  
He knows what sore Temptations mean,  
For he has felt the same.

But spotless, innocent and pure,  
The great Redeemer stood,  
While Satan's fiery Darts he bore,  
And did resist to Blood.

He in the Days of feeble Flesh,  
Pour'd out strong Cries and Tears,  
And in his Measure feels afresh,  
What ev'ry Member bears.

He'll never quench the smoking Flax,  
But raise it to a Flame:

The bruised Reed he never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest Name.

Then let our humble Faith address  
His Mercy and his Power,  
We shall obtain deliv'ring Grace,  
In the distressing Hour.

## H Y M N CXIII.

HAPPY the Heart where Graces reign,  
Where Love inspires the Breast;  
He is the brightest of the Train,  
And quickens all the rest.

- 2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,  
and all in vain our Fear:  
Our stubborn Sins will fight and reign  
if Love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis Love that makes our cheerful Feet  
in swift Obedience move;  
The Devils know and tremble too,  
but Satan cannot love.
- 4 Before we quite forsake our Clay,  
or leave this dark Abode,  
May Wings of Love bear us away,  
to see our smiling God.
- 5 This is the Grace that lives and sings,  
when Faith and Hope shall cease:  
'Tis this shall strike our joyful Strings,  
in the sweet Realms of Bliss.

## H Y M N CXIV.

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming Name,  
'tis Music to my Ear;  
Fain would I sound it out so loud,  
that Earth and Heav'n might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my Soul,  
my Transport and my Trust;  
Jewels to thee are gaudy Toys,  
and Gold is sordid Dust.
- 3 All my capacious Powers can wish,  
in thee doth richly meet;  
Nor to my Eyes is Light so dear,  
nor Friendship half so sweet.



thy Grace shall dwell upon my Heart,  
 and shed its Fragrance there;  
 the noblest Balm of all its Wounds,  
 the Cordial of its Care.

I speak the Honours of thy Name,  
 with my last lab'ring Breath;  
 and dying, clasp thee in my Arms,  
 the Antidote of Death.

## H Y M N CXV.

HAD we the Tongues of Greeks and Jews,  
 And nobler Speech than Angels use,  
 Love be wanting, we are found  
 like tinkling Brass, an empty Sound.

Were we inspir'd to preach and tell  
 all that is done in Heav'n and Hell;  
 could our Faith the World remove,  
 all we are Nothing without Love.

Could we distribute all our Store  
 to cheer the Bowels of the Poor;  
 give our Bodies to the Flame  
 to gain a Martyr's glorious Name:

Love to God, and Love to Man  
 absent, all our Hopes are vain:  
 our Tongues, nor Gifts, nor fiery Zeal,  
 the Work of Love can e'er fulfil.

## H Y M N CXVI.

- 1 BLESS'D are the humble Souls that  
 Their Emptiness and Poverty:  
 Treasures of Grace to them are giv'n,  
 And Crowns of Joy laid up in Heav'n.
- 2 Bless'd are the Men of broken Heart,  
 Who mourn for Sin with inward Smart:  
 The Blood of Christ divinely flows,  
 A healing Balm for all their Woes.
- 3 Bless'd are the Men who thirst for Grace,  
 Hunger and long for Righteousness:  
 They shall be well supply'd, and fed  
 With living Streams, and living Bread.
- 4 Bless'd are the Men of peaceful Life,  
 Who quench the Coals of growing Strife:  
 They shall be call'd the Heirs of Bliss,  
 The Sons of God, the God of Peace.
- 5 Bless'd are the Men whose Bowels move  
 And melt with Sympathy and Love,  
 From Christ, their Lord, shall they obtain  
 Like Sympathy and Love again.
- 6 Bless'd are the pure, whose Hearts are  
 From the defiling Pow'rs of Sin,  
 With endless Pleasure shall they see  
 A God of spotless Purity.
- 7 Bless'd are the Men who now partake  
 Of Shame and Pain for Jesu's Sake;

their Souls, exulting in the Lord,  
shall share at last the great Reward.

## H Y M N CXVII.

NOW let a true Ambition rise,  
and Ardor fire our Breast,  
to reign in Worlds above the Skies  
in heav'nly Glories drest.

Hold Jehovah's royal Hand  
a radiant Crown display,  
whose Gems with vivid Lustre shine,  
while Stars and Suns decay.

Shed each groveling anxious Care,  
beneath a Christian's Thought!  
Be sprung to seize immortal Joys,  
which our Redeemer bought.

Hearts with youthful Vigour warm,  
the glorious Prize pursue;  
nor shall ye want the Goods of Earth,  
while Heav'n is kept in View.

## H Y M N CXVIII.

WAKE, my Soul, stretch ev'ry Nerve,  
and press with Vigour on:  
Heav'nly Race demands thy Zeal,  
and an immortal Crown.

God's all-animating Voice  
that calls thee from on high;

'Tis his own Hand presents the Prize  
to thine aspiring Eye.

- 3 A Cloud of Witnesses around  
hold thee in full Survey;  
Forget the Steps already trod,  
and onward urge thy Way.
- 4 Bless'd Saviour, introduc'd by thee  
have we our Race begun;  
And, crown'd with Victory, at thy Feet  
we lay our Laurels down.

H Y M N CXIX.

- 1 **H**OW happy is the Pilgrim's Lot,  
How free from ev'ry anxious Thought  
From worldly Hope and Fear!  
Confin'd to neither Court nor Cell,  
His Soul disdains on Earth to dwell,  
He only sojourns here.
- 2 His Happiness in Part is mine,  
Already sav'd from Self-Design,  
From ev'ry Creature-Love!  
Bless'd with the Scorn of finite Good,  
My Soul is lighten'd of its Load,  
And seeks the Things above.
- 3 The Things eternal I pursue,  
And Happiness beyond the View  
Of those who basely pant  
For Things by Nature felt and seen;  
Their Honours, Wealth, and Pleasures mean  
I neither have nor want.

No Foot of Land do I possess,  
 No Cottage in this Wilderness,  
 A poor way-faring Man;  
 I lodge a while in Tents below,  
 Or gladly wander to and fro,  
 Till I my Canaan gain.

Nothing on Earth I call my own,  
 A Stranger, to the World unknown,  
 I all their Goods despise;  
 I trample on their whole Delight,  
 And seek a Country out of Sight,  
 A Country in the Skies.

There is my House and Portion fair,  
 My Treasure and my Heart are there,  
 And my abiding Home:  
 For me my elder Brethren stay,  
 And Angels beckon me away,  
 And Jesus bids me come.

I come, thy Servant, Lord, replies,  
 I come to meet thee in the Skies,  
 And claim my heav'nly Rest:  
 Now let the Pilgrim's Journey end;  
 Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
 Receive me to thy Breast!

## H Y M N CXX.

YE Servants of the Lord,  
 Each in his Office wait,  
 Observant of his heav'nly Word,  
 And watchful at his Gate.



- 2 Let all your Lamps be bright,  
And trim the golden Flame;  
Gird up your Loins, as in his Sight,  
For awful is his Name.
- 3 Watch; 'tis your Lord's Command;  
And while we speak he's near:  
Mark the first Signal of his Hand,  
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy Servant he,  
In such a Posture found!  
He shall his Lord with Rapture see,  
And be with Honour crown'd.
- 5 Christ shall the Banquet spread  
With his own bounteous Hand,  
And raise that favourite Servant's Head  
Amidst th' angelic Band.

## H Y M N CXXI.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Sons, the Heirs of God,  
So dearly bought with Jesu's Blood!  
Are they not born to heav'nly Joys,  
And shall they stoop to earthly Toys?
- 2 Can Laughter feed th' immortal Mind?  
Were Spirits of celestial Kind  
Made for a Jest, for Sport and Play,  
To wear our Time, and waste the Day?
- 3 Doth vain Discourse, or empty Mirth,  
Well suit the Honours of their Birth?

Shall

Shall they be fond of gay Attire,  
 Which Children love, and Fools admire?  
 What if we wear the richest Vest?  
 Peacocks and Flies are better drest:  
 This Flesh, with all its gaudy Forms,  
 Must drop to Dust, and feed the Worms.  
 Lord, raise our Hearts and Passions higher;  
 Touch our vain Souls with sacred Fire;  
 Then with a heav'n-directed Eye,  
 We'll pass these glitt'ring Trifles by.  
 We'll look on all the Toys below  
 With such Disdain as Angels do,  
 And wait the Call that bids us rise,  
 To Mansions promis'd in the Skies.

## H Y M N CXXII.

**L**O, God is here ! let us adore  
 And own how dreadful is this Place !  
 Let all within us feel his Power,  
 And silent bow before his Face.  
 Who know his Pow'r, his Grace who prove,  
 Serve him with Awe, with Rev'rence love.  
 Lo, God is here ! him Day and Night  
 Th' united Choirs of Angels sing :  
 To him, enthron'd above all Height,  
 Heav'n's Host their noblest Praises bring :  
 Praise not, Lord, our meaner Song,  
 No praise thee with a stamm'ring Tongue.  
 Gladly the Toys of Earth we leave,  
 Wealth, Pleasure, Fame, for thee alone:

To

To thee our Will, Soul, Flesh we give;  
 O take, O seal them for thine own,  
 Thou art the God; thou art the Lord:  
 Be thou by all thy Works ador'd!

4 Being of Beings! may our Praise  
 Thy Courts with grateful Fragrance fill;  
 Still may we stand before thy Face,  
 Still hear and do thy sov'reign Will:  
 To thee may all our Thoughts arise,  
 Ceaseless, accepted Sacrifice!

5 In thee we move: all Things of thee  
 Are full, thou Source and Life of All!  
 Thou vast, unfathomable Sea!  
 Fall prostrate, lost in Wonder, fall,  
 Ye Sons of Men; for God is Man!  
 All may we lose, so thee we gain!

6 As Flow'rs their op'ning Leaves display,  
 And glad drink in the solar Fire,  
 So may we catch thy ev'ry Ray,  
 So may thy Influence us inspire;  
 Thou Beam of the eternal Beam!  
 Thou purging Fire, thou quick'ning Flame!

### H Y M N CXXIII.

1 THEE will I love, my Strength, my Tow'r  
 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown  
 Thee will I love with all my Pow'r,  
 In all my Works, and thee alone!

Thee will I love 'till the pure Fire  
 Fill my whole Soul with chaste Desire:  
 Ah! why did I so late thee know,  
 Thee, lovelier than the Sons of Men?  
 Ah! why did I no sooner go  
 To thee, the only Ease in Pain?  
 Wham'd I sigh, and inly mourn  
 That I so late to thee did turn.  
 In Darkness willingly I stray'd;  
 I sought thee, yet from thee I rov'd:  
 Farwidemywand'ring Thoughts were spread,  
 Thy Creatures more than thee I lov'd:  
 And now, if more at length I see,  
 'Tis thro' thy Light, and comes from thee.  
 I thank thee, uncreated Sun,  
 That thy bright Beams on me have shin'd:  
 I thank thee, who hast overthrown  
 My Foes, and heal'd my wounded Mind:  
 I thank thee, whose enliv'ning Voice  
 Bids my freed Heart in thee rejoice.  
 Uphold me in the doubtful Race,  
 Nor suffer me again to stray:  
 Strengthen my Feet, with steady Pace  
 Till to press forward in thy Way:  
 My Soul and Flesh, O Lord of Might,  
 Fill, satiate with thy heav'nly Light.  
 Give to my Eyes refreshing Tears;  
 Give to my Heart chaste, hallow'd, Fires;  
 Give to my Soul with filial Fears.  
 The Love that all Heav'n's Host inspires:

B b

That

That all my Pow'rs with all their Might  
In thy sole Glory may unite.

- 7 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown;  
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;  
Thee will I love, beneath thy Frown  
Or Smile, thy Sceptre or thy Rod:  
What tho' my Flesh and Heart decay?  
Thee shall I love in endless Day!

### H Y M N CXXIV.

- 1 **T**HOU hidden Love of God, whose Height  
Whose Depth unfathom'd no Mankind know  
I see from far thy beauteous Light,  
Inly I sigh for thy Repose:  
My Heart is pain'd, nor can it be  
At Rest, 'till it finds Rest in thee.
- 2 Thy secret Voice invites me still  
The Sweetness of thy Yoke to prove;  
And fain I would: but tho' my Will  
Seem fix'd, yet wide my Passions rove;  
Yet Hindrances strew all the Way;  
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.
- 3 'Tis Mercy all, that thou hast brought  
My Mind to seek her Peace in thee;  
Yet while I seek, but find thee not,  
No Peace my wand'ring Soul shall see;  
O when shall all my Wand'rings end,  
And all my Steps to thee-ward tend?
- 4 Is there a Thing beneath the Sun,  
That strives with thee my Heart to share  
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,



The Lord of ev'ry Motion there;  
Then shall my Heart from Earth be free,  
When it has found Repose in thee.

O hide this Self from me, that I  
No more, but Christ in me may live!

My vile Affections crucify,  
Nor let one darling Lust survive.  
In all Things Nothing may I see,  
Nothing desire, or seek but thee.

O Love, thy sov'reign Aid impart,  
To save me from low-thoughted Care:  
Chase this Self-will thro' all my Heart,  
Thro' all its latent Mazes there:  
Make me thy duteous Child, that I  
Ceaseless may Abba Father cry.

Ah! no! ne'er will I backward turn:  
Thine wholly, thine alone I am!

Thrice happy he, who views with Scorn  
Earth's Toys, for thee his constant Flame.

O help, that I may never move  
From the blest Footsteps of thy Love!

Each Moment draw from Earth away  
My Heart, that lowly waits thy Call!

Speak to my inmost Soul, and say,  
I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!  
To feel thy Pow'r, to hear thy Voice,  
To taste thy Love be all my Choice.

### H Y M N CXXV.

ALL ye that pass by, to Jesus draw nigh;  
To you is it Nothing that Jesus should die?

Your Ransom and Peace, your Surety he is  
Come, see if there ever was Sorrow like his

2 For what ye have done his Blood must atone  
The Father hath punish'd for you his dear Son

The Lord, in the Day of his Anger, did lay  
Our Sins on the Lamb, and he bore them away

3 He answer'd for all; O come at his Call,  
And low at his Cross with Astonishment fall

But lift up your Eyes at Jesus's Cries,  
Impassive he suffers! Immortal he dies!

4 For you and for me he pray'd on the Tree  
The Pray'r is accepted; the Sinner is free;

The Sinner am I, who on Jesus rely,  
And come for the Pardon God cannot deny

5 My Pardon I claim, for a Sinner I am,  
A Sinner believing in Jesus's Name.

He purchas'd the Grace, which now I embrace  
O Father, thou know'st he hath dy'd in my Place

6 His Death is my Plea, my Advocate see,  
And hear the Blood speak that hath answer'd for me

Acquitted I was, when he bled on the Cross  
And by losing his Life he hath carry'd my Cross

## H Y M N CXXVI.

1 **W**HEN with my Mind devoutly pray  
Dear Saviour, my revolving Brethren

Would past Offences trace;

Trembling I make the black Review,

Yet pleas'd behold, admiring too,  
The Pow'r of changing Grace !

This Tongue, with Blasphemies defil'd,  
These Feet to erring Paths beguil'd,  
In heav'nly League agree !

Who could believe such Lips could praise,  
Or think my dark and winding Ways  
Should ever lead to thee !

These Eyes, that once abus'd their Sight,  
Now lift to thee their wat'ry Light,  
And weep a silent Flood ;

These Hands ascend in ceaseless Pray'r ;  
O wash away the Stains they wear,  
In pure redeeming Blood !

These Ears, that pleas'd could entertain  
The midnight Oath, the lustful Strain,  
When round the festal Board ;

Now deaf to all th' enchanting Noise,  
Avoid the Throng, detest the Joys,  
And press to hear thy Word.

Thus art thou serv'd in ev'ry Part ;—

O woudest thou more transform my Heart,  
This drossy Thing refine ;

That Grace might Nature's Strength controul,  
And a new Creature—Body—Soul—  
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

HYMN

## H Y M N CXXVII.

- 1 **W**ORLD adieu, thou real Cheat!  
 Oft have thy deceitful Charms  
 Fill'd my Heart with fond Conceit,  
 Foolish Hopes, and false Alarms:  
 Now I see, as clear as Day,  
 How thy Follies pass away.
- 2 Vain thy entertaining Sights;  
 False thy Promises renew'd;  
 All the Pomp of thy Delights  
 Does but flatter and delude:  
 Thee I quit for Heav'n above,  
 Object of the noblest Love.
- 3 Farewell Honour's empty Pride!  
 Thy own nice, uncertain Gust,  
 If the least Mischance betide,  
 Lays thee lower than the Dust:  
 Worldly Honours end in Gall,  
 Rise to day, to-morrow fall.
- 4 Foolish Vanity, farewell!  
 More inconstant than the Wave;  
 Where thy soothing Fancies dwell,  
 Purest Tempers they deprave:  
 He, to whom I fly from thee,  
 JESUS CHRIST, shall set me free.
- 5 Never shall my wand'ring Mind  
 Follow after fleeting Toys;  
 Since in GOD alone I find  
 Solid and substantial Joys:

Joys that, never overpast,  
Thro' Eternity shall last.

Lord, how happy is a Heart,  
After thee while it aspires !

True and faithful as thou art,  
Thou shalt answer its Desires :

It shall see the glorious Scene  
Of thy everlasting Reign.

## H Y M N CXXVIII.

**H** E A D of the Church triumphant !

We joyfully adore thee ;

Till thou appear,

Thy Members here,

Shall sing like those in Glory :

We lift our Hearts and Voices,

With blest Anticipation,

And cry aloud,

And give to God

The Praise of our Salvation.

While in Affliction's Furnace,

And passing thro' the Fire,

Thy Love we praise,

Which knows our Days,

And ever brings us nigher.

We clap our Hands exulting

In thine almighty Favour,

The Love divine

Which made us thine,

Shall keep us thine for ever.

3 Thou



3 Thou dost conduct thy People  
 Thro' Torrents of Temptation,  
 Nor will we fear,  
 Whilst thou art near,  
 The Fire of Tribulation.  
 The World with Sin and Satan  
 In vain our March opposes,  
 By thee we shall  
 Break thro' them all,  
 And sing the Song of Moses.

4 By Faith we see the Glory,  
 To which thou shalt restore us,  
 The Cross despise  
 For that high Prize,  
 Which thou hast set before us;  
 And if thou count us worthy,  
 We each, as dying Stephen,  
 Shall see thee stand  
 At God's Right-hand,  
 To take us up to Heaven.

### H Y M N CXXIX.

WHEN faith and love, which parted from  
 thee never,  
 Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,  
 Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load  
 Of death, call'd life; which us from life doth  
 sever.

Thy works and alms and all thy good endeavour  
 Stay'd not behind, nor in the grave were trod

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ut as faith pointed with her golden rod,  
ollow'd thee up to joy and blifs for ever.  
ove led them on, and faith who knew them beft  
hy hand-maids, clad them o'er with purple  
beams

nd azure wings, that up they flew fo drest,  
nd fpake the truth of thee on glorious themes  
efore the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee reft  
nd drink thy fill of pure immortal freams.

## H Y M N CXXX.

**A**WAKE and fing the Song  
Of Moses and the Lamb;  
Wake ev'ry Heart and ev'ry Tongue  
To praife the Saviour's Name.

Sing of his dying Love,  
Sing of his rifing Pow'r,  
Sing how he intercedes above  
For thole whose Sins he bore.

Sing 'till we feel our Hearts  
Ascending with our Tongues;  
Sing 'till the Love of Sin departs,  
And Grace infpires our Songs.

Sing on your heav'nly Way,  
Ye ransom'd Sinners, fing;  
Sing on rejoicing ev'ry Day  
In Chrift th' eternal King.

Soon fhall ye hear him fay,  
Ye blessed Children, come;

C c

Soon

Soon will he call you hence away,  
And take his Wand'ers home.

## H Y M N CXXXI.

- 1 **O** Come, thou wounded Lamb of God,  
Come wash us in thy cleansing Blood;  
Give us to feel thy Love, then Pain  
Is sweet, and Life or Death is Gain.
- 2 Take our poor Hearts, and let them be  
For ever clos'd to all but thee:  
Seal thou our Breasts, and let us wear  
That Pledge of Love for ever there.
- 3 How can it be, thou heav'nly King,  
That thou should'st Man to Glory bring!  
Make Slaves the Partners of thy Throne,  
Deck'd with a never-fading Crown!
- 4 Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty Thought  
To know the Wonders thou hast wrought  
Unloose our stamm'ring Tongue to tell  
Thy Love immense, unsearchable.
- 5 First-born of many Brethren thou,  
To thee both Earth and Heav'n must bow;  
Help us to thee our All to give,  
Thine may we die, thine may we live!

## H Y M N CXXXII.

**H**E comes ! he comes ! the Judge severe !  
 The seventh Trumpet speaks him near ;  
 His Lightnings flash, his Thunders roll,  
 He's welcome to the faithful Soul ;  
 Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,  
                     welcome to the faithful Soul.

From Heav'n angelic Voices sound,  
 See the almighty Jesus crown'd !  
 Girt with Omnipotence and Grace,  
 And Glory decks the Saviour's Face ;  
 Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory decks  
                     the Saviour's Face !

Descending on his azure Throne,  
 He claims the Kingdoms for his own ;  
 The Kingdoms all obey his Word,  
 And hail him their triumphant Lord ;  
 Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him, hail  
                     him their triumphant Lord.

Shout all the People of the Sky,  
 And all the Saints of the Most High :  
 Our God, who now his Right obtains,  
 For ever and for ever reigns ;  
 Ever, ever, ever, ever, ever and for ever reigns.

The Father praise, the Son adore,  
 The Spirit blest for evermore ;  
 Salvation's glorious Work is done,  
 We welcome thee, Great Three in One !  
 Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,  
                     welcome thee, Great Three in One !

## H Y M N CXXXIII.

- 1 **L**OVE divine, all Love excelling,  
 Joy of Heav'n to Earth come down!  
 Fix in us thine humble Dwelling,  
 All thy faithful Mercies crown :  
 Jesus ! thou art all Compassion,  
 Pure unbounded Love thou art,  
 Visit us with thy Salvation,  
 Enter ev'ry trembling Heart !
- 2 Breathe ! O breathe thy loving Spirit  
 Into ev'ry longing Breast !  
 Let us all in thee inherit,  
 Let us find thy promis'd Rest :  
 Take away the Pow'r of sinning,  
 Alpha and Omega be,  
 End of Faith, as its Beginning,  
 Set our Hearts at Liberty.
- 3 Come ! almighty to deliver,  
 Let us all thy Life receive !  
 Suddenly return, and never,  
 Never more thy Temples leave !  
 Thee we would be always blessing,  
 Serve thee as thine Hosts above,  
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,  
 Glory in thy precious Love.
- 4 Finish then thy new Creation,  
 Pure, unspotted may we be,  
 Let us see thy great Salvation,  
 Perfectly restor'd by thee ;  
 Chang'd from Glory into Glory,



'Till in Heav'n we take our Place,  
 'Till we cast our Crowns before thee,  
 Lost in Wonder, Love, and Praise.

## H Y M N CXXXIV.

PLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of heav'n's joy,  
 Sphere-born harmonious sisters, voice & verse,  
 Send your divine sounds, and mix'd pow'r employ  
 In things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,  
 And to our high-rais'd phantasy present  
 That undisturbed song of pure concent,  
 As sung before the saphir-color'd throne  
 To him that sits thereon  
 With faintly shout, and solemn jubilee,  
 Where the bright Seraphim in burning row  
 Their loud up-lifted angel-trumpets blow,  
 And the cherubic host in thousand quires  
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,  
 With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,  
 Sing devout and holy psalms  
 Singing everlastingly;  
 That we on earth with undiscording voice  
 May rightly answer that melodious noise;  
 Once we did, till disproportion'd sin  
 Strid against nature's schime, and with harsh din  
 Spoke the fair music that all creatures made  
 To their great lord, whose love their motions sway'd  
 In perfect diapason, whilst they stood  
 In first obedience, and their state of good.  
 May we soon again renew that song,  
 And keep in tune with heav'n, till god ere long

To his celestial consort us unite,  
 To livewith him, and sing in endless morn of light

## H Y M N CXXXV.

- 1 **C**OME, thou Fount of ev'ry Blessing!  
 Tune mine Heart to sing thy Grace!  
 Streams of Mercy never ceasing,  
 Call for Songs of loudest Praise;  
 Teach me some melodious Sonnet,  
 Sung by flaming Tongues above;  
 Praise the Mount—I'm fixt upon it,  
 Mount of God's unchanging Love!
- 2 Here I raise my Eben-Ezer,  
 Hither by thine Help I'm come;  
 And I hope, by thy good Pleasure,  
 Safely to arrive at Home:  
 Jesus sought me, when a Stranger,  
 Wand'ring from the Fold of God,  
 He, to rescue me from Danger,  
 Interpos'd with precious Blood.
- 3 O! to Grace how great a Debtor,  
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be!  
 Let that Grace now like a Fetter  
 Bind my wand'ring Heart to thee!  
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
 Prone to leave the God I love—  
 Here's mine Heart—O take and seal it!  
 Seal it from thy Courts above.

## H Y M N CXXXVI.

HOW can we adore,  
 Or worthily praise,  
 Thy Goodness and Pow'r,  
 Thou God of all Grace!  
 With Honour and Blessing  
 Before thee we fall,  
 Most gladly confessing  
 Thee Father of all.  
 The Heav'ns and Earth,  
 And Water and Air,  
 To thee owe their Birth,  
 Substist by thy Care;  
 Whilst Angels are singing  
 Thy Praises above,  
 We Mortals are bringing  
 Our Tribute of Love.  
 Thou, Saviour, art one  
 With God the supreme,  
 His eternal Son,  
 And equal with him:  
 Invested with Glory  
 On high dost thou sit,  
 While Angels adore thee,  
 And bow at thy Feet.  
 How great was thy Love;  
 How wond'rous thy Grace!  
 Thou cam'st from above  
 To save a lost Race;  
 And, Man to deliver,  
 Of Woman wast born,

That

That ev'ry Believer  
To God might return,

- 5 How soon will thy Seat  
Of Judgment appear !  
Prepare us to meet  
And welcome thee there.  
Thy witnessing Spirit  
In us shed abroad,  
And bid us inherit  
The Kingdom of God.

H Y M N CXXXVII.

- 1 COME let us anew  
Our Journey pursue,  
Roll round with the Year,  
And never stand still till the Master appear !  
His adorable Will  
Let us gladly fulfil  
And our Talents improve,  
By the Patience of Hope, and the Labour of Love
- 2 Our Life is a Dream,  
Our Time as a Stream  
Glides swiftly away,  
And the fugitive Moment refuses to stay :  
The Arrow is flown,  
The Moment is gone,  
The Millenial Year  
Rushes on to our View, and Eternity's there
- 3 O that each in the Day  
Of his Coming may say,

I have fought my Way through,  
have finish'd the Work thou didst give me  
to do!

O that each from his Lord  
May receive the glad Word,  
Well and faithfully done;  
enter into my Joy, and sit down on my  
Throne.

H Y M N CXXXVIII.

L O! he comes with Clouds descending,  
Once for favour'd Sinners slain:  
Thousand thousand Saints attending,  
Swell the Triumph of his Train:

Hallelujah!

Hallelujah! Amen.

Ev'ry Eye shall now behold him,  
Rob'd in dreadful Majesty;  
Those who set at nought and sold him,  
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the Tree,

Deeply wailing,

Shall the true Messiah see.

Ev'ry Island, Sea, and Mountain,  
Heav'n and Earth shall flee away;  
All who hate him must, confounded,  
Hear the Trump proclaim the Day;

Come to Judgment!

Come to Judgment! come away!

Now Redemption long expected,  
See! in solemn Pomp appear!  
All his Saints, by Man rejected,

D d

Now



Now shall meet him in the Air!  
Hallelujah!

See the Day of God appear!

- 5 Answer thine own Bride and Spirit,  
Hasten, Lord, the gen'ral Doom!  
The new Heav'n and Earth t'inherit,  
Take thy pining Exiles home:

All Creation

Travels! groans! and bids thee come

- 6 Yea! Amen! let all adore thee,  
High on thine eternal Throne!  
Saviour, take the Pow'r and Glory;  
Claim the Kingdom for thine own!  
O come quickly!

Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!

## H Y M N CXXXIX.

- 1 **T**ELL us, O Women, we wou'd know  
whither so fast ye move?

*We, call'd to leave the World below,  
are seeking one above.*

- 2 Whence came ye say, and what the Place  
that ye are trav'ling from?

*From Tribulation we thro' Grace  
are now returning home.*

- 3 Is not your native Dwelling here?  
like you not this Abode?

*We seek a better City far,  
a City built by God.*

Thither we travel, nor intend  
short of that Bliss to rest :

*Nor we, 'till in the Sinner's Friend  
our weary Souls are blest'd.*

Friends of the Bridegroom we shall reign,

Saviour, we ask no more ;

Hail Lamb of God, for Sinners slain,  
whom Heav'n and Earth adore !

## H Y M N CXL.

JESU, Lover of my Soul,

Let me to thy Bosom fly,

While the nearer Waters roll,

While the Tempest still is high ;

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,

'Till the Storm of Life is past :

Safe into the Haven guide,

O receive my Soul at last !

Other Refuge have I none,

Hangs my helpless Soul on thee ;

Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,

Still support and comfort me :

All my Trust on thee is stay'd,

All mine Help from thee I bring,

Cover my defenceless Head

With the Shadow of thy Wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,

More than All in thee I find :

Raise the Fallen, cheer the Faint,

Heal the Sick, and lead the Blind.

Just and holy is thy Name,

I am all Unrighteousness!  
 Vile and full of Sin I am,  
 Thou art full of Truth and Grace,

- 4 Plenteous Grace with thee is found,  
 Grace to pardon all my Sin:  
 Let the healing Streams abound,  
 Make and keep me pure within:  
 Thou of Life the Fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of thee,  
 Spring thou up within my Heart,  
 Rise to all Eternity!

### H Y M N CXLI.

- 1 **J**ESU, thy Blood and Righteousness,  
 My Beauty are, my glorious Drefs;  
 'Midst flaming Worlds in these array'd,  
 With Joy shall I lift up my Head.
- 2 When from the Dust of Death I rise  
 To claim my Mansion in the Skies,  
 Ev'n then shall this be all my Plea;  
 Jesus hath liv'd and dy'd for me.
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great Day,  
 For who ought to my Charge shall lay?  
 Fully thro' thee absolv'd I am  
 From Sin and Fear, from Guilt and Shame
- 4 Thus Abraham, the Friend of God,  
 Thus all the Armies bought with Blood,  
 Saviour of Sinners thee proclaim,  
 Sinners of whom the Chief I am.
- 5 This spotless Robe the same appears  
 When ruin'd Nature sinks in Years!

No Age can change its glorious Hue,  
The Grace of Christ is ever new.

O let the Dead now hear thy Voice,  
Now bid thy banish'd Ones rejoice,  
Their Beauty this, their glorious Dress,  
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness.

## H Y M N CXLII.

THE God of Abram praise,  
Who reigns enthron'd above;  
Antient of everlasting Days,  
And God of Love.

Jehovah, great I AM!

By Earth and Heav'n confest;  
Bow and bless the sacred Name,  
For ever bless'd.

The God of Abram praise,  
At whose supreme Command,  
From Earth I rise---and seek the Joys  
At his Right-Hand:

I all on Earth forsake,  
Its Wisdom, Fame and Pow'r;  
And him my only Portion make,  
My Shield and Tow'r.

The God of Abram praise,  
Whose all-sufficient Grace  
Shall guide me all my happy Days  
In all my Ways:

He calls a Worm his Friend!

He calls himself my God!

And he shall save me to the End,

Thro' Jesu's Blood.

- 4 He by himself hath sworn,  
 I on his Oath depend,  
 I shall, on Eagle's Wings up-born,  
 To Heav'n ascend;  
 I shall behold his Face,  
 I shall his Pow'r adore,  
 And sing the Wonders of his Grace  
 For evermore.
- 5 Tho' Nature's Strength decay,  
 And Earth and Hell withstand,  
 To Canaan's Bounds I urge my Way,  
 At his Command:  
 The wat'ry Deep I pass,  
 With Jesus in my View;  
 And thro' the howling Wilderness,  
 My Way pursue.
- 6 The goodly Land I see,  
 With Peace and Plenty blest'd;  
 A Land of sacred Liberty,  
 And endless Rest;  
 There Milk and Honey flow,  
 And Oil and Wine abound,  
 And Trees of Life for ever grow,  
 With Mercy crown'd.
- 7 There dwells the Lord our King,  
 The Lord our Righteousness;  
 Triumphant o'er the World and Sin,  
 The Prince of Peace:  
 On Sion's sacred Height,  
 His Kingdom still maintains;



And glorious with his Saints in Light;  
For ever reigns.

He keeps his Own secure,  
He guards them by his Side,  
Arrays in Garments white and pure  
His spotless Bride:

With Streams of sacred Bliss,  
With Groves of living Joys,  
With all the Fruits of Paradise,  
He still supplies.

Before the great Three-One  
They all exulting stand;  
And tell the Wonders he hath done,  
Thro' all their Land:

The list'ning Spheres attend,  
And swell the growing Fame;  
And sing, in Songs which never end,  
The wond'rous Name.

The God who reigns on high,  
The great Arch-Angels sing,  
and Holy, Holy, Holy, cry,  
Almighty King!

Who was, and is, the same;  
And ever more shall be;  
Jehovah—Father—Great I Am!

We worship Thee.

Before the Saviour's Face  
The ransom'd Nations bow,  
Overwhelm'd at his almighty Grace,  
For ever new:

He shews his Prints of Love——

They

They kindle——to a Flame!  
And sound thro' all the Worlds above,  
The slaughter'd Lamb.

- 12 The whole triumphant Host  
Give thanks to God on high;  
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy-Ghost,  
They ever cry:  
Hail, Abram's God---and mine!  
I join the heav'nly Lays,  
All Might and Majesty are thine,  
And endless Praile.

### H Y M N CXLIII.

**H**ouse of our God, with chearful anthems ring  
While all our lips and hearts his goodness sing  
With sacred joy his wond'rous deeds proclaim  
Let ev'ry tongue be vocal with his name.  
The Lord is good, his mercy never-ending  
His blessings in perpetual show'rs descending  
The heav'n of heav'ns he with his bounty fills  
Ye seraphs bright, on ever-blooming hills,  
His honours sound; you to whom good alone  
Unmingled, ever-growing, hath been known  
Thro' your immortal life with love encreasing  
Proclaim your Maker's goodness never ceasing  
Thou earth, enlightned by his rays divine,  
Pregnant with grass, and corn, and oil, and wine  
Crown'd with his goodness let thy nations meet  
And lay their crowns at his paternal feet;  
With grateful love that lib'ral hand confess  
Which thro' each heart diffuseth ev'ry blessing

His goodness never ends ; the dawn, the shade,  
 Will see new bounties thro' new scenes display'd ;  
 Succeeding ages bless this sure abode,  
 And children lean upon their father's God.  
 The deathless soul, thro' its immense duration,  
 Drinks from this source immortal consolation.  
 Hurst into praise, my soul ; all nature join ;  
 Angels and men in harmony combine ;  
 While human years are measur'd by the Sun,  
 And while eternity its course shall run,  
 His goodness, in perpetual show'rs descending,  
 Exalt in songs and raptures never-ending.

## H Y M N CXLIV.

JEHOVAH reigns, let ev'ry nation hear,  
 And at his footstool bow with holy fear ;  
 Let heav'n's high arches echo with his name,  
 And the wide peopled earth his praise proclaim,  
 When sendit down to hell's deep glooms resound-  
 ing,  
 Thro' all her caves in dreadful murmurs sounding.  
 He rules with wide and absolute command  
 O'er the broad ocean and the steadfast land,  
 Jehovah reigns unbounded and alone,  
 And all creation hangs beneath his throne ;  
 He reigns alone, let no inferior nature  
 Share, or share the throne of the creator.  
 He saw the struggling beams of infant light  
 Not thro' the massy gloom of antient night,  
 His spirit hush'd the elemental strife,

E e

And

And brooded o'er the kindling seeds of life;  
Seasons and months began their long procession,  
And measur'd o'er the year in bright succession.

The joyful sun sprung up th' etherial way  
Strong as a giant, as a bridegroom gay;  
And the pale moon diffus'd her shadowy light  
Superior o'er the dusky brow of night.  
Tenthousandglitt'ring lamps the skiesadorning,  
Num'rousas dewdropsfrom the womb of morn-  
ing.

Earth'sblooming facewith rising flow'rshe drest,  
And spread a verdant mantle o'er her breast;  
Then from the hollow of his hand he pours  
The circling waters round her winding shores,  
The new born world in their cool arms embrac-  
ing,  
And with soft murmurs still her banks caressing.

At length she rose complete in finish'd pride,  
All fair and spotless like a virgin bride,  
Fresh with untarnish'd lustre as she stood  
Her maker blest his work, and call'd it good;  
The morning stars with joyful acclamation  
Exulting sung, and hail'd the new creation.

Yet this fair world, the creature of a day,  
Tho' built by God's right hand must pass away;  
And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,  
The fate of empires, and the pride of kings;  
Eternal night shall veil their proudest story,  
And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.

The



The sun himself with weary clouds oppress  
 Shall in his silent, dark pavilion rest,  
 His golden urn shall broke, and useless lie,  
 Amidst the common ruins of the sky :  
 The stars rush headlong in the wild commotion,  
 And bathetheir glitt'ring foreheads in the ocean.

But fix'd, O God, for ever stands thy throne,  
 Jehovah reigns, a universe alone,  
 Th' eternal fire that feeds each vital flame,  
 Collected, or diffus'd, is still the same,  
 He dwells within his own unfathom'd essence,  
 And fills all space with his unbounded presence.

But Oh ! our highest notes the theme debase,  
 And silence is our least injurious praise ;  
 Cease, cease your songs, the daring flight controul,

Revere him in the stillness of the soul :  
 With silent duty meekly bend before him,  
 And deep within your inmost hearts adore him.

## H Y M N CXLV.

1 **B**EGIN, my Soul, th' exalted Lay,  
 Let each enraptur'd Thought obey,  
 And praise th' Almighty's Name ;  
 Lo ! Heav'n, and Earth, and Seas, and Skies,  
 In one melodious Concert rise,  
 To swell th' inspiring Theme.

2 Ye Angels, catch the joyful Sound,  
 While all th' adoring Throngs around  
 His wond'rous Mercy sing ;

E e 2

Let



Let ev'ry list'ning Saint above  
Wake all the tuneful Soul of Love,  
And touch the sweetest String.

3 Thou Heav'n of Heav'ns, his vast Abode;  
Ye Clouds, proclaim your forming God;  
Ye Thunders, speak his Pow'r:  
Lo! on the Lightnings gleamy Wing,  
In Triumph walks th' eternal King;  
Th' astonish'd Worlds adore.

4 Ye Deeps, with roaring Billows rise,  
To join the Thunders of the Skies;  
Praise him who bid you roll;  
His Praise in softer Notes declare,  
Each whisp'ring Breeze of yielding Air,  
And breathe it to the Soul.

5 Wake, all ye soaring Throngs, and sing;  
Ye cheerful Warblers of the Spring,  
Harmonious Anthems raise  
To him who shap'd your finer Mold,  
Who tip'd your glitt'ring Wings with Gold,  
And tun'd your Voice to praise.

6 Let Man, by nobler Passions sway'd,  
The feeling Heart, the judging Head,  
In heav'nly Praise employ;  
Spread the Creator's Name around,  
Till Heav'ns broad Arch ring back the Sound,  
The gen'ral Burst of Joy.

HYMN

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## H Y M N CXLVI.

- <sup>1</sup> **M**Y Soul, abjure th' accursed Throng,  
 Whose prosp'ring Wealth increases fast  
 By Fraud, by Violence and Wrong,  
 Still thriving for the Thunder's Blast.
- <sup>2</sup> If high or low my Station be,  
 Of noble, or ignoble Name,  
 By uncorrupted Honesty  
 Thy Blessing, Lord, I'd humbly claim.
- <sup>3</sup> Enrich'd with that, no Want I'll fear,  
 Thy Providence shall be my Trust;  
 Thou wilt provide my Portion here,  
 Thou Friend and Guardian of the Just.
- <sup>4</sup> Oh may I with sincere Delight  
 To all the Task of Duty pay;  
 Tender of ev'ry social Right,  
 Obedient to thy righteous Sway.
- <sup>5</sup> Such Virtue thou wilt not forget  
 In Worlds where ev'ry Virtue shares  
 A fit Reward, tho' not of Debt,  
 Yet what thy boundless Grace prepares.

## H Y M N CXLVII.

- <sup>1</sup> **C**OME, let us search our Ways and try,  
 have they been just and right?  
 Is the great Rule of Equity  
 our Practice and Delight?
- <sup>2</sup> What we would have our Neighbour do,  
 have we still done the same?

And

And ne'er delay'd to pay his Due,  
nor injur'd his good Name?

3 Do we relieve the Poor distress'd?  
nor give our Tongues a Loose  
To make their Names our Scorn and Jest,  
nor treat them with Abuse?

4 Have we not found our Envy grow  
to hear another's Praise?  
Nor robb'd him of his Honour due,  
by sly malicious Ways?

5 In all we sell, and all we buy,  
is Justice our Design?  
Do we remember God is nigh,  
And fear the Wrath divine?

6 In vain we talk of Jesu's Blood,  
and boast his Name in vain,  
If we can slight the Laws of God,  
and prove unjust to Men.

### H Y M N CXLVIII.

1 O 'Tis a lovely Thing to see  
a Man of prudent Heart,  
Whose Thoughts, and Lips, and Life agree  
To act a useful Part.

2 When Envy, Strife, and Wars begin  
in little ang'ry Souls;  
Mark how the Sons of Peace come in,  
and quench the kindling Coals.

3 Their

3 Their Minds are humble, mild and meek,  
nor let their Fury rise :  
Nor Passion moves their Lips to speak,  
nor Pride exalts their Eyes.

4 Their Lives are Prudence mix'd with Love ;  
good Works employ their Day ;  
They join the Serpent with the Dove,  
but cast the Sting away.

5 Such was the Saviour of Mankind,  
such Pleasures he pursu'd ;  
His Manners gentle and refin'd,  
his Soul divinely good.

### H Y M N CXLIX.

1 **L**ET those who bear the Christian Name  
their holy Vows fulfil ;  
The Saints, the Followers of the Lamb,  
are Men of Honour still.

2 True to the solemn Oaths they take,  
though to their Hurt they swear :  
Constant and just to all they speak,  
for God and Angels hear.

3 Still with their Lips their Hearts agree,  
nor flatt'ring Words devise :  
They know the God of Truth can see  
through every false Disguise.

4 They hate th' Appearance of a Lie,  
in all the Shapes it wears ;

Firm

Firm to the Truth; and when they die,  
eternal Life is theirs.

H Y M N C L.

- 1 **A**LL-seeing God ! 'tis thine to know  
The Springs whence wrong Opinions flow;  
To judge, by Principles within,  
When Frailty errs and when we sin.
- 2 Who among Men, high Lord of all,  
Thy Servant to his Bar shall call?  
For Modes of Faith judge him a Foe,  
And doom him to the Realms of Woe!
- 3 Who with another's Eye can read?  
Or worship by another's Creed?  
Revering thy Commands alone,  
We humbly seek and use our own.
- 4 If wrong, forgive; approve, if right;  
While faithful we obey our Light;  
And cens'ring none, are zealous still  
To follow, as to learn thy Will.
- 5 When shall our happy Eyes behold  
Thy People fashion'd in thy Mould?  
And Charity our Lineage prove  
Deriv'd from thee, O God of Love?



## H Y M N C L I.

- 1 **A**BSURD and vain Attempt ! to bind  
 With iron Chains the free-born Mind;  
 To force Conviction, and reclaim  
 The Wand'ring by destructive Flame.
- 2 Bold Arrogance ! to snatch from Heav'n  
 Dominion not to Mortals giv'n;  
 O'er Conscience to usurp the Throne,  
 Accountable to God alone.
- 3 Mad Zeal ! that with Hell-fury burns,  
 The Rights of God and Man o'erturns;  
 Whose blind Presumption sanctifies  
 Murders, Rebellions, Plots and Lies.
- 4 Thus Rome asserts her proud Decrees,  
 Enforc'd by fierce Anathemas;  
 And stirs up Vengeance to devour  
 The Foes of antichristian Pow'r.
- 5 Jesus ! thy gentle Law of Love  
 Doth no such Cruelties approve :  
 Mild as thyself, thy Doctrine yields  
 No Arms but what Persuasion yields.
- 6 By Proofs divine and Reason strong  
 It draws the willing Soul along;  
 And Conquests to thy Church acquires  
 By Eloquence which Heav'n inspires.

- 7 O happy, who are thus compell'd  
 To the rich Feast by Jesus held!  
 Britain! thy Blessings know; and prize  
 The Light which Liberty supplies.

## H Y M N CLII.

- 1 **I**MPOSTURE shrinks from Light,  
 And dreads a curious Eye:  
 Thy Doctrines, Lord, the Test invite,  
 They bid us search and try.
- 2 Lord, to thy Word we bring  
 A meek enquiring Mind;  
 And, joyful, at Salvation's Spring  
 Refreshing Truth we find.
- 3 With Understanding blest  
 Created to be free,  
 Our Faith on Man we dare not rest,  
 Subject to none but thee.
- 4 O Lord, our Spirit lead,  
 With soundest Knowledge fill;  
 From noxious Error guard our Creed,  
 From Prejudice our Will.
- 5 The Truth once learn'd impress  
 With Savour on our Heart;  
 And help us firmly to profess  
 'Gainst all seducing Art.

HYMN

## H Y M N CLIII.

**T**HES E are thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
 Almighty, thine this universal frame,  
 Thus wondrous fair: thyself how wondrous then!  
 Unspeakable, who sitst above these Heav'ns  
 To us invisible, or dimly seen  
 In these thy lowest works; yet these declare  
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.  
 Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,  
 Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs  
 And choral symphonies, day without night,  
 Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heav'n;  
 On Earth join all ye Creatures to extol  
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.  
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,  
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn  
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,  
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.  
 Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,  
 Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise  
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou  
 fall'st.  
 Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,

With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,  
 And ye five other wand'ring fires that move  
 In mystic dance not without song, resound  
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.  
 Air, and ye Elements, the eldest birth  
 Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run  
 Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix  
 And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change  
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise,  
 Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise  
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,  
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,  
 In honour to the world's great Author rise,  
 Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolor'd sky,  
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,  
 Rising or falling still advance his praise.  
 His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,  
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,  
 With ev'ry plant, in sign of worship wave.  
 Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,  
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.  
 Join voices, all ye living Souls; ye Birds,  
 That singing up to Heav'n gate ascend,  
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.  
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk  
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;  
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,  
 To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade  
Made

Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise,  
 Hail universal Lord ! be bounteous still  
 To give us only good ; and if the night  
 Have gather'd ought of evil or conceal'd,  
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

## H Y M N CLIV.

**T**Hese, as they change, almighty Father, these,  
 Are but the varied God. The rolling year  
 Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring  
 Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.  
 Wide flush the fields ; the softening air is balm ;  
 Echo the mountains round ; the forest smiles ;  
 And ev'ry sense, and ev'ry heart is joy.  
 Then comes thy glory in the summer-months,  
 With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun  
 Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year :  
 And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks ;  
 And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,  
 By brooks and groves, in hollow-whiff, and gales,  
 Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfin'd,  
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives.  
 In Winter awful thou ! with clouds and storms  
 Around thee thrown, tempest to'er tempest roll'd,  
 Majestic darkness ! on the whirlwind's wing,  
 Riding sublime, thou bid'st the world adore,  
 And humblest nature with thy northern blast.  
 Mysterious round ! what skill, what force divine,

Deep-felt



Deep-felt, in these appear ! a simple train,  
 Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,  
 Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;  
 Shade, unperceiv'd, so softning into shade;  
 And all so forming an harmonious whole;  
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.  
 But wand'ring oft, with brute unconscious gaze,  
 Manmarks not thee, marks not the mighty hand,  
 That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;  
 Works in the secret deeps ; shoots, steaming,  
thence

The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring:  
 Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;  
 Feeds ev'ry creature; hurls the tempest forth;  
 And as on earth this grateful change revolves,  
 With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend ! join ev'ry living soul,  
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,  
 In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise  
 One gen'ral song ! to him, ye vocal gales,  
 Breath soft, whose Spirit in your freshness  
breathes:

Oh talk of him in solitary glooms !  
 Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine  
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe. —  
 And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,  
 Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to hea-  
ven  
Th.

Th'impetuous song, and say from whom your rage,  
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;  
And let me catch it as I muse along.

Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound;  
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze  
Along the vale: and thou, majestic main,  
A secret world of wonders in thyself,  
Sound his stupendous praise; whose greater  
voice

Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.  
Soft-roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and  
flow'rs,

In mingled clouds to him; whose sun exalts,  
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil  
paints.

Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to him;  
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,  
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.

Ye that keep watch in heav'n, as earth asleep  
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,  
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,  
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.

Great source of day! best image here below  
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,  
From world to world, the vital ocean round,  
On Nature write with every Beam his praise.  
The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world;  
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.  
Bleat

Bleat out afresh, ye hills ; ye mossy rocks,  
 Retain the sound : the broad responsive lowe,  
 Ye valleys, raise ; for the Great Shepherd reigns ;  
 And his unsuff'ring kingdom yet will come.  
 Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song  
 Burst from the groves ! and when the restless day,  
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,  
 Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm  
 The listening shades, and teach the night his  
 praise.

Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,  
 At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,  
 Crown the great hymn ! in swarming cities vast,  
 Assembled men, to the deep organ join  
 The long-resounding voice, oft-breaking clear,  
 At solemn pauses, through the swelling base ;  
 And, as each mingling flame increases each,  
 In one united ardour rise to heav'n.  
 Or if you rather choose the rural shade,  
 And find a fane in ev'ry sacred grove ;  
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,  
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,  
 Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.  
 For me, when I forget the daring theme,  
 Whether the blossom blows, the summer-ray  
 Ruffles the plain, inspiring autumn gleams ;  
 Or winter rises in the blackening east ;  
 Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,  
 And

And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat !

Should fate command me to the farthest verge  
Of the green earth; to distant barbarous climes,  
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun  
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam  
Flames on th' Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me;  
Since God is ever present, ever felt,  
In the void waste as in the city full;  
And where he vital breathes, there must be joy.  
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,  
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,  
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,  
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go  
Where universal Love not smiles around,  
Sustaining all yon orbs and all their sons;  
From seeming evil still educing good,  
And better thence again, and better still,  
In infinite progression. But I lose  
Myself in him, in light ineffable!  
Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise.

## H Y M N CLV.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, where, breathing Love divine,  
our dying Master stands!  
His weeping Follow'rs gathering round  
receive his last Commands.
- 2 From that mild Teacher's parting Lips  
what tender Accents fell!

G g

The

The gentle Precept which he gave  
became its Author well.

- 3 Blest is the Man, whose soft'ning Heart  
feels all another's Pain ;  
To whom the supplicating Eye  
was never rais'd in vain :
- 4 Whose Breast expands with gen'rous Warmth  
a Stranger's Woes to feel ;  
And bleeds in Pity o'er the Wound  
he wants the Pow'r to heal.
- 5 He spreads his kind supporting Arms  
to ev'ry Child of Grief ;  
His secret Bounty largely flows,  
and brings unask'd Relief.
- 6 To gentle Offices of Love  
his Feet are never slow ;  
He views thro' Mercy's melting Eye  
a Brother in a Foe.
- 7 Peace from the Bosom of his God,  
my Peace to him I give ;  
And when he kneels before the Throne,  
his trembling Soul shall live.
- 8 To him Protection shall be shewn ;  
and Mercy from above  
Descend on those who thus fulfil  
the perfect Law of Love.



## HYMN CLVI.

- 1 **B**EHOLD a Wretch in Woe,  
A Fellow-mortal mourns:  
My Eyes with Tears of Pity flow,  
My Heart his Sighs returns.
- 2 I hear the Thirsty cry,  
The Famish'd beg for Bread:  
O let my Spring its Stream supply,  
My Hand its Bounty shed.
- 3 Lo, the poor Debtor sues,  
Pale at the penal Threat,  
A starving Family he shews;  
I cancel all the Debt.
- 4 And shall not Wrath relent,  
Touch'd by that humble Strain,  
My Brother crying, I repent,  
Nor will offend again?
- 5 How else, on sprightly Wing,  
Can Hope bear high my Pray'r  
Up to thy Throne, my God, my King,  
To plead for Pardon there?
- 6 The Pitiful and Kind  
Thy Pity will repay;  
With thee shall the Forgiving find  
A sweet forgiving Day.
- 7 But Justice lifts her Scale,  
And shakes her Rod on high;  
Nor Pray'rs, nor Sighs, nor Tears avail  
The Sons of Cruelty.

## H Y M N CLVII.

- 1 **L**O, what an entertaining Sight  
are Kindred that agree!  
How blest the House, where Hearts unite  
in Bands of Piety!
- 2 Where Streams of Love, from heav'nly  
descend to ev'ry Soul; (Springs,  
And sacred Peace, with balmy Wings,  
shades and bedews the Whole.
- 3 All in their proper Stations move;  
and each fulfils his Part,  
In all the Cares of Life and Love,  
with sympathizing Heart.
- 4 Their Souls are form'd for Joy and Peace;  
their Hearts and Hopes are one;  
And kind Designs to serve and please,  
thro all their Actions run.
- 5 How happy is the pious House,  
where Zeal and Friendship meet;  
Where Songs of Praise, and mingled Vows,  
make the Communion sweet.
- 6 Such Pleasure crowns the heav'nly Hills;  
thus Saints are blest above;  
Where Joy like morning Dew distils,  
and all the Air is Love.

## H Y M N CLVIII.

- 1 **I**F solid Happinets we prize,  
Within our Breasts this Jewel lies,

And

And they are Fools who roam:  
 The World has Nothing to bestow ;  
 From our own selves our Joys must flow,  
 And Peace begins at Home.

2 We'll therefore relish, with Content,  
 Whate'er kind Providence hath sent,  
 Nor aim beyond our Pow'r :  
 And, if our Store of Wealth be small,  
 With thankful Hearts enjoy it all,  
 Nor lose the present Hour.

3 We'll be resign'd, when Ills betide,  
 Patient, when Favours are deny'd,  
 And pleas'd with Favours giv'n ;  
 This is the wise, the virtuous Part ;  
 This is that Incense of the Heart,  
 Whose Fragrance reaches Heav'n.

4 Thus, crown'd with Peace, thro Life we'll  
 Its chequer'd Paths of Joy and Woe, (go,  
 With cautious Steps, we'll tread ;  
 Quit its vain Scenes without a Tear,  
 Without a Trouble or a Fear,  
 And mingle with the Dead :

5 While Conscience, like a faithful Friend,  
 Shall thro' the gloomy Vale attend,  
 And cheer our dying Breath ;  
 Shall, when all other Comforts cease,  
 Like a kind Angel, whisper Peace,  
 And smoothe the Bed of Death.

## H Y M N CLIX.

- 1 SAY, heav'nly Muse, and teach my Song,  
To whom immortal Joys belong?  
And who the chosen Few  
Whose Souls shall mount the blest Abode,  
Shall smile forever with their God,  
And shine as Angels do?
- 2 The Man, who, midst a scoffing Croud,  
Dares to pursue the upward Road,  
Where Virtue shoots her Ray;  
Whose willing Heart, whose cheerful Hands,  
Join to perform his God's Commands,  
And own his sacred Sway:
- 3 Whose Tongue, the Glory of his Frame,  
Ne'er scatters Poisons on a Name;  
For 'tis his constant Care,  
Such is his Soul! to grave the Part,  
He owes his Neighbour, on his Heart,  
In Strokes divinely fair.
- 4 Though Sinners swell in Robes of Pride,  
And boast their Thousands at their Side,  
He can their Pomp despise;  
While the poor Saint that fears the Lord,  
Bends to his Name, and trusts his Word,  
Is honour'd in his Eyes.
- 5 If once his Lips the Word have spoke,  
The Word he never dares revoke;  
And obstinately good,  
He varies not from what he swore,  
Though Earth and Hell oppos'd their Pow'r,  
And his Resolves withstood.

- 6 By Us'ry he will ne'er augment  
 The Plenties Providence has lent;  
 He pleads the Guiltless's Cause,  
 Though all the Lux'ry of the East  
 Where brought to bribe him into Rest,  
 And hush th' impartial Laws.
- 7 This is the Soul, that, freed from Clay,  
 Shall climb to everlasting Day,  
 And dwell for ever there :  
 Who might behold all Nature break,  
 And hear its mighty Pillars crack,  
 And never yield to Fear.

## H Y M N CLX.

- 1 'TIS Mercy calls--awakemy grateful String;  
 Ye Worlds of Nature, listen while I sing;  
 'Tis not his dire avenging Rod,  
 I sing the Mercies of a God;  
 Hark, ye Warblers of the Sky,  
 Rivers glide serenely by ;  
 Or rather in the sacred Chorus join,  
 Till our united Voices reach the Seats divine.
- 2 Whereinjur'd Saints, that us'd to mourn below,  
 Find their glad Breasts with Joys eternal glow;  
 Where thousand Tongues incessant cry,  
 Glory be to God on High ;  
 Dominion, Power, Praise, and then  
 Mercy to the Sons of Men.
- Heav'n hears delighted, and the joyful Sound  
 Swell'd with celestial Music spreads the Regions  
 round.
- 3 The



3 The Lord, though seated far beyond the Sky,  
 Yet sees the Wretched with a pitying Eye;  
 That Power knows our secret Fear,  
 The lonely Sigh, or silent Tear;  
 He sees the Widow's streaming Eye,  
 And hears the hungry Orphans cry.  
 Depending Worlds his sacred Bounty share,  
 All Creatures find a Part of their Creator's Care.

4 His Justice next employs the heav'nly String,  
 And humming Angels tremble while they sing;  
 The Lord is just and holy, then  
 O weep, ye thoughtless Sons of Men:  
 For who can from his Anger fly,  
 Or shun the Frown of God most high?  
 Yet shall the Sigh, or penitential Groan,  
 Mount like the Seraph's Wing, and reach the  
 sacred Throne.

5 Hear this, ye pious but dejected Minds,  
 Whom Errors darken, or whom Weakness  
 blinds;  
 Lift from the Dust your mournful Eye,  
 And know the Lord your Help is nigh;  
 These Sorrows from your Breasts shall roll,  
 And Comfort bless the humble Soul;  
 Let cheerful Hope in ev'ry Bosom spring,  
 For boundless Mercy dwells with Heav'n's im-  
 mortal King.

6 Come then, ye Worlds, with mingled Voices  
 raise  
 A Song of mean, but not ungrateful Praise;  
 Though

Though the dull Numbers rudely flow,  
 And our cold Hearts but faintly glow,  
 Our Raptures own a less Degree,  
 Yet Cherubs sing, and so should we.  
 Th' Almighty hears and gives us leave to call  
 On him, the Judge, the Guide, and sacred Lord  
 of All.

All you that bend beneath the Stroke of Time,  
 And you whose Cheeks confess their healthy  
 Prime,

Your Maker and Preserver praise,  
 For Early and for Length of Days;  
 The pious and the grateful Song,  
 Shall lisp upon the Infant's Tongue,  
 While heav'nly Mercy soothes the Mourner's Care,  
 And bids the Innocent rejoice, the Sinner not  
 despair.

## H Y M N CLXI.

**H**ARK! ye Mortals, hear the Trumpet  
 Sounding loud the mighty Roar;  
 Hark! th' Arch-angel's Voice proclaiming,  
 Thou, old Time, shalt be no more.  
 Rolling Ages, &c. &c.

Now your solemn Close appears.  
 This great moving Frame of Nature,  
 That huge Mass of blazing Day;  
 Yonder arch'd Expanse of Heav'n,  
 Ye must all dissolve away.

Hark! th' Arch-angel, &c. &c.  
 Swells the solemn Summons loud.

H h

Hark

- 3 See the gloomy Pris'ners rising,  
Hells dark Caverns yawning wide;  
Wild Confusion seize the Christless,  
Horror fill the spacious Void:  
Come, ye Mountains, &c. &c.  
Hide us from his dire Revenge.
- 4 See the purple Banner flying,  
Hear the Judgment Chariot roll;  
Hear the Saviour's Words of Mercy;  
Come ye ransom'd, heav'n-born Souls,  
Judge these Nations, &c. &c.  
Now they all shall feel my Pow'r.
- 5 Hurl'd in countless Numbers downward,  
See in wild Disorder driv'n;  
Tortur'd with Despair and Anguish,  
Lost (and that for ever) Heav'n:  
How tremendous, &c. &c.  
Sounds their last decisive Doom!
- 6 See the Souls that Earth despised,  
In celestial Glories move;  
Hallelujah's big with Wonder,  
Hymning Christ's eternal Love:  
Hallelujah's, &c. &c.  
Echo thro' the Realms of Light.
- 7 Joys ecstatic, Hymns harmonious,  
In soft Symphony resound;  
Angels, Seraphs, Harps, and Trumpets,

Swell

Swell the sweet angelic Sound ;  
Hail, Almighty, &c. &c.  
Great eternal Lord ! *Amen.*

H Y M N CLXII.

1 HAIL, thou happy Morn so glorious,  
Come, ye Saints, your Grief give o'er ;  
Sing how Jesus rose victorious,  
By his own almighty Pow'r :  
Hallelujah, &c. &c.  
To the glorious Son of God.

2 Tell us, Seraphs, ye that wonder'd,  
When ye saw the Lord arise ;  
When ye saw him ascend yonder,  
What were then your heav'nly Joys ?  
Then 'twas Glory, &c. &c.  
To the conqu'ring King of Kings.

3 Countless Bands of Angels glorious,  
Cloath'd in bright ethereal Blue ;  
Straight the Sound of Christ victorious,  
From their silver Trumpets flew ;  
Christ triumphant, &c. &c.  
Rises Conqu'ror o'er the Tomb.

4 See ! my Friends, is that the Saviour,  
Who was crowned with the Thorns ?  
Glorious Majesty and Power,  
Now his sacred Head adorns :  
Hallelujah, &c. &c.  
That dear Head no more shall bleed.

- 5 Is that he, who dy'd on Calv'ry,  
That was pierced with the Spear?  
Clad with countless Suns of Glory,  
See he rises thro' the Air:  
Hallelujah, &c. &c.  
Zion's Mourners now rejoice.
- 6 Was the Person then so sacred,  
Which the Jews thus marr'd and spoil'd?  
Yes, ye Saints, we own his Godhead;  
Tho' by some he's still revil'd:  
All Creation, &c. &c.  
Soon shall own him Lord of All.
- 7 Tremble ye, who him rejected,  
Lo! he breaks thro' yonder Cloud;  
Rise, ye Saints, and shout triumphant,  
Victory thro' Jesu's Blood.  
Hark! the Trumpet, &c. &c.  
Sounds the Resurrection-Morn.

H Y M N CLXIII.

- I O CHARITY, divinely wise,  
Thou meek-ey'd daughter of the skies!  
From the pure fountain of eternal light,  
Where fair, immutable, and ever bright,  
The beatific vision shines,  
And Angel with Archangel joins  
In choral songs to sing his praise,  
Parent of life, antient of days;

Who



Who was ere time existed, and shall be  
 Thro' the wide round of vast eternity:  
 Oh come, thy warm benevolence impart,  
 Enlarge my feelings, and expand my heart!

2 O thou, enthron'd in realms above,  
 Bright effluence of that boundless love  
 Whence joy and peace in streams unfullied flow;  
 Oh! deign to make thy lov'd abode below:  
 Tho' sweeter strains adorn'd my tongue  
 Than saint conceiv'd, or seraph sung,  
 And tho' my gloomy fancy caught  
 Whatever art, or nature taught;  
 Yet if this hard, unfeeling heart of mine  
 Ne'er felt thy force, O Charity divine!  
 An empty shadow science would be found,  
 My knowledge ignorance, my wit a sound.

3 Tho' my prophetic spirit knew  
 To bring futurity to view,  
 Without thy aid ev'n this wou'd nought avail,  
 For tongues shall cease, and prophecies shall fail:  
 Come then, thou sweet celestial guest,  
 Shed thy soft influence o'er my breast,  
 Bring with thee Faith, divinely bright,  
 And Hope, fair harbinger of light,  
 To clear each mist with their pervading ray,  
 To fit my soul for heav'n, and point the way  
 Where perfect happiness her sway maintains,  
 For there the God of peace for ever, ever reigns.

HYMN

## H Y M N CLXIV.

**F**ATHER of all above and all below !

O great beyond expression !—— ( fine,  
No bounds thy knowledge, none thy pow'r con-  
For pow'r and knowledge in their source are thine :  
Around thee glory spreads her golden wing.  
Sing, glitt'ring angels, Hallelujah sing.

Son of the Father ! first begotten Son,  
Ere the short meas'ring line of time begun !  
The world has seen thy works, and joy'd to see  
His bright effulgence manifest in thee.  
The world must own thee Love's unfathom'd  
Sing, glitt'ring angels, Hallelujah sing. ( spring,  
Proceeding spirit ! equally divine,  
In whom the Godhead's full perfections shine ;  
With various graces, comforts unexpress'd,  
With holy transports you refine the breast,  
And earth is heav'nly where your gifts you bring.  
Sing, glitt'ring angels, Hallelujah sing.

## H Y M N CLXV.

1 **G**IVE to our God immortal Praise !  
Mercy and Truth are all his Ways ;  
Wonders of Grace to God belong,  
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

2 Give to the Lord of Lords Renown,  
The King of Kings with Glory crown ;  
His Mercies ever shall endure,  
When Lords and Kings are known no more.

3 He

- 3 He built the Earth, he spread the Sky,  
And fixt the starry Lights on high:  
Wonders of Grace to God belong,  
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.
- 4 He fills the Sun with morning Light,  
He bids the Moon direct the Night:  
His Mercies ever shall endure,  
When Suns and Moons shall shine no more.
- 5 He sent his Son with Pow'r to save  
From Guilt, and Darkneſs, and the Grave:  
Wonders of Grace to God belong,  
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.
- 6 Thro' this vain World he guides our Feet,  
And leads us to his heav'nly Seat;  
His Mercies ever shall endure,  
When this vain World shall be no more.

### H Y M N CLXVI.

- 1 **N**OW begin the heav'nly Theme,  
Sing aloud in Jeſu's Name;  
Ye, who Jeſu's Kindneſs prove,  
Triumph in redeeming Love.
- 2 Ye, who ſee the Father's Grace,  
Beaming in the Saviour's Face;  
As to Canaan on ye move,  
Praise and bleſs redeeming Love.
- 3 Mourning Souls, dry up your Tears;  
Banish all your guilty Fears;

See

See your Guilt and Curse remove,  
Cancell'd by redeeming Love.

4 Ye, alas ! who long have been  
Willing Slaves of Death and sin;  
Now from Bliss no longer rove,  
Stop—and taste redeeming Love.

5 Welcome, all by Sin oppress'd,  
Welcome all to Jesus Christ;  
Nothing brought him from above,  
Nothing but redeeming Love.

6 He subdu'd th' infernal Pow'rs,  
Those tremendous Foes of ours,  
From their cursed Empire drove,  
Mighty in redeeming Love.

7 Hither then your Music bring,  
Strike aloud each joyful String;  
Mortals join the Hosts above,  
Join to praise redeeming Love.

### H Y M N CLXVII.

1 CHRISTIANS, in your sev'ral Stations,  
Dutiful to all Relations,  
Give to each his proper Due;  
Let not their unkind Behaviour  
Make you disobey your Saviour,  
His Command's the Rule for you.

2 Parents, be to Children tender;  
Children, full Obedience render  
To your Parents, in the Lord:

Never

Never flight, nor disrespect them;  
 Nor thro' Pride, when old, reject them;  
 'Tis the Precept of the Word.

3 Wives, to Husbands yield Subjection;  
 Husbands, with a kind Affection,  
     Cherish, as Yourselfs, your Wives.  
 Masters, rule with Moderation,  
 Sway'd by Justice, not by Passion;  
     To the Scriptures square your Lives.

4 Servants, serve your Masters truly;  
 Not unfaithful, nor unruly,  
     To the Good—nor to the Bad;  
 Not refusing what your're bidden;  
 Nor replying when your're chidden;  
     'Tis the Ordinance of God.

5 This shall solve th' important Question,  
 Whether thou'rt a real Christian,  
     Better than each golden Dream;  
 Better far than Lip-Expression,  
 Tow'ring Notions, great Professions,  
     This shall shew your Love to him.

## H Y M N CLXVIII.

1 **T**HERE is a Land of living Joy  
     beyond the utmost Skies,  
 Where Scenes of Bliss, without Alloy,  
     in boundless Prospects rise.



- 2 High seated on a blazing Throne  
th' eternal God appears,  
Puts all his smiling Glories on,  
and awes at once and cheers.
- 3 The slaughter'd Lamb at his right Hand  
assumes his royal Seat;  
Adoring Angels round him stand,  
his Ministers of State.
- 4 Each Breast with strong Devotion glows,  
Love ev'ry Heart inspires;  
While God's own Spirit gently blows,  
and fans these holy Fires.
- 5 In Strains celestial, ev'ry Tongue  
shall God's high Praise proclaim;  
And all in Concert join the Song  
of Moses and the Lamb.
- 6 The Hallelujahs, once begun,  
no Pause or End shall know;  
But Joy and Harmony in one  
perpetual Transport flow.
- 7 A constant Bloom in ev'ry Face  
shall Age and Death defy;  
And Sin and Hell far from the Place  
in wild Confusion fly.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HE Purchasers of the first Edition of the PSALMS and HYMNS are desired to take Notice, that the Appendix, and a complete Index to the whole, will be printed off as soon as possible: They would do well therefore not to bind their Books till the Appendix and Index are ready.

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that the Appendix, and a number  
of new hymns, will be published  
as soon as possible, and  
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free of charge.

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# APPENDIX.

## H Y M N CLXIX.

- 1 **T**HOU God of Harmony and Love,  
Whose Name transports the Saints above,  
And lulls the ravish'd Spheres;  
On thee in feeble Strains I call,  
And mix my humble Voice with all  
The heav'nly Choristers.
- 2 If well I know the tuneful Art  
To captivate an human Heart,  
The Glory, Lord, be thine:  
A Servant of thy blessed Will,  
I here devote my utmost Skill  
To sound the Praise divine.
- 3 With Tubal's wretched Sons no more  
I prostitute my sacred Pow'r,  
To please the Fiends beneath;  
Or modulate the wanton Lay,  
Or smoothe with Music's Hand the Way  
To everlasting Death.
- 4 Suffice for this the Season past:  
I come, great God, to learn at last  
The Lesson of thy Grace.  
Teach me the new, the gospel Song,

And let my Hand, my Heart, my Tongue,  
Move only to thy Praise.

5 Thine own Musician, Lord, inspire,  
And let my consecrated Lyre

Repeat the Psalmist's Part:  
His Son and thine reveal in me,  
And fill with sacred Melody  
The Fibres of my Heart.

6 So shall I charm the list'ning Throng,  
And draw the living Stones along,  
By Jesu's tuneful Name:  
The living Stones shall dance, shall rise,  
And form a City in the Skies,  
The new Jerusalem.

7 O might I with thy Saints aspire,  
The meanest of that dazzling Choir,  
Who chaunt thy Praise above;  
Mixt with the bright Musician-band,  
May I an heav'nly Harper stand,  
And sing the Song of Love.

8 What Extacy of Bliss is there,  
While all th' angelic Concert share  
And drink the floating Joys!  
What more than Extacy, when all,  
Struck to the golden Pavement, fall  
At Jesu's glorious Voice!

9 Jesus! the Heav'n of Heav'ns he is,  
The Soul of Harmony and Bliss;  
And while on him we gaze,  
And while his glorious Voice we hear,

Our



Our Spirits are all Eye, all Ear,  
And Silence speaks his Praise.

10 O might I die that Awe to prove,  
That prostrate Awe which dares not move  
Before the great Three-One;  
To shout by Turns the bursting Joy,  
And all Eternity employ  
In Songs around the Throne.

## H Y M N CLXX.

1 SING to the Lord a new melodious song;  
Assist the choir, ye tribes of ev'ry tongue:  
Wide as the world his sov'reign mercy reigns;  
Wide as the world resound the rapt'rous strains;  
Ye angels, join the joyful acclamation,  
And sing the love, that brings to men salvation.

2 His gracious eye beheld in full survey  
Where Adam's race in mingled ruin lay:  
No human aid the danger could avert;  
No angel's hand could sooth the raging smart:  
In his own breast divine compassion rises,  
And the grand scheme the court of heav'n surprises.

3 God's only Son with peerless glories bright,  
His father's fairest image and delight,  
Justice and grace the victim have decreed  
To wear our flesh, and in that flesh to bleed.  
Prostrate in dust, ye sinners, all adore him,  
And tremble, while your hearts rejoice before him.

4 The

4 Thewond'rousworkisdone;thecov'nantstood,  
 And Jesus expiates human guilt with blood;  
 Nail'd to the tree he bows his sacred head;  
 A mangled corpse he sojourns with the dead;  
 Rising, the gospel sends thro' ev'ry nation;  
 Sinners believe, and gain complete salvation.

5 Father of grace, accept our humble praise;  
 O let it run thro' everlasting days!  
 And thou, blest saviour, spotless lamb of god,  
 Accept the souls dear-ransom'd with thy blood;  
 And to those songs form all our feeble voices,  
 In which the choir round thy bright throne rejoices.

## H Y M N CLXXI.

- 1 **H**OW are thy Servants blest, O Lord!  
 how sure is their Defence!  
 Eternal Wisdom is their Guide,  
 their Help, Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign Realms and Lands remote,  
 supported by thy Care,  
 Thro' burning Climes I pass'd unhurt,  
 and breath'd in tainted Air.
- 3 Thy Mercy sweet en'd ev'ry Soil,  
 made ev'ry Region please:  
 The hoary Alpine Hills it warm'd,  
 and smooth'd the Tyrrhene Seas.
- 4 Think, O my Soul, devoutly think,  
 how with affrighted Eyes

Thou

Thou saw'st the wide extended Deep  
in all its Horrors rise!

- 5 Confusion dwelt in ev'ry Face,  
and Fear in ev'ry Heart :  
When Waves on Waves, and Gulph on Gulphs,  
o'ercame the Pilot's Art.
- 6 Yet then from all my Griefs, O Lord,  
thy Mercy set me free ;  
Whilst in the Confidence of Pray'r  
my Soul took hold on thee.
- 7 For tho' in dreadful Whirls we hung  
high on the broken Wave,  
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,  
nor impotent to save.
- 8 The Storm was laid, the Winds retired,  
obedient to thy Will ;  
The Sea that roar'd at thy Command,  
at thy Command was still.
- 9 In midst of Dangers, Fears and Death,  
thy Goodness I'll adore ;  
And praise thee for thy Mercies past,  
and humbly hope for more.
- 10 My Life, if thou preserv'st my Life,  
thy Sacrifice shall be ;  
And Death, if Death must be my Doom,  
shall join my Soul to thee !

## H Y M N CLXXII.

- 1 **T**his is the Month, and this the happy Morn,  
 Wherein the Son of Heav'n's eternal King,  
 Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,  
 Our great Redemption from above did bring;  
 For so the holy Sages once did sing,  
 That he our deadly Forfeit should release,  
 And with his Father work us a perpetual Peace.
- 2 That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,  
 And that far-beaming Blaze of Majesty,  
 Wherewith he went at Heav'n's high Council-Table  
 To sit in the midst of Trinal Unity,  
 He laid aside; and here with us to be  
 Forsook the Courts of everlasting Day,  
 And chose with us a darksome House of  
 mortal Clay.

## H Y M N CLXXIII.

- 1 **F**RAIL Sons of Dust!  
 Sad Offspring of polluted Clay!  
 No longer good or just,  
 To Vice and Folly still a Prey;  
 Say, can ye hope for Happiness below?  
 Alas! its limpid Streams through purer  
 Channels flow.
- 2 Say, can yon Flow'r,  
 Tho' ting'd its silken Buds with Gold,  
 If

If cank'rous Worms devour  
 Its pearly Germs ere they unfold,  
 Ere hope its spreading Beauties to display?  
 Alas! its Leaves contract, grow wrinkled, and  
 decay.

3 Created pure,  
 Man was the Child of Health and Joy;  
 Oh! had his Faith been sure,  
 His Bliss had been without Alloy.  
 But Sin and Death prevail'd; and with them rose  
 Disease, insatiate Fiend, with all her kindred  
 Woes.

4 Ye vengeful Train  
 Of Ills, that rack the Race of Man!  
 Sad Family of Pain,  
 That make him loath Life's little Span!  
 Say, was it given you uncontroul'd to rage?  
 No! Medicine brings her Balms your Fury to  
 assuage.

5 The eternal King,  
 Whose tender Mercies still endure,  
 Has bid the genial Spring  
 Pour forth a thousand Herbs of Cure;  
 Has bid the Sea, the Fountain, and the Mine,  
 To ease the torturing Pang, their lenient stores  
 resign.

## H Y M N CLXXIV.

1 OUR Father, high enthron'd above,  
 with boundless Glories crown'd;

Fountain



Fountain of Life, and Light, and Love,  
to thousand Worlds around.

- 2 Hallow'd and honour'd be thy Name,  
by ev'ry grateful Mind;  
Be it a pure ætherial Flame,  
or if in Flesh confin'd.
- 3 Erect thine Empire, gracious King,  
and spread its Pow'rs abroad;  
Till Earth, and all her Millions sing  
the Praises of their God.
- 4 O be thy Will below obey'd,  
as 'tis obey'd above;  
And the profoundest Homage paid,  
with all the Joys of Love.
- 5 Each rising Day renews our Want,  
that Want, O Lord, relieve;  
And with our Food thy Blessing grant,  
by both thy Creatures live.
- 6 Our Debts are grown immensely large,  
but, Lord, efface the Score;  
As we a Brother's Debts discharge,  
and never claim them more.
- 7 Into Temptations poison'd Air,  
O never let us stray!  
Guard us from Evil by thy Care,  
through Life's endanger'd Way.
- 8 Thine is the Kingdom, Lord, by Right  
unbounded and supreme;

And

And thine the all-sustaining Might,  
and Glory's peerless Beam.

- 9 These are forever thine, in Songs  
Heav'n's blissful Myriads cry ;  
These are forever thine, our Tongues  
in humble Notes reply.

## H Y M N CLXXV.

- 1 **H**E, who with strong faith places his  
dependence  
On the kind parent of a whole creation,  
Must be compos'd, and, when he meets a danger,  
Firm as a mountain,
- 2 For the supreme and universal agent  
Will the best means chuse for a safe protection;  
Nor, tho' distress comes, have we cause to  
doubt his  
Pow'r to relieve us.
- 3 Pain, care, and toil, fall as a lot to mortals;  
But resignation qualifies the trial;  
Hope the draught sweetens, be it e'er so bitter,  
And to go down hard.
- 4 What tho' good men should for a while be  
passive?  
Peace within cheers, and providence upholds  
them  
Till the storm ceases, when a light begins to  
Shoot thro' the darkness.
- L 1                      5 Grant

5 Grant, that in this life merit is neglected,  
 And a good man feels what a bad deserveth;  
 Yet will our next state make amends for all, that  
 Here is unequal.

6 Then let us trust still to the great preserver,  
 Him, that all nature has at his discretion,  
 And, when our troubles are the worst of all, can  
 Ev'n to the last save.

### H Y M N CLXXVI.

- 1 **M**Y God, with grateful Heart I'll raise  
 A daily Altar to thy Praise;  
 Thy friendly Hand my Course directs,  
 Thy watchful Eye my Bed protects.
- 2 When Dangers, Woes, or Death are nigh,  
 Past Mercies teach me where to fly;  
 The same almighty Arm can aid,  
 Now Sickness grieves, and Pains invade.
- 3 To all the various Helps of Art,  
 Kindly thy healing Pow'r impart;  
 Bethesda's Bath refus'd to save,  
 Unless an Angel bless'd the Wave.
- 4 All Med'cines act by thy Decree,  
 Receive Commission all from thee;  
 And not a Plant which spreads the Plains,  
 But teems with Health when Heav'n ordains.
- 5 Clay and Siloam's Pool we find,  
 At Heav'n's Command restor'd the Blind;  
 Hence

Hence Jordan's Waters once were seen,  
To wash a Syrian Leper clean.

- 6 But grant me nobler Favours still,  
Grant me to know, and do thy Will;  
Purge my foul Soul from ev'ry Stain,  
And save me from eternal Pain.
- 7 Can such a Wretch for Pardon sue!  
My Crimes, my Crimes, arise to View!  
Arrest my trembling Tongue in Pray'r,  
And pour the Horrors of Dispair.
- 8 But oh! regard my contrite Sighs,  
My tortur'd Breast, my streaming Eyes;  
To me thy boundless Love extend,  
My God, my Father, and my Friend.
- 9 These lovely Names I ne'er could plead;  
Had not thy Son vouchsaf'd to bleed;  
His Blood procures for Adam's Race,  
Admittance to the Throne of Grace.
- 10 When Vice hath shot its poison'd Dart,  
And conscious Guilt corrodes the Heart;  
His Blood is all sufficient found,  
To draw the Shaft, and heal the Wound.
- 11 What Arrows pierce so deep as Sin?  
What Venom gives such Pain within?  
Thou great Physician of the Soul!  
Rebuke my Pangs and make me whole,
- 12 Oh! if I trust thy sov'reign Skill,  
With due Submission to thy Will,

Sickness, and Death, shall both agree  
To bring me, Lord, at last to thee.

## H Y M N CLXXVII.

**A**LL Nature lives by Toil.  
Beast, bird, air, fire, the heav'ns and rolling  
world,

All live by action : nothing lies at rest  
But death and ruin : man is born to care ;  
Fashion'd, improv'd, by labour : this of old  
Wise states observing, gave that happy law,  
Which doom'd the rich and needy, ev'ry rank,  
To manual occupation, and oft call'd  
Their chieftains from the spade or furrowing  
plough,  
Or bleating sheep-fold. Hence utility  
Through all conditions, hence the joys of health ;  
Hence strength of arm, and clear judicious thought ;  
Hence corn, and wine, and oil, and all in life  
Delectable. What simple nature yields,  
And nature does her part, are only rude  
Materials, cumbrous on the thorny ground ;  
'Tis toil that makes them wealth.

## H Y M N CLXXVIII.

**I** **W**HEN all thy Mercies, O my God,  
my rising Soul surveys :  
Transported with the View I'm lost  
in Wonder, Love, and Praise.



- 2 O how shall Words with equal Warmth  
the Gratitude declare,  
That glows within my ravish'd Heart!  
but thou can'st read it there.
- 3 Thy Providence my Life sustain'd  
and all my Wants redress'd,  
When in the silent Womb I lay,  
and hung upon the Breast.
- 4 To all my weak Complaints and Cries,  
thy Mercy lent an Ear,  
Ere yet my feeble Thoughts had learnt  
to form themselves in Pray'r.
- 5 Unnumber'd Comforts to my Soul  
thy tender Care bestow'd,  
Before my infant Heart conceiv'd  
from whom those Comforts flow'd.
- 6 When in the slipp'ry Paths of Youth  
with heedless Steps I ran,  
Thine Arm unseen convey'd me safe,  
and led me up to Man.
- 7 Through hidden Dangers, Toils, and Death,  
it gently clear'd my Way,  
And through the pleasing Snares of Vice,  
more to be fear'd than they.
- 8 When worn with Sickness oft hast thou  
with Health renew'd my Face!  
And when in Sins and Sorrows sunk,  
reviv'd my Soul with Grace.

- 9 Thy bounteous Hand with worldly Bliss  
has made my Cup run o'er,  
And in a kind and faithful Friend  
has doubled all my Store.
- 10 Ten thousand thousand precious Gifts  
my daily Thanks employ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful Heart,  
that tastes those Gifts with Joy.
- 11 Through ev'ry Period of my Life  
thy Goodness I'll pursue;  
And after Death in distant Worlds  
the glorious Theme renew.
- 12 When Nature fails, and Day and Night  
divide thy Works no more,  
My ever grateful Heart, O Lord,  
thy Mercy shall adore.
- 13 Through all Eternity to thee  
a joyful Song I'll raise,  
But, oh ! Eternity's too short  
to utter all thy Praise.

H Y M N CLXXIX.

FATHER of Light and Life, thou Good  
supreme!  
O teach me what is good ; teach me Thyself!  
Save me from Folly, Vanity, and Vice,  
From ev'ry low Pursuit ! and feed my Soul

With



His Labour past, his Toil no more,  
Enjoys the Port of Rest.

## HYMN CLXXXI.

**D**ID sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue,  
Than ever man pronounc'd, or angel sung:  
Had I all knowledge, human and divine,  
That thought can reach, or science can define;  
And had I pow'r to give that knowledge birth,  
In all the speeches of the babbling earth:  
Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire,  
To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire;  
Or had I faith like that which Israel saw,  
When Moses gave them miracles, and law:  
Yet, gracious charity, indulgent guest,  
Were not thy pow'r exerted in my breast:  
Those speeches would send up unheeded pray'r;  
That scorn of life would be but wild despair:  
A timbral's sound were better than my voice;  
My faith were form; my eloquence were noise.  
Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind,  
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind;  
Knows with just reins, and gentler hand to guide,  
Betwixt vile shame and arbitrary pride.  
Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives;  
And much she suffers, as she much believes.  
Soft peace she brings where-ever she arrives:  
She builds our quiet as she forms our lives;  
Lays the rough paths of peevish nature ev'n;  
And opens in each breast a little heav'n.

HYMN.

## H Y M N CLXXXII.

- 1 **T**HE Heav'ns declare thy Glory, Lord,  
In ev'ry Star thy Wisdom shines;  
But when our Eyes behold thy Word,  
We read thy Name in fairer Lines.
- 2 The rolling Sun, the changing Light,  
And Nights and Days thy Pow'r confess;  
But the blest Volume thou hast writ,  
Reveals thy Justice and thy Grace.
- 3 Sun, Moon, and Stars, convey thy Praise  
Round the whole Earth, and never stand;  
So when thy Truth begun its Race,  
It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry Land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading Gospel rest  
Till through the World thy Truth has run;  
Till Christ has all the Nations blest,  
That see the Light, or feel the Sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
Bless the dark World with heav'nly Light;  
Thy Gospel makes the Simple wile,  
Thy Laws are pure, thy Judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest Wonders here we view  
In Souls renew'd and Sins forgiv'n;  
Lord, cleanse my Sins, my Soul renew,  
And make thy Word my Guide to Heav'n.



H Y M N CLXXXIII.

**B**EGIN, be bold, and venture to be wise;  
He who defers this Work from Day to Day,  
Does on a River's Bank expecting stay  
Till the whole Stream, which stopt him, should  
be gone,  
That runs, and as it runs, forever will run on.

H Y M N CLXXXIV.

- 1 **B**LEST are the Souls that hear and know  
the Gospel's joyful Sound;  
Peace shall attend the Path they go,  
and Light their Steps surround.
- 2 Their Joy shall bear their Spirits up,  
thro' their Redeemer's Name;  
His Righteousness exalts their Hope,  
nor Satan dares condemn.
- 3 The Lord our Glory and Defence,  
Strength and salvation gives:  
Isr'el, thy King forever reigns,  
thy God forever lives.

H Y M N CLXXXV.

**T**OMORROW you will Live, you always cry;  
In what far Country does this Morrow lie,  
That tis so mighty long ere it arrives?  
Beyond the Indies does this Morrow live?

'Tis

'Tis so far fetch'd this Morrow, that I fear  
 'Twill be both very old and very dear.  
 Tomorrow I will Live, the Fool doth say;  
 Today itself's too late; the Wise liv'd Yesterday.

## H Y M N CLXXXVI.

OUR Yesterday's Tomorrow now is gone,  
 And still a new Tomorrow does come on;  
 We by Tomorrows draw up all our Store,  
 Till the exhausted Well can yield no more.

## H Y M N CLXXXVII.

- 1 GREAT God, the Heav'n's well order'd  
 Frame,  
 Declares the Glories of thy Name,  
 There thy rich Works of Wonder shine,  
 A thousand starrv Beauties there,  
 A thousand radiant Marks appear  
 Of boundlets Pow'r and Skill divine.
- 2 From Night to Day, from Day to Night,  
 The dawning and the dying Light,  
 Lectures of heav'nly Wisdom read;  
 With silent Eloquence they raise  
 Our Thoughts to our Creator's Praise,  
 And neither Sound or Language need.
- 3 Yet their divine Instructions run,  
 Far as the Journeys of the Sun,  
 And ev'ry Nation knows their Voice:

The Sun, like some young Bridegroom  
 Breaks from the Chambers of the East,  
 Rolls round, and makes the Earth rejoice,

- 4 Where e'er he spreads his Beams abroad,  
 He smiles, and speaks his Maker God:  
 All Nature joins to shew thy Praise;  
 Thus God in ev'ry Creature shines;  
 Fair is the Book of Nature's Lines,  
 But fairer is the Book of Grace.

### H Y M N CLXXXVIII.

- 1 **L**ORD, I am thine; but thou wilt prove  
 My Faith, my Patience, and my Love:  
 When Men of Spite against me join,  
 They are the Sword, the Hand is thine.
- 2 Their Hope and Portion lie below;  
 'Tis all the Happiness they know,  
 'Tis all they seek; they take their Shares,  
 And leave the Rest among their Heirs.
- 3 What Sinners value I resign:  
 Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:  
 I shall behold thy blissful Face,  
 And stand compleat in Righteousness.
- 4 This Life's a Dream, an empty Show;  
 But the bright World to which I go,  
 Hath Joys substantial and sincere;  
 When shall I wake and find me there?

- 5 O glorious Hour! O blest Abode!  
I shall be near, and like my God!  
And Flesh and Sin no more controul  
The sacred Pleasures of the Soul.
- 6 My Flesh shall slumber in the Ground,  
'Till the last Trumpet's joyful Sound;  
Then burst the Chains with sweet Surprise,  
And in my Saviour's Image rise.

H Y M N CLXXXIX.

- 1 BEWARE of Lust, it doth pollute and foul  
Whom God in Baptism wash'd with his  
own Blood.

It blots the Lesson written in the Soul;  
The holy Lines cannot be understood.  
How dare those Eyes upon a Bible look,  
Much less towards God, whose Lust is all  
their Book?

- 2 Wholly abstain, or wed. Thy bounteous Lord  
Allowsthee Choice of Paths: take no By-ways,  
But gladly welcome what he doth afford;  
Not grudging that thy Lust hath Bounds  
and Stays.

Continence hath its Joy: weigh both, and so  
If Rottenness have more, let Heaven go.

H Y M N CXC.

- 1 LIFT up your Heads, ye Gales,  
T' admit your King again!

Return'd

Return'd from Earth he waits  
With Halt his Angel Train :  
Wide open throw the heav'nly Scene,  
Receive the King of Glory in.

2 Instinct with living Pow'rs  
The huge Portcullis raise,  
Ye everlasting Doors,  
Disclose the holiest Place :  
Wide open throw the heav'nly Scene,  
Receive the King of Glory in.

3 He comes, he comes from far,  
The strong and mighty Lord,  
Mighty and strong in War,  
To Claim his just Reward :  
Wide open throw the heav'nly Scene,  
Receive the King of Glory in.

4 Forerunner of Mankind  
For us he reigns on high,  
Till all his Members join'd  
Repeat the joyful Cry,  
Wide open throw the heav'nly Scene,  
Receive the Sons of Glory in.

## H Y M N CXCI.

1 **A**LL Glory and Praise  
To the Antient of Days,  
Who was born and was slain to redeem a lost Race.

Salvation



2 Salvation to God,  
Who carried our Load,  
And purchas'd our lives with the Price of his Blood.

3 And shall he not have  
The Lives which he gave  
Such an infinite Ransom forever to save?

4 Yes, Lord, we are thine,  
And gladly resign  
Our Souls to be fill'd with the Fulness divine.

5 How, when shall it be  
We cannot foresee:  
But, O let us live, let us die unto thee.

## H Y M N CXCII.

1 SWEET is the Work, my God, my King,  
To praise thy Name, give Thanks and sing,  
To shew thy Love by Morning-light,  
And talk of all thy Truth at Night.

2 Sweet is the Day of sacred Rest,  
No mortal Cares shall seize my Breast;  
O may my Heart in tune be found,  
Like David's Harp of solemn Sound!

3 My Heart shall triumph in the Lord,  
And bless his Works, and bless his Word;  
Thy Works of Grace how bright they shine!  
How deep thy Counsels! how divine!

HYMN

## H Y M N CXCH.

**O** for a Message from above  
 To bear my Spirit up!  
 Some Pledge of my Creator's Love  
 To calm my Terrors, and support my Hope!  
 Let Waves and Thunder mix and roar,  
 Be thou my God, and the whole World is mine;  
 While thou art Sov'reign I'm secure;  
 I shall be rich till thou art poor;  
 For all I fear, and all I wish, Heav'n, Earth,  
 and Hell are thine.

## H Y M N CXCIV.

- 1 **I**N vain we seek a Heav'n below the Sky;  
 The World has false, but flatt'ring Charms;  
 Its distant Joys show big in our Esteem,  
 But lessen still as they draw near the Eye;  
 In our Embrace the Visions die,  
 And when we grasp the airy Forms  
 We lose the pleasing Dream.
- 2 Look up, my Soul! pant tow'rd th' eternal Hills;  
 Those Heav'ns are fairer than they seem;  
 There Pleasures all sincere glide on in crystal  
 Rills,  
 There not a Dreg of Guilt defiles,  
 Nor Grief disturbs the Stream.

That

That Canaan knows no noxious Thing,  
No curled Soil, no tainted Spring,  
Nor Roses grow on Thorns, nor Honey  
wears a Sting.

H Y M N CXC.V.

- 1 NO, 'tis in vain to seek for Bliss;  
for Bliss can ne'er be found  
'Till we arrive where Jesus is,  
and tread on heav'nly Ground.
- 2 There's Nothing round these painted Skies,  
or on this dusty C'od;  
Nothing, my Soul! that's worth thy Joys,  
or lovely as thy God.
- 3 'Tis Heav'n on Earth to taste his Love,  
to feel his quick'ning Grace;  
And all the Heav'n I hope above  
is but to see his Face.

H Y M N CXC.VI.

- 1 STRAIT is the Way, the Door is strait,  
that leads to Joys on high;  
'Tis but a few that find the Gate,  
while Crouds mistake and die.
- 2 Beloved Self must be deny'd,  
the Mind and Will renew'd;

N n

Passion

Passion suppress'd, and Patience try'd,  
and vain Desires subdu'd.

- 3 Lord ! can a feeble helpless Worm,  
fulfil a Task so hard ?  
Thy Grace must all my Work perform,  
and give the free Reward.

H Y M N CXC VII.

FATHER of Earth and Heav'n,  
Thy hungry Children feed,  
Thy Grace be to our Spirits giv'n,  
That true immortal Bread.  
Grant us and all our Race,  
In Jesus Christ to prove,  
The Sweetness of thy pard'ning Grace,  
The Manna of thy Love.

H Y M N CXC VIII.

IT grieves me, Lord, it grieves me sore,  
That I have liv'd to thee no more,  
And wasted Half my Days;  
My inward Pow'rs shall burn and flame  
With Zeal and Fervor for thy Name;  
I would not speak, but for my God, nor move,  
but to his Praise.

H Y M N CXCIX.

- 1 **T**HOU God, all Glory, Honour, Pow'r,  
art worthy to receive,  
Since all Things by thy Pow'r were made,  
and by thy Bounty live.
- 2 And worthy is the Lamb, all Pow'r,  
Honour and Wealth, to gain,  
Glory and Strength; who for our Sins  
a Sacrifice was slain.
- 3 All worthy thou, who hast redeem'd  
and ransom'd us to God,  
From ev'ry Nation, ev'ry Coast,  
by thy most precious Blood.
- 4 Blessing and Honour, Glory, Pow'r,  
by all in Earth and Heav'n,  
To him that sits upon the Throne,  
and to the Lamb, be giv'n.

H Y M N CC.

- 1 **A**LL ye who faithful Servants are  
of our almighty King,  
Both high and low, and small and great,  
his Praise devoutly sing!
- 2 Let us rejoice and render Thanks  
to his most holy Name;  
Rejoice, rejoice, for now is come  
the Marriage of the Lamb.



3 His Bride herself has ready made,  
how pure and white her Dress!  
Which is her Saint's Integrity,  
and spotless Holiness.

4 O therefore blest'd is ev'ry one,  
who to the Marriage Feast,  
And holy Supper of the Lamb,  
Is call'd a welcome Guest.

H Y M N CCI.

MAY one be pardon'd and retain th' Offence?  
In the corrupted Currents of this World,  
Offence's gilded Hand may shove by Justice;  
Nay, oft tis seen, the wicked Prize itself  
Buys out the Law. But 'tis not so above,  
There is no Shuffling: There the Action lies  
In his true Nature; we ourselves compell'd  
Ev'n to the Teeth and Forehead of our Faults,  
To give in Evidence.

H Y M N CCII.

1 BLEST be the Day that I began  
a Pilgrim for to be,  
And blessed also be the Man  
that thereunto mov'd me.

2 'Tis true, 'twas long ere I began  
to seek to live forever:

But

But now I run fast as I can ;  
'tis better late than never.

H Y M N CCIII.

- 1 LORD of the Sabbath, hear our Vows  
On this thy Day, in this thy House ;  
Accept as grateful Sacrifice,  
The Songs which from thy Servants rise.
- 2 Thine early Sabbaths, Lord, we love,  
But there's a nobler Rest above :  
To that our lab'ring Souls aspire  
With ardent Pangs of strong Desire.
- 3 No more Fatigue, no more Distress,  
Nor Sin, nor Hell, shall reach the Place :  
No Groans to mingle with the Songs,  
Resounding from immortal Tongues.
- 4 No rude Alarms of raging Foes ;  
No Cares to break the long Repose ;  
No midnight Shades, no clouded Sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal Noon.
- 5 O long expected Day ! begin,  
Dawn on these Realms of Woe and Sin ;  
Fain would we leave this weary Road,  
And sleep in Death to rest with God.

H Y M N CCIV.

WITH peaceful Mind thy Race of Duty run ;  
God Nothing does, or suffers to be done,

But

But

But what thou wouldst Thyself, if thou couldst  
Through all Events of Things, as well as He.<sup>see,</sup>

H Y M N CCV.

- 1 **I** come, I wait, I hear, I pray,  
Thy Footsteps, Lord, I trace;  
I joy to think this is the Way  
To see my Saviour's Face.
- 2 These are my Preparation Days;  
And when my Soul is dress'd,  
These Sabbaths shall deliver me  
To mine eternal Rest.

H Y M N CCVI.

- 1 **C**OME let us join our Friends above,  
That have obtain'd the Prize,  
And on the Eagle Wings of Love  
To Joy celestial rise.  
Let all the Saints terrestrial sing  
With those to Glory gone,  
For all the Servants of our King,  
In Earth and Heav'n are one.
- 2 One Family we dwell in him,  
One Church above, beneath,  
Tho' now divided by the Stream,  
The narrow Stream of Death:  
One Army of the living God,

To

To his Command we bow :  
 Part of his Host hath cross'd the Flood,  
 And Part is crossing now.

## H Y M N CCVII.

- 1 **T**HE Day of Wrath, that dreadful Day,  
 Shall the whole World in Ashes lay,  
 As David and the Sybils say.
- 2 What Horror shall invade the Mind,  
 When the strict Judge, who would be kind,  
 Shall have few venial Faults to find?
- 3 The last loud Trumpet's wond'rous Sound,  
 Shall thro' the rending Tombs rebound,  
 And wake the Nations under Ground.
- 4 Nature and Death shall with Surprise  
 Behold the pale Offender rise,  
 And view the Judge with conscious Eyes.
- 5 Then shall, with universal Dread,  
 The sacred mystic Book be read,  
 To try the Living and the Dead.
- 6 The Judge ascends his awful Throne,  
 He makes each secret Sin be known,  
 And all with Shame confess their own.
- 7 Oh then what Int'rest shall I make,  
 To save my last important State,  
 When the most just have Cause to quake?

8 Thou

- 8 Thou mighty, formidable King,  
Thou Mercy's unexhausted Spring,  
Some comfortable Pity bring.
- 9 Forget not what my Ransom cost,  
Nor let my dear-bought Soul be lost,  
In Storms of guilty Terror tost.
- 10 Thou, who for me didst feel such Pain,  
Whose precious Blood the Cross did stain,  
Let not those Agonies be vain.
- 11 Thou, whom avenging Pow'rs obey,  
Cancel my Debt, too great to pay,  
Before the sad accounting Day.
- 12 Surrounded with amazing Fears,  
Whose Load my Soul with Anguish bears,  
I sigh, I weep, accept my Tears.
- 13 Thou, who wert mov'd with Mary's Grief,  
And by absolving of the Thief  
Hast giv'n me Hope, now give Relief.
- 14 Reject not my unworthy Pray'r,  
Preserve me from that dang'rous Snare,  
Which Death and gaping Hell prepare.
- 15 Give my exalted Soul a Place,  
Among thy chosen right-hand Race,  
The Sons of God and Heirs of Grace.
- 16 From that insatiable Abyfs,  
Where Flames devour and Serpents hiss,  
Promote me to thy Seat of Bliss.

17 Prostrate



- 17 Prostrate my contrite Heart I rend,  
My God, my Father, and my Friend,  
Do not forsake me in the End.
- 18 Well may they curse their second Breath,  
Who rise to a reviving Death;  
Thou great Creator of Mankind,  
Let guilty Man Compassion find.

H Y M N CCVIII.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the Skies  
Let the Creator's Praise arise:  
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung  
Thro' ev'ry Land, by ev'ry Tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy Mercies, Lord;  
Eternal Truth attends thy Word:  
Thy Praise shall sound from Shore to Shore,  
Till Suns shall rise and set no more.

H Y M N CCIX.

- 1 THIS is the Day the Lord hath made,  
he calls the Hours his own;  
Let Heav'n rejoice, let Earth be glad,  
and Praise surround thy Throne.
- 2 To-day he rose and left the Dead,  
and Satan's Empire fell;  
To-day the Saints his Triumphs spread,  
and all his Wonders tell.

O o

3 Hosannah

- 3 Hosannah to th' anointed King,  
to David's holy Son:  
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring  
Salvation from thy Throne.

H Y M N CCX.

- 1 **B**LEST be the Lord who comes to Men  
with Messages of Grace;  
Who comes in God his Father's Name,  
to save our sinful Race.
- 2 Hosannah in the highest Strains  
the Church on Earth can raise;  
The highest Heav'ns in which he reigns,  
shall give him nobler Praise.

H Y M N CCXI.

**C**HRIST is a Path, if any be misled;  
He is a Robe, if any naked be;  
If any chance to hunger, he is Bread;  
If any be a Bondman, he is free.  
If any be but weak, how strong is he?  
To dead Men, Life he is; to sick Men, Health;  
To blind Men, Sight; and to the Needy, Wealth;  
A Pleasure without Loss; a Treasure without  
Stealth.

## H Y M N CCXII.

1 **N**ATURE stain'd with Man's Transgression,

Trembling quakes and starts aside;  
Howl, ye careless unawaken'd,  
Where, O where now will you hide?  
Earth, the Mother, swallows up her Children  
quick

2 Desolation now is raging  
Round the World in various Forms;  
And Christ's Servants are proclaiming  
Shelter in ensuing Storms:  
Oh! take Warning; come, this is the Gospel-Day.

3 Earth's Foundations now are reeling,  
Shudd'ring stagger to and fro,  
This the Prelude of his coming  
To redress his People's Woe:  
O ye Virgins! trim your Lamps; the Bride-  
groom comes.

4 Wake! awake, ye drowsy Mortals,  
Let your worldly Projects die;  
Harken to these solemn Warnings;  
To the Blood of Sprinkling fly:  
Grieve his Patience now no more; repent and live.

5 Sing, ye dear redeemed Children,  
Wait the dreadful happy Hour:  
Tho' the World be crush'd in Ruin,  
Jesus lives forevermore:  
Bless the Saviour, thank and praise the Crucify'd.

## H Y M N CCXIII.

- 1 **W**E sing to thee whose Wisdom form'd  
The curious Organ of the Ear;  
And thou who gav'st us Voices, Lord,  
Our grateful Songs in Kindness hear.
- 2 We'll joy in God, who is the Spring  
Of lawful Joy and harmless Mirth;  
Whose boundless Love is justly call'd,  
The Harmony of Heav'n and Earth.
- 3 Thy Praises, dearest Lord, aloud  
Our grateful Anthems shall rehearse;  
Which rightly tun'd, are rightly stil'd,  
The Music of the Universe.
- 4 And whilst we sing, we'll consecrate  
To thee that violated Art,  
In off'ring up, by ev'ry Tongue,  
With ev'ry Song a flaming Heart.
- 5 We'll hallow Pleasure, and redeem  
From vulgar Use our tuneful Voice;  
Those Lips that wantonly have sung,  
Shall be employ'd in nobler Joys.
- 6 Thus we, poor Mortals, here on Earth  
Will imitate the heav'nly Choirs;  
And in exalted Notes we'll send  
In holy Hymns our rais'd Desires.
- 7 And that we may be sure above,  
When there we come our Part to know,

We'll



We'll practise both at Home and Church,  
Our Hallelujahs here below.

## H Y M N CCXIV.

- 1 ENGRAV'D as in eternal Brass,  
the mighty Promise shines ;  
Nor can the Pow'rs of Darkness raze  
these everlasting Lines,
- 2 The sacred Word of Grace is strong,  
as that which built the Skies ;  
The Voice that rolls the Stars along  
speaks all the Promises.

## H Y M N CCXV.

- 1 GRACE rules below, and sits enthron'd  
above ;  
How few the Sparks of Wrath ! how slow they  
move,  
And drop and die in boundless Seas of Love !
- 2 But me, vile Wretch ! should pitying Love  
embrace  
Deep in its Ocean, Hell itself would blaze,  
And flash, and burn me through the boundless  
Seas.
- 3 Yea, Lord, my Guilt to such a Vastness grown,  
Seems to confine thy Choice to Wrath alone,  
And calls thy Pow'r to vindicate thy Throne,
- 4 T hine



- 4 Thine Honour bids, Avenge thine injur'd  
Name,  
Thy slighted Loves a dreadful Glory claim,  
While my moist Tears might but incense  
thy Flame.
- 5 Should Heav'n grow black, almighty Thun-  
der roar  
And Vengeance blast me, I could plead no more,  
But own thy Justice dying, and adore.
- 6 Yet can those Bolts of Death, that clave the  
Flood  
To reach a Rebel, pierce this sacred Shroud,  
Ting'd in the vital Stream of my Redeemer's  
Blood.

H Y M N CCXVI.

'TIS Religion that can give,  
Sweetest Pleasures while we live ;  
'Tis Religion must supply,  
Solid Comfort when we die ;  
After Death its Joys will be,  
Lasting as Eternity.

H Y M N CCXVII.

BY Meditation and by Pray'r,  
Let me to Heav'n ascend ;  
Secure a future Mansion there,  
And make my God my Friend.

HYMN

H Y M N CCXVIII.

O My ador'd Redeemer ! deign to be  
Now present with thy mystic Bread to me ;  
May I the Blessing of thy Blood partake,  
Who drink the sacred Wine for thy dear Sake.

H Y M N CCXIX.

- 1 THE hoary Fool, who many Days  
Has struggled with continu'd Sorrow,  
Renews his Hope, and fondly lays  
The desperate Bet upon To-morrow ;
- 2 To-morrow comes ! 'Tis Noon ! 'Tis Night !  
This Day like all the former flies :  
Yet on he goes to seek Delight  
To-morrow, 'till To-night he dies !

H Y M N CCXX.

WEEP no more, Christian Friends, weep  
no more,  
For Lycidas your Sorrow is not dead,  
Sunk tho' he be beneath the wat'ry Floor ;  
So sinks the Day-Star in the Ocean bed,  
And yet anon repairs his drooping Head,  
And tricks his Beams, and with new spangled Ore  
Flames in the Forehead of the Morning Sky :  
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,  
Through the dear Might of him that walk'd  
the Waves,  
Where

Where other Groves and other Streams along,  
 With Nectar pure his oozy Locks he laves,  
 And hears the inexpressive nuptial Song,  
 In the blest Kingdoms meek of Joy and Love,  
 There entertain him all the Saints above,  
 In solemn Troops and sweet Societies,  
 That sing, and singing in their Glory move,  
 And wipe the Tears forever from his Eyes.

## H Y M N CCXXI.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my Soul; awake, mine Eyes;  
 Awake, my drowsy Faculties;  
 Awake and see the new born Light,  
 Sprung from the darksome Womb of Night.
- 2 Look up and see th' unwearied Sun,  
 Already has his Race begun;  
 The pretty Lark is mounted high,  
 And sings her Matins in the Sky.
- 3 Arise my, Soul; and thou, my Voice,  
 In Songs of Praise early rejoice:  
 O great Creator, heav'nly King!  
 Thy Praise forever let me sing!
- 4 Thy Pow'r has made, thy Goodness kept  
 This senseless Body while I slept;  
 Yet one Day more do thou guard me  
 From all the Pow'rs of Darkness free.
- 5 O keep my Soul from Sin secure,  
 My Life unblamable and pure;

That

That when the last of Days shall come,  
I cheerfully may wait my Doom.

## H Y M N CCXXII.

- 1 **S**LEEP, downy Sleep! come close mine Eyes,  
Tir'd with beholding Vanities!  
Sweet Slumbers, come and chase away  
The Toils and Follies of the Day;  
On your soft Bosom will I lie,  
Forget the World, and learn to die.
- 2 O Isr'el's watchful Shepherd, spread  
The Tents of Angels round my Bed:  
Let not the Spirits of the Air,  
While I slumber, me ensnare;  
But save thy Suppliant free from Harms,  
Clasp'd in thine everlasting Arms.
- 3 Clouds and Darkness are thy Throne,  
Thy wonderful Pavillion;  
O dart from thence a shining Ray,  
And then my Midnight shall be Day:  
Thus when the Morn, in Crimson drest,  
Breaks thro' the Windows of the East,  
My Hymns of Praises shall arise,  
Like Incense, to the morning Skies.

## H Y M N CCXXIII.

**L**ET thy Repentance be without Delay;  
If thou defer it to another Day,

P p

Thou



Thou must repent for a Day more of Sin,  
While a Day less remains to do it in.

## H Y M N CCXXIV.

**W**HAT is more tender than a mother's love  
To the sweet infant fondling in her arms?  
What argument need her compassion move  
To hear it's cries, and help it in it's harms?  
Now, if the tend'rest mother were posselt  
Of all the love, within her single breast,  
Of all the mothers since the world began,  
'Tis nothing to the love of God to man.

## H Y M N CCXXV.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is my Shepherd, my Guardian  
and Guide;  
Whatsoever I want he will kindly provide:  
Ever since I was born, it is he that hath crown'd  
The Life that he gave me with Blessings all  
round:  
While yet on the Breast a poor Infant I hung,  
Ere Time had unloosen'd the Strings of my  
Tongue,  
He gave me the Help which I could not then ask;  
Now therefore to thank him shall be my  
Tongue's Task.
- 2 Thro' my tenderest Years, with as tender a  
Care,  
My Soul, like a Lamb, in his Bosom he bare;  
To



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Care,  
he bare;  
T<sup>o</sup>

his Side;

his own Hill,

stray;

The

The Delight is renew'd of each sensible Thing;  
And behold in their Bloom all the Beauty of  
Spring.

- 7 Or, if a quite different Scene he prepare,  
And we march thro' the Wildernels, barren  
and bare;  
By his wonderful Works we see plainly enough,  
That the Earth is the Lords, and the Fulness  
thereof:  
If we hunger and thirst, and are ready to  
faint,  
A Relief in due Season prevents our Com-  
plaint;  
The Rain, at his Word, brings us Food  
from the Sky,  
And Rocks become Rivers when we are adry.
- 8 From the fruitfulest Hill to the barrenest Rock,  
The Lord hath made all for the Sake of his  
Flock;  
And the Flock, in Return, the Lord always  
confels,  
In Plenty their Joy, and their Hope in Distreis:  
He beholds in our Welfare his Glory display'd,  
And we find ourselves blest in Obedience  
repay'd;  
With a cheerful Regard we attend to his  
Ways;  
Our Attention is Pray'r, and our Cheertul-  
ness Praise.

- 9 The Lord is my Shepherd ; what then shall  
 I fear ?  
 What Danger can frighten me while he is near ?  
 Not when the Time calls me to walk thro'  
 the Vale  
 Of the Shadow of Death, shall my Heart  
 ever fail ;  
 Tho' afraid, of myself, to pursue the dark  
 Way,  
 Thy Rod, and thy Staff, be my Comfort  
 and Stay ;  
 For I know, by thy Guidance, when once  
 it is past,  
 To a Fountain of Life it will bring me at last.
- 10 The Lord is become my Salvation and Song,  
 His Blessing shall follow me all my Life long.  
 Whatsoever Condition he places me in,  
 I am sure 'tis the best it could ever have been:  
 For the Lord he is good, and his Mercies  
 are sure ;  
 He only afflicts us in order to cure :  
 The Lord will I praise while I have any Breath ;  
 Be content all my Life, and resign'd at my  
 Death.

## H Y M N CCXXVI.

**G**OD of all Worlds ! Source and Supreme  
 of Things !  
 From whom all Life, from whom Duration  
 springs !  
 Intense



Intense, O ! let me for thy Glory burn,  
 Nor fruitless view my Days and Months return.  
 Give me with Wonder at thy Works to glow,  
 To grasp thy Vision, and thy Truths to know :  
 O'er Time's tempestuous Sea to reach thy Shore,  
 To sing thy Praise, and all thy Grace adore,  
 When Seas shall roll, and Time shall be no more.

## H Y M N CCXXVII.

**R**EMEMBER thee !

Ay, my dear Lord, while Memory holds  
a Seat

In this devoted Breast :—Remember thee !

Yes, from the Table of my Memory

I'll wipe away all trivial fond Records,

Which Youth and Observation copied there,

And thy Remembrance all alone shall live

Within the Book and Volume of my Brain.

## H Y M N CCXXVIII.

**1** **N**OW let our mourning Hearts revive,  
 and all our Tears be dry :

Why should those Eyes be drown'd in Grief,  
 which view a Saviour nigh ?

**2** What tho' the Arm of conqu'ring Death  
 does God's own House invade ?

What tho' the Prophet and the Priest  
 be number'd with the Dead ?

3 Tho'



- 3 Tho' earthly Shepherds dwell in Dust,  
the Aged and the Young,  
The watchful Eye in Darkness clos'd,  
and mute th' instructive Tongue;
- 4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,  
new Comfort to impart;  
His Eye still guides us, and his Voice  
still animates our Heart.

## H Y M N CCXXIX.

- 1 **W**HEN Abraham, with sacred Awe,  
before Jehovah stood;  
And with an humble, fervent Pray'r  
for guilty Sodom su'd:
- 2 With what Success, what wond'rous Grace,  
was his Petition crown'd?  
The Lord would spare, if in the Place  
ten righteous Men were found!
- 3 And could a single holy Soul  
so rich a Boon obtain?  
Good God! and shall a Nation cry,  
and plead with thee in vain?
- 4 Britain, all guilty as she is,  
her num'rous Saints may boast;  
See their united Pray'rs ascend!  
and can those Pray'rs be lost?
- 5 Are not the Righteous dear to thee  
now, as in antient Times?

Or

Or does this sinful Land exceed  
Gomorrah in its Crimes?

6 Still we are thine, we bear thy Name,  
here yet is thine Abode;  
Long has thy Presence bless'd our Land;  
forsake us not, O God!

7 Great God! let not thine Anger burn,  
if we thy Suppliants bow,  
And say, Till thou vouchsafe thy Grace,  
we will not let thee go.

8 O may thy People, Priests, and Prince,  
thy choicest Blessings share,  
And know thee by that gracious Name,  
The God that heareth Pray'r.

### H Y M N CCXXX.

OH! whence this pleasing Hope, this fond  
This Longing after Immortality? (Desire,  
Or whence this secret Dread, and inward Horror  
Of falling into Naught? Why thrinks the Soul  
Back on herself, and startles at Destruction?  
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;  
'Tis Heav'n itself that points out an Hereafter,  
And intimates Eternity to Man.

### H Y M N CCXXXI.

1 GREAT Source of Good! Creation's God!  
Being depends upon thy Nod!  
From Nothing rear'd was Nature's Frame;  
From Nothing all Creation came.

\* Q q

2 Call'd.

- 2 Call'd into being by thy Word,  
Worlds upon Worlds with one Accord,  
Rush'd from the vast Profound of Night  
Into Creation's glorious Light.
- 3 We view those Worlds, whose ev'ry Part  
Surpass the Pow'rs of human Art;  
They each display thy glorious Hand,  
And say they came at thy Command,
- 4 Worlds to their Fellow-Worlds dispense  
Beauty, and Worth, and Excellence:  
Yon Sun emits his dazzling Rays,  
And all interior Good displays.
- 5 Rolling along their various Orbs,  
Each, Traces of its God affords;  
Thy Wisdom and thy Pow'r displays,  
And silently shews forth thy Praise.
- 6 We join the planetary Choir  
In Praise divine; while we admire  
The beauteous Works of Nature's Lord,  
Our Notes we'll raise in sweet Accord.
- 7 Great Source of Good! Creation's King!  
Benignly hear while Creatures sing;  
We praise thee here, and wish to join  
The Choir above in Songs divine.

## H Y M N CCXXXII.

- 1 GOD is gone up on high  
With a triumphant Noise,  
The Clarions of the Sky

Proclaim

Proclaim th' angelic Joys!  
Join all on Earth, rejoice and sing,  
Glory ascribe to Glory's King.

2 God in the Flesh below;  
For us he reigns above:  
Let all the Nations know  
Our Jesu's conqu'ring Love!  
Join all on Earth, rejoice and sing,  
Glory ascribe to Glory's King.

3 All Pow'r to our great Lord  
Is by his Father giv'n,  
By Angel-Hosts ador'd  
He reigns supreme in Heav'n:  
Join all on Earth, rejoice and sing,  
Glory ascribe to Glory's King.

## H Y M N CCXXXIII.

1 YE heav'nly Choir, assist us to sing,  
And strike the soft Lyre, and honour  
our King:  
His mighty Salvation demands all our Praise,  
Our best Adoration, and loveliest Lays.

2 All Glory to God, who ruleth on high,  
And now hath bestow'd and sent from the Sky  
Christ Jesus the Saviour, poor Mortals to bless;  
The Pledge of his Favour, the Seal of our  
Peace.



H Y M N CCXXXIV.

**T**HE Soul, secur'd in her Existence, smiles  
At Dissolution and defies its Pow'r.  
The Stars shall fade away, the Sun himself  
Grow dim with Age, and Nature link in Years;  
But it shall flourish in immortal Youth,  
Unhurt amidst the War of Elements,  
The Wreck of Matter, and the Crush of Worlds.

H Y M N CCXXXV.

**L**ET Love, and Peace, and holy Joy,  
My Bosom fill, my Thoughts employ;  
And make my Heart, O Lord of Hosts,  
The Temple of the Holy Ghost.

H Y M N CCXXXVI.

**O** God my Saviour, hear my Pray'r,  
And give me in thy Joy to share:  
Strengthen my Faith, increase my Love,  
And lead me to the Realms above.

H Y M N CCXXXVII.

**M**Y Soul shall as the Incense rise  
In Songs of grateful Praise;  
And, as an early Sacrifice,  
my willing Hands I'll raise.



- 2 Father of Life ! whose Bounties flow,  
far as the Worlds they bless;  
Those various Gifts diffus'd below,  
thy sov'reign Pow'r confess.

H Y M N CCXXXVIII.

- 1 RISE, glorious Sun of Righteousness,  
with Healing in thy Wings :  
My Soul with Light celestial bless,  
and holy Comfort bring !
- 2 Blessing, and Honour, Glory, Pow'r,  
to him that reigns above ;  
And to the Lamb forevermore,  
be Glory, Praise and Love.

H Y M N CCXXXIX.

ETERNITY ! thou pleasing, dreadful,  
Thought !  
Through what new Scenes and Changes  
must we pass ?  
The wide, th' unbounded Prospect lies be-  
fore us ;  
But Shadows, Clouds, and Darkness, rest  
upon it.  
Here will I hold : If there's a Pow'r above us,  
And that there is, all Nature cries aloud

Through

Through all her Works, he must delight in  
 And that which he delights in must be happy.

## H Y M N CCXL.

THE cloud-cap'd Towers, the gorgeous  
 Palaces,  
 The solemn Temples, the great Globe itself,  
 Yea, all which it inherits shall dissolve,  
 And, like the baseless Fabric of a Vision,  
 Leave not a Wreck behind.

## H Y M N CCXLI.

- 1 YE Works of God, on him alone,  
 In Earth his Footstool, Heav'n his Throne,  
 Be all your Praise bestow'd;  
 Whose Hand the beauteous Fabric made,  
 Whose Eye the finish'd Work survey'd,  
 And saw that all was good.
- 2 Ye Angels, that, with loud Acclaim,  
 Admiring view'd the new-born Frame,  
 And hail'd th' eternal King,  
 Again proclaim your Maker's Praise,  
 Again your thankful Voices raise,  
 And touch the tuneful String.
- 3 Praise him, ye blest'd ætherial Plains,  
 Where, in full Majesty, he deigns

To fix his awful Throne :  
Ye Waters that above him roll,  
From Orb to Orb, from Pole to Pole,  
O make his Praises known !

Ye Thrones, Dominions, Virtues, Pow'rs,  
Join ye your joyful Songs with ours,  
With us your Voices raise ;  
From Age to Age extend the Lay,  
To Heav'n's eternal Monarch pay  
Hymns of eternal Praise.

Celestial Orb ! whose pow'rful Ray  
Opes the glad Eyelids of the Day,  
Whose Influence all Things own ;  
Praise him, whole Courts effulgent shine  
With Light, as far excelling thine,  
As thine the paler Moon.

Ye glitt'ring Planets of the Sky,  
Whose Lamps the abient Sun supply,  
With him the Song pursue ;  
And let himself submissive own,  
He borrows from a brighter Sun,  
The Light he lends to you.

Ye Show'rs and Dews, whose Moisture, shed,  
Calls into Life the op'ning Seed,  
To him your Praises yield,  
Whose Influence wakes the genial Birth,  
Drops Fatness on the pregnant Earth,  
And crowns the laughing Field.

- 8 Ye Winds, that oft tempestuous sweep  
 The ruffled Surface of the Deep,  
 With us confess your God ;  
 See, thro' the Heav'ns, the King of Kings,  
 Up-born on your expanded Wings,  
 Comes flying all abroad.
- 9 Ye Floods of Fire, where e'er ye flow,  
 With just Submission, humbly bow  
 To his superior Pow'r,  
 Who stops the Tempest on it's Way,  
 Or bids the flaming Deluge stay,  
 And gives it Strength to roar.
- 10 Ye Summer's Heat, and Winter's Cold,  
 By Turns in long Succession roll'd,  
 The drooping World to cheer ;  
 Praise him who gave the Sun and Moon,  
 To lead the various Seasons on,  
 And guide the circling Year.
- 11 Ye Frosts, that bind the wat'ry Plain,  
 Ye silent Show'rs of fleecy Rain,  
 Pursue the heav'nly Theme ;  
 Praise him who sheds the driving Snow,  
 Forbids the harden'd Waves to flow,  
 And stops the rapid Stream.
- 12 Ye Days and Nights, that swiftly borne,  
 From Morn to Eve from Eve to Morn,  
 Alternate glide away,  
 Praise him whose never-varying Light,

Absent, adds Horror to the Night,  
But, present, gives the Day.

13 Light,—from whose Rays all Beauty springs,  
Darkness,—whose wide-expanded Wings  
Involve the dusky Globe,  
Praise him, who, when the Heav'ns he spread,  
Darkness his thick Pavilion made,  
And Light his regal Robe.

14 Praise him, ye Lightnings, as ye fly,  
Wing'd with his Vengeance, thro' the Sky,  
And red with Wrath divine:  
Praise him, ye Clouds, that wand'ring stray,  
Or, fix'd by him in close Array,  
Surround his awful Shrine.

15 Exalt, O Earth! thy heav'nly King,  
Who bids the Plants, that form the Spring,  
With annual Verdure bloom;  
Whose frequent Drops of kindly Rain,  
Prolific, swell the rip'ning Grain  
And bless thy fertile Womb.

16 Ye Mountains, that ambitious rise,  
And heave your Summits to the Skies,  
Revere his awful Name;  
Think how ye once affrighted fled,  
When Jordan sought his Fountain-Head,  
And own'd th' approaching God.

17 Ye Trees, that fill the rural Scene,  
Ye Flow'rs, that, o'er th' enamell'd Green,



In native Beauty reign,  
 O! praise the Ruler of the Skies,  
 Whose Hand the genial Sap supplies,  
 And cloaths the smiling Plain.

18 Ye secret Springs, ye gentle Rills,  
 That murm'ring rise among the Hills,  
 Or fill the humble Vale;  
 Praise him, at whose almighty Nod  
 The rugged Rock dissolving flow'd,  
 And form'd a springing Well.

19 Praise him, ye Floods, and Seas profound,  
 Whose Waves the spacious Earth surround,  
 And roll from Shore to Shore;  
 Aw'd by his Voice, ye Seas, subside,  
 Ye Floods, within your Channels glide,  
 And tremble and adore.

20 Ye Whales, that stir the boiling Deep,  
 Or in its dark Recesses sleep,  
 Remote from human Eye,  
 Praise him by whom ye all are fed,  
 Praise him, without whose heav'nly Aid  
 Ye languish, faint, and die.

21 Ye Birds, exalt your Maker's Name,  
 Begin, and, with th' important Theme,  
 Your artless Lays improve;  
 Wake with your Songs the rising Day,  
 Let Music sound on ev'ry Spray,  
 And fill the vocal Grove.

22 Praise him, ye Beasts, that nightly roam  
Amid the solitary Gloom,  
Th' expected Prey to seize;  
Ye Slaves of the laborious Plough,  
Your stubborn Necks submissive bow,  
And bend your weary'd Knees.

23 Ye Sons of Men, his Praise display,  
Who stamp'd his Image on your Clay,  
And gave it Pow'r to move;  
Ye that in Judah's Confines dwell,  
From Age to Age successive tell  
The Wonders of his Love.

24 Let Levi's Tribe the Lay prolong  
'Till Angels listen to the Song,  
And bend attentive down;  
Let Wonder seize the heav'nly Train,  
Pleas'd, while they hear a mortal Strain  
So sweet, so like their own.

25 And you your thankful Voices join  
That oft, at Salem's sacred Shrine,  
Before his Altars kneel;  
Where, thron'd in Majesty, he dwells,  
And from the mystic Cloud reveals  
The Dictates of his Will.

26 Ye Spirits of the Just and Good,  
That, eager for the blest Abode,  
To heav'nly Mansions soar,  
O! let your Songs his Praise display  
Till Heav'n itself shall melt away,  
And Time shall be no more.

27. Praise him, ye meek and humble Train,  
Ye Saints, whom his Decrees ordain  
The boundless Bliss to share;  
O' praise him till ye take your Way  
To Regions of eternal Day,  
And reign for ever there.

28 Let us, who now impassive stand,  
Aw'd by the Tyrant's stern Command,  
Amid the fiery Blaze,  
While thus we triumph in the Flame,  
Rise, and our Maker's Love proclaim  
In Hymns of endless Praise.

### H Y M N CCXLII.

**I**F giving to poor People be to lend  
Thy Money to the Lord, who is their Friend,  
The highest Int'rest upon Int'rest sure  
Is to let out thy Money to the Poor.

### H Y M N CCXLIII.

**O**H! For a firm, and lasting Faith,  
To credit what the Almighty saith!  
T'embrace the Promise of his Son,  
And call the Joys of Heav'n our own!

H Y M N CCXLIV.

**L**ORD, save me from the Tumult of the Soul ;  
From the wild Beast within !—For cir-  
cling Sands,  
When the swift Whirlwind whelms them  
o'er the Lands ;  
The roaring Deeps that to the Clouds arise,  
While thwarting thick the mingled Lightning  
flies ;  
All Deaths, all Tortures, in one Pang combin'd,  
Are gentle to the Tempest of the Mind.

H Y M N CCXLV.

FROM Heav'n's eternal Sire the Song begins ;  
Behold a God ; a God is nigh ;  
Hark ! thro' the rural Wild I hear  
The solemn Numbers strike my Ear :  
His chosen People to redeem  
From Tyranny and Pride's oppressive Pow'r.  
He comes by antient Bards foretold ;  
Hear him, ye Deaf, ye Blind, behold ;  
He purges Mortals from their Sins ;  
And bids the Tear of Woe no longer stream.  
Hark ! Hark ! again what awful Shouts declare  
The Deity's Approach ; prepare, prepare  
His mighty Path, with purest Off'rings strew'd,  
An Highway in the Desert for our God.  
The Dumb must sing, the Lame forego

S.

His

His Crutch, and bounding like the Roe,  
 Exult, and all with one Accord  
 Must hail the universal Lord.  
 Again the Vallies shake, the Mountains nod,  
 The lofty Cedars bow,  
 Earth trembles at the Sound,  
 And Hell's deep Entrails feel th' eternal Wound.  
 Israel, behold thy God;  
 At whose great Bidding Peace shall flow  
 To all the Nations; he shall sure prevail,  
 Returning Justice then shall lift her Scale;  
 He Death in adamantine Chains shall bind,  
 And with paternal Virtues rule Mankind.

## H Y M N CCXLVI.

- 1     **A**ND is he remov'd,  
        Our Master belov'd,  
        Our heav'nly Lord?  
 Is Jesus again to his Heav'n restor'd?  
        He is gone, he is gone  
        To his dearly bought Throne;  
        Vanish'd out of our Sight  
        To his Mansion of pure inaccessible Light.
- 2     Yet still we all share  
        His Happiness there,  
        The Valley pass through,  
 And our Lord to his Heav'n of Heav'ns pursue.  
        In Assurance of Hope  
        The Members mount up,

Where



Where Jesus hath led  
We follow, and reign with our glorified Head.

- 3 Our Heart is above,  
Our Treasure and Love  
Laid up in the Sky,  
And thither in all our Affections we fly:  
No longer inclin'd  
To the Flesh-Pots behind,  
The World we forego,  
Not a Wish, or a Passion shall wander below.
- 4 Our Spirit is flown  
To Jesus's Throne,  
Our Bodies are here,  
But wait when our Lord in the Clouds shall  
In the Clouds he shall come (appear:  
And take his Bride home  
To his Banquet above,  
To his heavenly Fulness of Glory and Love.

## H Y M N CCXLVII.

**H** OPE humbly, Man; with trembling Pini-  
ons soar;  
Wait the great Teacher Death; and God adore.  
What future Bliss, he gives not thee to know,  
But gives that Hope to be thy Blessing now.  
Hope springs eternal in the human Breast:  
Man never is, but always to be blest:  
The Soul, uneasy, and confin'd from Home,  
Rests and expatiates in a Life to come.

## H Y M N CCXLVIII.

**C**HEER up, my Soul, there is a Mercy-Seat,  
 Sprinkled with Blood, where Jesus answers  
 Pray'r;  
 There humbly cast thyself beneath his Feet;  
 For never needy Sinner perish'd there.

## H Y M N CCXLIX.

- 1 **T**HE Bible is the Spring  
 Where all my Comforts lie;  
 And when I find my Soul in Want,  
 It yields me sweet Supply.
- 2 It is my glorious Sun,  
 Which darts a pleasing Ray;  
 Dispels the Darknes from my Soul,  
 And turns my Night to Day.
- 3 It is my surest Guide  
 Thro' all the Snares of Youth;  
 Directs me, lest I go astray  
 From Piety and Truth.
- 4 It is my surest Shield,  
 To guard me when I fight;  
 Helps me to vanquish all my Fears,  
 And put them all to flight.
- 5 It is the Balm divine  
 That sooths the raging Smart

Of Conscience, when it groans with Guilt,  
And heals the broken Heart.

- 6 It's like a Garden large,  
Adorn'd with various Bow'rs;  
Where grow the finest Herbs and Plants,  
And all delightful Flow'rs.
- 7 O may my Bible be  
In Life my chief Delight;  
In Death my Theme, in Heav'n my Song,  
That Land of Peace and Light!

## H Y M N CCL.

ALL are but Parts of one stupendous Whole,  
Whose Body Nature is, and God the Soul;  
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same;  
Great in the Earth, as in th' etherial Frame;  
Warms in the Sun, refreshes in the Breeze,  
Glow's in the Stars, and blossoms in the Trees,  
Lives thro' all Life, extends thro' all Extent,  
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;  
Breathes in our Soul, informs our mortal Part,  
As full, as perfect, in a Hair as Heart;  
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,  
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:  
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;  
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

HYMN

## H Y M N CCLI.

**S**INCE Nothing but thy Presence, Lord,  
 Can Life and lasting Peace afford  
 This joyless Soul of mine;  
 Here fix thy Throne, and ne'er depart,  
 So shall this frail and wand'ring Heart  
 Be ever, ever thine.

## H Y M N CCLII.

- 1 **M**OULD me and make me, O my God!  
 obedient to thy Will;  
 I'll view thy Mercies in thy Rod,  
 and love and praise thee still.
- 2 O kindle in my languid Heart  
 a Spark of heav'nly Love;  
 And somewhat of the Flame impart,  
 that fires the Choir above.
- 3 Then Fear shall cease, and anxious Care  
 no more my Soul shall move;  
 But Peace and Joy my Bosom share,  
 and all my Song be Love.

## H Y M N CCLIII.

**O** SON, in whom my Soul hath chief Delight  
 Son of my Bosom, Son who art alone  
 My Word, my Wisdom, and effectual Might

All hast thou spoken as my Thoughts are, all  
 As my eternal Purpose hath decreed:  
 Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will,  
 Yet not of Will in him, but Grace in me  
 Freely vouchsaf'd; once more I will renew  
 His lapsed Pow'rs, though forfeit and enthrall'd  
 By sin to foul exorbitant Desires;  
 Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand  
 On even Ground against his mortal Foe,  
 By me upheld, that he may know how frail  
 His fall'n Condition is, and to me owe  
 All his Deliv'rance, and to none but me.  
 Some I have chosen of peculiar Grace  
 Elect above the rest; so is my Will:  
 The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd  
 Their sinful State, and to appease betimes  
 Th' incens'd Deity, while offer'd Grace  
 Invites; for I will clear their Senses dark,  
 What may suffice, and soften stony Hearts  
 To pray, repent, and bring Obedience due.  
 To Pray'r, Repentance, and Obedience due,  
 Though but endeavor'd with sincere Intent,  
 Mine Ear shall not be slow, mine Eye not shut.

## H Y M N CCLIV.

ALL Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;  
 All Chance, Direction, which thou can'st  
 not see;  
 All Discord, Harmony not understood;  
 All partial Evil, universal Good.

HYMN



## H Y M N CCLV.

**T**AKE not his Name, who made  
thy Mouth, in vain :

It gets thee Nothing,  
and hath no Excuse.

When thou dost tell  
another's Jest, therein

Omit the Oaths,  
which true Wit cannot need :

Pick out of Tales the Mirth,  
but not the Sin.

Play not away the Virtue of that Name,  
which is thy best Stake,

When Griefs make thee tame.

## H Y M N CCLVI.

**O**H! no, 'tis all in vain, believe me 'tis,  
This pious Artifice.

Not all thy Pray'rs and Alms can buy  
One Moment tow'rd Eternity.

Eternity! that boundless Race,

Which Time himself can never run ;

Swift as he flies with an unweary'd Pace,

Which when ten thousand, thousand Years  
are done

Is still the same, and still to be begun.  
 Fix'd are those Limits, which prescribe  
 A short Extent to the most lasting Breath;  
 And though thou cou'dst for Sacrifice lay down  
 Millions of other Lives to save thy own,  
 'Twere fruitless all: not all would bribe  
 One supernumerary Gasp from Death.

## H Y M N CCLVII.

O tread in Virtue's happy Road,  
 True to yourself, and to your God:  
 To him perpetual Homage give,  
 And live to him, by whom you live.

## H Y M N CCLVIII.

- 1 NO Glory I covet, no Riches I want,  
 Ambition is Nothing to me:  
 The one Thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant,  
 Is a Mind independent and free.
- 2 With Passion unruffled, untainted with Pride,  
 By Reason my Life let me square;  
 The Wants of my Nature are cheaply sup-  
 ply'd,  
 And the rest is but Folly and Care.
- 3 The Blessings which Providence freely has  
 lent  
 I'll justly and gratefully prize,

T t

Whilst

Whilst sweet Meditation and cheerful Content,  
Shall make me both healthy and wise.

4 In the Pleasures the great Man's Possessions  
display,  
Unenvy'd, I'll challenge my Part ;  
For ev'ry fair Object my Eyes can survey,  
Contributes to gladden my Heart.

5 How vainly through infinite Trouble and  
Strife  
The Many their Labours employ !  
Since all that is truly delightful in Life,  
Is what All, if they will, may enjoy.

### H Y M N CCLIX.

FOR Forms of Government let Fools contest ;  
Whate'er is best administer'd is best :  
For Modes of Faith, let graceless Zealots fight ;  
His can't be wrong, whose Life is in the Right :  
In Faith and Hope the World will disagree,  
But all Mankind's Concern is Charity :  
All must be false that thwart this one great End ;  
And all of God, that bless Mankind, or mend.

### H Y M N CCLX.

1 WHILE Shepherds watch'd their Flocks  
by Night,  
all seated on the Ground,

The

- The Angel of the Lord came down,  
and Glory shone around.
- 2 Fear not, said he, for mighty Dread  
had seiz'd their troubled Mind,  
Glad Tydings of great Joy I bring  
to you and all Mankind:
- 3 To you, in David's Town, this Day  
is born, of David's Line,  
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;  
and this shall be the Sign:
- 4 The heav'nly Babe you there shall find  
to human View display'd,  
All meanly wrapt in swathing Bands,  
and in a Manger laid.
- 5 Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith  
appear'd a shining Throng  
Of Angels, praising God, and thus  
address'd their joyful Song:
- 6 All Glory be to God on high,  
and to the Earth be Peace;  
Good-Will, henceforth, from Heav'n to Men,  
begin and never cease.

## H Y M N CCLXI.

- 1 SINCE Christ, our Passover, is slain  
a Sacrifice for all;  
Let all with thankful Hearts agree  
to keep the Festival:

- 2 Not with the Leaven, as of old,  
of Sin and Malice fed;  
But with unfeign'd Sincerity,  
and Truth's unleav'n'd Bread.
- 3 Christ being rais'd by Pow'r divine,  
and rescu'd from the Grave,  
Shall die no more; Death shall on him  
no more Dominion have:
- 4 For that he dy'd, 'twas for our Sins  
he once vouchsaf'd to die;  
But that he lives, he lives to God,  
for all Eternity:
- 5 So count yourselves as dead to Sin,  
but graciously restor'd,  
And made, henceforth, alive to God,  
through Jesus Christ our Lord.

## H Y M N CCLXII.

**O**H Fool! to think God hates the worthy  
Mind,  
The Lover and the Love of Human-kind,  
Whose Life is virtuous, and whose Conscience  
clear,  
Because he wants a thousand Pounds a Year.  
Honour and Shame from no Condition rise;  
Act well your Part, there all the Honour lies.

HYMN



## H Y M N CCLXIII.

- 1 **C**HRIST from the Dead is rais'd, and made  
the First-Fruits of the Tomb;  
For, as by Man came Death, by Man  
did Resurrection come.
- 2 For as in Adam, all Mankind  
did Guilt and Death derive,  
So by the Righteousness of Christ,  
shall all be made alive.
- 3 If then ye risen are with Christ,  
seek only how to get  
The Things that are above, where Christ  
at God's Right-Hand is set.

## H Y M N CCLXIV.

- 1 **C**OME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,  
By Faith, and Love, in ev'ry Breast;  
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,  
The Joys that cannot be express'd.
- 2 Come fill our Hearts with inward Strength,  
Make our enlarged Souls possess,  
And learn the Height, and Breadth, and  
Length,  
Of thine unmeasurable Grace.
- 3 Now to the God whose Pow'r can do  
More than our Thoughts, or Wishes know,  
Be everlasting Honours done,  
By all the Church, through Christ his Son!
- HYMN

worthy  
Mind,  
nd,  
science  
clear,  
Year.  
n rise;  
our lies.

HYMN

## H Y M N CCLXV.

**O**H blind to Truth, and God's whole Scheme  
 below,  
 Who fancy Bliss to Vice, to Virtue Woe;  
 Who sees and follows that great Scheme the best,  
 Best knows the Blessing and will most be blest.

## H Y M N CCLXVI.

- 1** PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his Name,  
 While in his holy Courts ye wait,  
 Ye Saints, that to his House belong,  
 Or stand attending at his Gate.
- 2** Praise ye the Lord; the Lord is good,  
 To praise his Name is sweet Employ;  
 Ifr'el he chose of old, and still  
 His Church is his peculiar Joy.

## H Y M N CCLXVII.

**K**NOW, all the Good that Individuals find,  
 Or God and Nature meant to mere Man-  
 kind,  
 Reason's whole Pleasure, all the Joys of Sense,  
 Lie in three Words, Health, Peace, and Com-  
 petence.  
 But Health consists with Temperance alone;  
 And Peace, oh Virtue! Peace is all thy own.

HYMN

## H Y M N CCLXVIII.

- 1 **T**O God be Glory, Peace on Earth,  
to all Mankind Good-Will!  
We bless, we praise, we worship thee,  
and glorify thee still.
- 2 And Thanks for thy great Glory give,  
that fills our Souls with Light;  
O Lord! God! heav'nly King! the God  
and Father of all Might.
- 3 And thou, begotten Son of God,  
before all Time begun;  
O Jesu Christ! God! Lamb of God!  
the Father's only Son!
- 4 Have Mercy, thou that tak'st the Sins  
of all the World away!  
Have Mercy, Saviour of Mankind,  
and hear us when we pray!
- 5 O thou who sitt'st at God's Right-Hand,  
upon the Father's Throne!  
Have Mercy on us, thou, O Christ,  
who art the Holy One!
- 6 The Lord, who with the Holy Ghost,  
whom Earth and Heav'n adore,  
In Glory of the Father art  
most high for evermore.

HYMN

## H Y M N CCLXIX.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast seen my Soul sincere,  
Hast made thy Truth and Love appear;  
Before mine Eyes I set thy Laws,  
And thou hast own'd my righteous Cause.
- 2 Since I have learn'd thy holy Ways,  
I've walk'd upright before thy Face;  
Or if my Feet did e'er depart,  
'Twas never with a wicked Heart.
- 3 What fore Temptations broke my Rest!  
What Wars and Strugglings in my Breast!  
But thro' thy Grace that reigns within  
I guard against my darling Sin.
- 4 That Sin that close besets me still,  
That works and strives against my Will;  
When shall thy Spirit's sov'reign Pow'r  
Destroy it that it rise no more?

## H Y M N CCLXX.

- 1 **T**O thine almighty Arm we owe  
the Triumphs of the Day;  
Thy Terrors, Lord, confound the Foe,  
and melt their Strength away.
- 2 'Tis by thine Aid our Troops prevail,  
and break united Pow'rs,  
Or burn their boasted Fleets, or scale  
the proudest of their Tow'rs.



- 3 How have we chas'd them through the Field  
and trod them to the Ground,  
While thy Salvation was our Shield,  
but they no Shelter found !
- 4 In vain to Idol Saints they cry,  
and perish in their Blood ;  
Where is a Rock so great, so high,  
so pow'rful as our God ?
- 5 The Rock of Isr'el ever lives,  
his Name be ever blest ;  
'Tis his own Arm the Vict'ry gives,  
and gives his People Rest.

## H Y M N CCLXXI.

- 1 NOW may the God of Pow'r and Grace  
Attend his People's humble Cry !  
Jehovah hears when Isr'el prays,  
And brings Deliv'rance from on high.
- 2 The Name of Jacob's God defends  
Better than Shields or brazen Walls ;  
He from his Sanctuary sends  
Succour and Strength when Zion calls.
- 3 Well he remembers all our Sighs,  
His Love exceeds our best Deserts ;  
His Love accepts the Sacrifice  
Of humble Groans and broken Hearts.
- 4 In his Salvation is our Hope,  
And in the Name of Isr'el's God,

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Out



Our Troops shall lift their Banners up,  
Our Navies spread their Flags abroad.

- 5 Some trust in Horses train'd for War,  
And some of Chariots make their Boasts;  
Our surest Expectations are  
From thee the Lord of heav'nly Hosts.

## H Y M N CCLXXII.

- 1 **G**IVE to the Lord, ye Sons of Fame,  
Give to the Lord Renown and Pow'r;  
Ascribe due Honours to his Name,  
And his eternal Might adore.
- 2 The Lord proclaims his Pow'r aloud  
Over the Ocean and the Land;  
His Voice divides the wat'ry Cloud,  
And Light'nings blaze at his Command.
- 3 He speaks, and Tempest, Hail and Wind,  
Lay the wide Forest bare around;  
The fearful Hart, and frightened Hind,  
Leap at the Terror of the Sound.
- 4 To Lebanon he turns his Voice,  
And lo, the stately Cedars break;  
The Mountains tremble at the Noise,  
The Valleys roar, the Deserts quake.
- 5 The Lord sits Sov'reign on the Flood,  
The Thund'rer reigns for ever King;  
But makes his Church his blest Abode,  
Where we his awful Glories sing.

- 6 In gentler Language there the Lord  
 The Counsel of his Grace imparts :  
 Amidst the raging Storm his Word  
 Speaks Peace and Courage to our Hearts.

## H Y M N CCLXXIII.

- 1 **B**ASE man, forgetful of his maker's grace  
 No less than angels, whom he did ensue,  
 Fell from the hope of promis'd heavenly place  
 Into the mouth of death, to sinners due,  
 And all his offspring into thralldom threw,  
 Where they forever should in bonds remain  
 Of never-dead yet ever-dying pain.
- 2 Till that great lord of love, which him at first  
 Made of meer love, and after liked well,  
 Seeing him lie like creature long accurst  
 In that deep horror of despaired hell,  
 Him, wretch, in dool would let no longer dwell,  
 But cast out of that bondage to redeem,  
 And pay the price, all were his debt extreem.
- 3 Out of the bosom of eternal bliss,  
 In which he reigned with his glorious fire,  
 He down descended, like a most demiss  
 Abject thrall, in flesh's frail attire,  
 That he for him might pay sin's deadly hire,  
 And him restore unto that happy state  
 In which he stood before his hapless fate.

- 4 In flesh at first the guilt committed was,  
 Therefore in flesh it must be satisfide;  
 Nor spirit, nor angel, though they man surpass,  
 Could make amends to god for man's misguide,  
 But only man himself, whose self did slide:  
 So taking flesh of sacred virgin's womb,  
 For man's dear sake he did a man become.
- 5 And that most blessed body, which was born  
 Without all blemish or reproachful blame,  
 He freely gave to be both rent and torn  
 Of cruel hands, who with despightful shame  
 Reviling him, that them most vile became,  
 At length him nayled on a gallow-tree,  
 And slew the just by most unjust decree.
- 6 O huge and most unspeakable impression  
 Of love's deep wound, that pierst the piteous  
 heart  
 Of that dear lord with so entire affection,  
 And sharply launcing every inner part,  
 Dolours of death into his soul did dart,  
 Doing him die that never it deserved,  
 To free his foes, that from his heart had  
 swerved!
- 7 What heart can feel least touch of so sore launch,  
 Or thought can think the depth of so dear  
 wound!  
 Whose bleeding source their streams yet  
 never staunch,  
 But still do flow, and freely still redownd,  
 To heal the sores of sinful souls unsound,

And cleanse the guilt of that infected crime  
Which was enrooted in all fleshly slime.

- 8 O blessed well of love! O flowre of grace!  
O glorious morning-star! O lamp of light!  
Most lively image of thy father's face,  
Eternal king of glory, lord of might,  
Meek lamb of god, before all worlds behight,  
How can we thee requite for all this good?  
Or what can prize that thy most precious  
blood?

## HYMN CCLXXIV.

- 1 AND are we now brought near to God,  
who once at Distance stood?  
And to effect this glorious Change,  
did Jesus shed his Blood?
- 2 Oh! for a Song of ardent Praise,  
to bear our Souls above;  
What should allay our lively Hope,  
or damp our flaming Love?
- 3 Draw us, O Lord, with quick'ning Grace,  
and bring us yet more near:  
Here may we see thy Glories shine,  
and taste thy Mercies here!
- 4 Oh! may that Love which spreads the Board  
dispose us for the Feast;  
May Faith behold a smiling God,  
thro' Jesu's bleeding Breast.

HYMN



## H Y M N CCLXXV.

- 1 **W**E talk of Heav'n, we talk of Hell;  
But what they mean no Tongue can tell:  
Heav'n is the Realm where Angels are,  
And Hell the Chaos of Despair.
- 2 But what these awful Words imply,  
None of us know before we die;  
Whether we will or no we must  
Take the succeeding World on trust.
- 3 This Hour perhaps our Friend is well;  
The next we hear his passing Bell:  
He dies; and then for aught we see  
Ceases at once to breathe and be.
- 4 Swift flies the Soul; perhaps 'tis gone  
A thousand Leagues beyond the Sun;  
Or twice ten thousand more thrice told,  
Ere the forsaken Clay is cold.
- 5 Whilst we, their Loss lamenting, say  
They're out of Hearing, far away;  
Guardians to us, perhaps, they're near,  
Conceal'd in Vehicles of Air.
- 6 And yet no Notices they give,  
Nor tell us where, or how they live;  
Though conscious whilst with us below,  
How much themselves desir'd to know;
- 7 As if bound up by solemn Fate,  
To keep this Secret of their State,



To tell their Joys or Pains to none,  
That Man may live by Faith alone.

8 Well ; let my Sov'reign, if he please,  
Lock up his marvellous Decrees ;  
Why should I wish him to reveal  
What he thinks proper to conceal ?

9 It is enough that I believe  
Heav'n's brighter far than we conceive ;  
And they who make it all their Care  
To serve God here, shall see him there.

10 But, O what Worlds shall I survey  
The Moment that I leave this Clay ?  
How sudden the Surprise ? how new ?  
Let it, my God, be happy too !

## H Y M N CCLXXVI.

1 ALL-glorious God, what Hymns of Praise,  
Shall our transported Voices raise ?  
What flaming Love and Zeal is due,  
While Heav'n stands open to our view ?

2 Once we were fall'n, and O how low !  
Just on the Brink of endless Woe ;  
Doom'd to the Heritage in Hell,  
Where Sinners in deep Darkness dwell.

3 But lo ! a Ray of cheerful Light  
Scatters the horrid Shades of Night :  
Lo what triumphant Grace is shewn  
To Souls impoverish'd and undone,

Far

- 4 Far, far beyond these mortal Shores,  
A bright Inheritance is ours;  
Where Saints in Light our Coming wait,  
To share their holy blissful State.
- 5 If ready drest for Heav'n we shine,  
Thine are the Robes, the Crown is thine:  
May endless Years their Course prolong,  
While, Thine the Praise, be all our Song.

## H Y M N CCLXXVII.

- 1 **G**LORY be to God our King. Hallelujah.  
Thine eternal Love we sing. Hal.  
Thou hast bar'd thine Arm divine, Hal.  
Wrought Salvation, made us thine. Hal.
- 2 Wand'ring Sheep, how far from Home  
Sore bewilder'd did we roam,  
Till the gracious Shepherd came,  
Sought and sav'd? O praise his Name.
- 3 Death! no more we dread thy Sting;  
Sin subdu'd, we joytul sing:  
Grave! thy Terrors we defy:  
We shall live, for Christ did die.
- 4 Fir'd with Gratitude, we raise  
All our Souls to sound thy Praise;  
Touch each Heart, each Tongue inspire,  
Sing we higher still, and higher.

## H Y M N CCLXXVIII.

- 1 **C**REATOR Spirit, by whose Aid  
The World's Foundations first were laid;  
Come, visit ev'ry pious Mind;  
Come, pour thy Joys on Human-Kind.
- 2 From Sin and Sorrow set us free,  
And make thy Temples worthy thee;  
Illumine our dull darken'd Sight,  
Thou Source of uncreated Light.
- 3 Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,  
Our Hearts with heav'nly Love inspire:  
Come and thy sacred Unction bring,  
To sanctify us while we sing,
- 4 Our Frailties help, our Vice controul;  
Submit the Senses to the Soul;  
Feeble alas we are and frail;  
Let not the World, or Flesh prevail.
- 5 Make us eternal Truths receive,  
And practice all that we believe:  
Give us thyself that we may see  
The Father and the Son by thee.

## H Y M N CCLXXIX.

- 1 **L**ORD God of Hosts, attend our Pray'r,  
And make the British Isles thy Care;  
To thee we raise our suppliant Cries,  
When angry Nations round us rise.

- 2 Fain would they tread our Glory down,  
And in the Dust defile our Crown,  
Deluge our Houses with our Blood,  
And burn the Temples of our God.
- 3 But midst the Thunder of their Rage,  
We thy Protection would engage;  
O raise thy saving Arm on high,  
And bring renew'd Deliv'rance nigh.
- 4 May Britain as one Man be led  
To make the Lord her Fear and Dread;  
Our Souls no other Fear shall know,  
Tho' Earth were leagu'd with Hell below.

## H Y M N CCLXXX.

- 1 **G**IVE ear, ye Countries from afar,  
Ye proud associate Nations, hear;  
While fixt on him who rules the Sky,  
Our Hearts your threat'ned Wrath defy.
- 2 Ye People, gird yourselves in vain,  
Your scatter'd Force unite again;  
Again shall all that Force be broke,  
When God with us shall deal the Stroke.
- 3 Now he records our humble Tears,  
With ardent Vows for future Years;  
And destines for approaching Days,  
Victorious Shouts and Songs of Praise.
- 4 Emmanuel's Land shall safe remain,  
Blest with its Saviour's gentle Reign,



Till ev'ry hostile Rumour cease  
In the sweet Realms of perfect Peace.

## H Y M N CCLXXXI.

- 1 **M**Y God, now I from Sleep awake,  
The sole Possession of me take;  
From midnight Terrors me secure,  
And guard my Heart from Thoughts impure.
- 2 Blest Angels ! while we silent lie,  
You Hallelujahs sing on high;  
You joyful hymn the Ever-blest  
Before the Throne, and never rest.
- 3 I with your Choir celestial join  
In offering up a Hymn divine;  
With you in Heav'n I hope to dwell,  
And bid the Night and World farewell.
- 4 Lord, in thy Arms I will entrust  
My Soul when I shake off this Dust :  
O make me thy peculiar Care ;  
Some Mansion for my Soul prepare.
- 5 Give me a Place at thy Saint's Feet,  
Or some fall'n Angel's vacant Seat ;  
I'll strive to sing as loud as they,  
Who sit above in brighter Day.
- 6 O may I always ready stand  
With my Lamp burning in my Hand :  
May I in Sight of Heav'n rejoice,  
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's Voice.



- 7 All Praise to thee, in Light array'd,  
Who Light thy Dwelling-Place hast made;  
A boundless Ocean of bright Beams  
From thy all-glorious Godhead streams.
- 8 The Sun, in its meridian Height,  
Is very Darknefs in thy Sight;  
My Soul O lighten and enflame  
With Fear and Love of thy great Name.
- 9 Blest Jesus, thou on Heav'n intent,  
Whole Nights hast in Devotion spent;  
But I, frail Creature, soon am tir'd,  
And all my Zeal is soon expir'd.
- 10 My Soul how canst thou weary grow  
Of antedating Blifs below,  
In sacred Hymns and heav'nly Love,  
Which will eternal be above?
- 11 Shine on me, Lord; new Life impart;  
Fresh Ardours kindle in my Heart:  
One Ray of thy all-quick'ning Light  
Dispels the Sloth and Clouds of Night.
- 12 Lord, lest the Tempter me surprize,  
Watch over thine own Sacrifice;  
All loose, all idle Thoughts, cast out,  
And make my very Dreams devout.
- 13 Praise God from whom all Blessings flow;  
Praise him, all Creatures here below;  
Praise him above, angelic Host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## H Y M N CCLXXXII.

- 1 **O** Lord, consider my Distress,  
 And now with Speed some Pity take;  
 My Sins forgive, my Faults redress,  
 Good Lord, for thy great Mercy's Sake.
- 2 Make new my Heart within my Breast,  
 And frame it to thy holy Will;  
 And let thy Spirit in me rest,  
 Which may my Soul with Comfort fill.

## H Y M N CCLXXXIII.

- 1 **B**EGIN from first, where Christ encradled  
 was  
 In simple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,  
 Between the toylful oxe and humble ass,  
 And in what rags, and in how base array,  
 The glory of our heavenly riches lay,  
 When him the silly shepherds came to see,  
 Whom greatest princes sought on lowest knee.
- 2 From thence read on the story of his life,  
 His humble carriage, his unfaulty ways,  
 His cancred foes, his fights, his toyl, his strife,  
 His pains, his poverty, his sharp assays,  
 Through which he past his miserable days,  
 Offending none, and doing good to all,  
 Yet being malic'd both of great and small.
- And look at last, how of most wretched wights  
 He taken was, betray'd, and false accused,  
 How

How with most scornful taunts, and fell  
 He was revil'd, disgrac'd, and foul abused;  
 How scourg'd, how crown'd, how buffeted,  
 how brused;  
 And, lastly, how'twixt robbers crucifide,  
 With bitter wound through hands, through  
 feet, and side!

4 Then let thy flinty heart, that feels no pain,  
 Empierced be with pitiful remorse,  
 And let thy bowels bleed in every vein  
 At sight of his most sacred heavenly corse,  
 So torn and mangled with malicious force;  
 And let thy soul, whose sins his sorrows  
 wrought,  
 Melt into tears, and grone in grieved thought.

5 With sense whereof, whilst so thy softned spirit  
 Is inly toucht, and humbled with meek zeal  
 Through meditation of his endless merit,  
 Lift up thy mind to th' author of thy weal,  
 And to his soveraign mercy do appeal;  
 Learn him to love that loved thee so dear,  
 And in thy breast his blessed image bear.

6 With all thy heart, with all thy soul and mind,  
 Thou must him love, and his behest embrace;  
 All other loves, with which the world doth  
 blind  
 Weak fancies, and stir up affections base,  
 Thou must renounce and utterly displace,  
 And give thyself unto him full and free,

That

That full and freely gave himself for thee.

7 Then sha't thou feel the spirit so posselt,  
And ravisht with devouring great desire  
Of his dear self, that shall thy feeble breast  
Inflame with love, and set thee all on fire  
With burning zeal, through every part entire,  
That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,  
But in his sweet and amiable sight.

8 Thenceforth all world's desire will in thee die,  
And all earth's glory, on which men do gaze,  
Seem durt and dross in thy pure sighted eye,  
Compar'd to that celestial beauty's blaze,  
Whose glorious beams all fleshly sense doth  
daze

With admiration of their passing sight,  
Blinding the eyes, and luming the spright.

9 Then shall thy ravisht soul inspired be  
With heavenly thoughts, far above humane  
skill,

And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainly see  
Th' idee of his pure glory present still  
Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill  
With sweet enragement of celestial love,  
Kindled through sight of those fair things  
above.

## H Y M N CCLXXXIV.

GOD of my Life, thy constant Care,  
With Blessings crowns the op'ning Year ;

This



This guilty Life dost thou prolong,  
And wake anew mine annual Song.

- 2 How many precious Souls are fled  
To the vast Regions of the Dead,  
Since from this Day the changing Sun  
Thro his last yearly Period run?
- 3 We yet survive ; but who can say,  
Or thro' the Year, or Month, or Day,  
I will retain this vital Breath,  
Thus far at least in league with Death?
- 4 That Breath is thine, eternal God ;  
Tis thine to fix my Souls abode ;  
It holds its Life from thee alone,  
On Earth, or in the World unknown.
- 5 To thee our Spirits we resign ;  
Make them and own them still as thine ;  
So shall they smile secure from Fear,  
Tho' Death should blast the rising Year.
- 6 Thy Children eager to be gone,  
Bid Time's impetuous Tide roll on,  
And land them on that blooming Shore,  
Where Years and Death are known no more.

## H Y M N CCLXXXV.

- 1 **S**ALVATION doth to God belong ;  
His Pow'r and Grace shall be our Song  
His Hand hath dealt a deadly Blow,  
And Terror strikes the haughty Foe.



2 Praise to the Lord, who bows his Ear  
Propitious to his People's Pray'r;  
And, tho' Deliv'rance long delay,  
Answers in his well chosen Day.

3 O may thy Grace our Land engage,  
Rescu'd from fierce tyrannic Rage,  
The Tribute of its Love to bring  
To thee, our Saviour, and our King.

4 Our Temples guarded from the Flame,  
Shall echo thy triumphant Name;  
And every peaceful private Home,  
To thee a Temple shall become.

5 Still be it our supreme Delight  
To walk as in thy honour'd Sight;  
Still in thy Precepts and thy Fear  
To Life's last Hour to persevere.

## H Y M N CCLXXXVI.

KNOW'ST thou th' importance of a Soul  
immortal?

Behold the midnight glory: worlds on worlds!  
Amazing pomp! redouble this amaze;  
Ten thousand add, and twice ten thousand more;  
Then weigh the whole; one soul outweighs  
them all,

And calls the astonishing magnificence  
Of unintelligent creation poor.

Y y

HYMN

## H Y M N CCLXXXVII.

- 1 **I**N vain the dusky Night retires,  
and fullen Shadows fly;  
In vain the Morn with purple Light,  
adorns the eastern Sky :
- 2 In vain the gaudy rising Sun,  
the wide Horizon gilds ;  
Comes glitt'ring o'er the silver Streams,  
and cheers the dewy Fields :
- 3 In vain dispensing vernal Sweets,  
the morning Breezes play ;  
In vain the Birds with cheerful Songs,  
salute the new born Day :
- 4 In vain, unless my Saviour's Face  
these gloomy Clouds controul,  
And dissipate the fullen Shades,  
that press my drooping Soul.
- 5 O visit now thy Servant, Lord,  
with Favour from on high ;  
Arise, my bright immortal Sun,  
and all these Shades shall die.

## H Y M N CCLXXXVIII.

**A**TTEND, my soul ! the early birds inspire  
My grov'ling thoughts with pure celestial fire ;  
They from their temp'rate sleep awake, and pay  
Their thankful anthems for the new-born day.

See

XVII.

ght,

reams,

ngs,

VIII.

ls inspire  
stial fire;  
and pay  
orn day.

See

See how the tuneful lark is mounted high,  
And, poet like, salutes the eastern sky!  
He warbles thro' the fragrant air his lays,  
And seems the beauties of the morn to praise.  
But man, more void of gratitude, awakes,  
And gives no thanks for the sweetrest he takes;  
Looks on the glorious Sun's new kindled flame,  
Without one thought of him from whom it came.  
The wretch unhallow'd does the day begin,  
Shakes off his sleep, but shakes not off his sin.

## H Y M N CCLXXXIX.

THAT Pow'r who stills the Raging of the  
Main,  
The Rage of all our Foes can render vain;  
To his unerring Will resign'd sincere,  
I fear that God, and know no other Fear.

## H Y M N CCXC.

- 1 O thou whose pow'r o'er moving worlds  
presides,  
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom  
guides,  
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,  
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.
- 2 'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast  
With silent confidence, and holy rest;

Y y 2

From

From thee, great God, we spring, to thee we tend,  
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.

## H Y M N CCXCI.

**G**RATEFUL Notes and Numbers bring,  
While Jehovah's Praise we sing;  
Holy, holy, holy, Lord,  
Be thy glorious Name ador'd.  
Men on Earth and Saints above,  
Sing the great Redeemer's Love;  
Lord, thy Mercies never fail,  
Hail, celestial Goodness, hail!  
Tho' unworthy, Lord, thine Ear,  
Our humble Hallelujahs hear:  
Purer Praise we hope to bring,  
When with Saints we stand and sing;  
Lead us to that blissful State,  
Where thou reign'st supremely great:  
Look with Pity from thy Throne,  
And send thy Holy Spirit down.  
While on Earth ordain'd to stay,  
Guide our Footsteps in thy Way,  
Till we come to reign with thee,  
And all thy glorious Greatness see;  
Then with Angels we'll again  
Wake a louder, louder Strain;  
There in joyful Songs of Praise,  
We'll our grateful Voices raise;  
There no Tongue shall silent be,  
There all shall join sweet Harmony,

That

That thro' Heav'n's all-spacious Round,  
Thy Praise, O God, may ever sound.  
Lord, thy Mercies never fail,  
Hail, celestial Goodness, hail!

## H Y M N CCXCII.

WHAT profit's us, that we from Heav'n  
derive

A Soul immortal, and with Looks erect  
Survey the Stars, if, like the brutal Kind,  
We follow where our Passions lead the Way?

## H Y M N CCXCIII.

THOU that can'st still the raging of the seas,  
Chain up the winds, and bid the tempest  
cease,

redeem my shipwreck'd soul from raging gusts  
of cruel passion, and deceitful lusts;  
from storms of rage, and dang'rous rocks of  
pride

at thy strong hand this little vessel guide,  
was thy hand that made it) thro' the tide  
specious of this life, let thy command  
direct my course, and bring me safe to land.  
how can I sustain that horrid hour,  
that hurls me headlong from the verge of life,  
in thousand thousand gloomy fathom deep  
down to th' abyss of hell, there to endure,  
with ghastly spectres, and opprobrious fiends,  
That  
Eternity



Eternity of being in the pains  
Of guilt self-tort'ring, and surrounding fires!

## H Y M N CCXCIV.

**P**EACE, way-ward Soul! Let not those vari-  
ous storms,  
Which hourly fill the world with fresh alarms  
Invade thy peace; nor discompose that rest,  
Which thou may'st keep untoucht within thy  
breast,  
Amidst those whirlwinds, if thou keepst but free  
The intercourse betwixt thy God and thee.  
Thy region lies above these storms; and know  
Thy thoughts are earthly, and they creep too low,  
If these can reach thee, or access can find,  
To bring, or raise, like tempests in thy mind.  
But yet in these disorders something lies  
That's worth thy notice; out of which the wise  
May trace and find that just and pow'rful hand,  
That secretly, but surely, doth command,  
And manage these distempers with that skill,  
That while they seem to cross, they act his will.  
And though these storms are loud, yet listen well,  
There is another message that they tell:  
This world is not thy country: 'tis thy way:  
Too much contentment would invite thy stay  
Too long upon thy journey: make it strange  
Unwelcome news, to think upon a change:  
Whereas this rugged entertainment sends  
Thy thoughts before thee to thy journey's end;  
Chides

Chides thy desires homewards, tells thee plain,  
 To think of resting here it is but vain;  
 Makes thee to set an equal estimate  
 On this uncertain world, and a just rate  
 On that to come; it bids thee wait, and stay  
 Until thy master calls, and then with joy  
 To entertain it. Such a change as this,  
 Renders thy loss, thy gain; improves thy bliss.

### H Y M N CCXCV.

LET Cæsar's Due be ever paid  
 to Cæsar and his Throne;  
 But Consciences and Souls were made  
 to be the Lord's alone.

### H Y M N CCXCVI.

- 1 SIN has a thousand treach'rous Arts  
 to practice on the Mind;  
 With flatt'ring Looks she tempts our Hearts,  
 but leaves a Sting behind.
- 2 With Names of Virtue she deceives  
 the Aged and the Young;  
 And while the heedless Wretch believes,  
 she makes his Fetters strong.
- 3 She pleads for all the Joys she brings,  
 and gives a fair Pretence;  
 But cheats the Soul of heav'nly Things,  
 and chains it down to Sense.

4 So

- 4 So on a Tree divinely fair  
grew the forbidden Food ;  
Our Mother took the Poison there,  
and tainted all her Blood.

H Y M N CCXCVII.

- 1 **W**ARN'D of my Dissolution,  
Unfit to die or live,  
With Horror and Confusion  
The Summons I receive.  
I want the Preparation  
Before I hence depart,  
The Knowledge of Salvation,  
The Purity of Heart.
- 2 O that the Blood which cleanses  
From all Iniquity,  
To blot out my Offences  
Were sprinkled now on me !  
What but that Blood's Applying  
Can purge this inbred Stain,  
Can save a Sinner dying,  
And make me love again ?
- 3 With Cries and Tears unceasing,  
I ask thee to bestow  
On me the long-sought Blessing,  
And let my Spirit go.  
Thy Love to me discover  
While on the Brink I stand,

And waft in Safety over  
To that celestial Land.

4 'Tis all my Soul's Desire,  
'Tis all my Business here,  
That precious Love t' acquire,  
And then to disappear;  
With those in heav'nly Places  
The Saviour to commend,  
And hymn in endless Praises  
My Soul's eternal Friend.

### H Y M N CCXCVIII.

I want the Fairh my God to please,  
The true essential Holiness,  
The Kingdom from above;  
The Rest for Christ-like Souls design'd,  
The humble, meek, and heav'nly Mind,  
The Fear-excluding Love.

I want thy Laws engrav'd within,  
Thy chaste Antipathy to Sin,  
Thy Love of Purity:  
Unless I here thy Nature share,  
I know my Soul can never bear  
An holy God to see.

### H Y M N CCXCIX.

TO be religious Something it will cost;  
Some Riches, Honours, Pleasures will be lost;  
Z z But



But if thou countest the Sum-total o'er,  
Not to be so, will cost a great deal more.

## H Y M N CCC.

- 1 'TWAS by an Order from the Lord,  
The ancient Prophets spoke his Word;  
His Spirit did their Tongues inspire,  
And warm'd their Hearts with heav'nly Fire.
- 2 The Works and Wonders which they wrought,  
Confirm'd the Messages they brought;  
The Prophet's Pen succeeds his Breath,  
To save the holy Words from Death.
- 3 Great God ! mine Eyes with Pleasure look  
On the dear Volume of thy Book;  
There my Redeemer's Face I see,  
And read his Name who dy'd for me.
- 4 Let the false Raptures of the Mind  
Be lost and vanish in the Wind :  
Here I can fix my Hope secure;  
This is thy Word, and must endure.

## H Y M N CCCI.

**T**HE great Creator gave to Brutes the Light  
Of Sense and natural Instinct, that might  
Conduct them in a sensual Life; by this  
They steer their Course, and very rarely miss  
Their instituted Rule, nor yet reject

Its C  
But t  
Gave  
The r  
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Becomes  
Its Guilt  
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**G**OD  
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and ric



Its Guidance, or its Influence neglect :  
 But the Creator's great Beneficence  
 Gave unto Man, besides the Light of Sense,  
 The nobler Light of Reason, Intellect,  
 And Conscience, to govern and direct  
 His Life and Actions, and to keep at Rights  
 The Motions of his sensual Appetite:  
 But wretched Man unhappily deserts  
 His Maker's Institution, and perverts  
 The End of all his Bounty, prostitutes  
 His Reason unto Lust; and so pollutes  
 His noble Soul, his Reason, and his Wit:  
 And Intellect, that in the Throne should sit,  
 Must lacky after Lust, and so fulfil  
 The base Commands and Pleasure of her Will :  
 And thus the human Nature's great Advance  
 Becomes its greater Ruin, doth inance  
 Its Guilt; while Judgment, Reason, Wit  
 Improve those very Sins, it doth commit.  
 Dear Lord, thy Mercy surely must o'erflow,  
 That pardons Sins, which from thy Bounty  
 grow.

## H Y M N CCCII.

**G**OD moves in a mysterious Way  
 his Wonders to perform:  
 He plants his Footsteps in the Sea,  
 and rides upon the Storm.

- 2 Judge not the Lord by feeble Sense,  
but trust him for his Grace:  
Behind a frowning Providence  
he hides a smiling Face.
- 3 His Purposes will ripen fast,  
unfolding ev'ry Hour:  
The Bud may have a bitter Taste,  
but sweet will be the Flow'r.
- 4 Blind Unbelief is sure to err,  
and scan his Work in vain:  
God is his own Interpreter,  
and he will make it plain.

H Y M N CCCIII.

**T**WO Heav'ns a right contented Man  
furround,  
One here, and one hereafter to be found:  
One in his own meek Bosom, here on Earth,  
And one in Abraham's, at his future Birth.

H Y M N CCCIV.

- 1 **T**HOU great and sacred Lord of all,  
of Life the only Spring,  
Creator of unnumber'd Worlds,  
immensely glorious King:
- 2 Drive from the Confines of my Heart  
Impenitence and Pride;

Nor let me in erroneous Paths,  
with thoughtless Idiots glide.

- 3 Whate'er thy all-discerning Eye  
sees for thy Creature fit,  
I'll bless the Good, and to the Ill,  
contentedly submit.
- 4 With humane Pleasure let me view  
the Prosp'rous and the Great;  
Malignant Envy let me fly,  
with odious Self-conceit.
- 5 Let not Dispair nor curs'd Revenge  
be to my Bosom known;  
Oh give me Tears for others Woe,  
and Patience for my own.
- 6 Feed me with necessary Food,  
I ask not Wealth nor Fame:  
But give me Eyes to view thy Works,  
and Sense to praise thy Name.
- 7 And when thy Wildom thinks it fit  
to shake my troubled Mind,  
Preserve my Reason with my Grievs,  
and let me not repine.
- 8 May still my Days obscurely pass,  
without Remorse or Care;  
And let me for the parting Hour,  
my trembling Ghost prepare.

## H Y M N CCCV.

- 1 **O** All ye glorious Works of God!  
unite your cheerful Lays;  
Ye bear a Maker's Stamp divine,  
resound that Maker's Praise.
- 2 Ye Seraphs, and ye Cherubims!  
your sacred Choir apply,  
And chaunt celestial Airs to him,  
who sits enthron'd on high.
- 3 Ye Sons terrestrial! all extol,  
in grateful, dulcet Sounds,  
That blest Similitude divine,  
who heals your mortal Wounds.
- 4 His sweet inestimable Grace  
incessantly implore,  
That he your devious Steps may guide  
to the eternal Shore.
- 5 Thou Sun! when first thou streak'st the East  
with thy impurpl'd Rays,  
Or when high Noon thou climb'st, or fall'st,  
exalt thine Author's Praise.
- 6 Thou silv'ry Regent of the Night!  
in various Style proclaim,  
(As thou thy various Forms renew'st)  
his celebrated Name.
- 7 Thou fairest of the Virgin Stars!  
last in the Train of Night,  
Or when thou crown'st the radiant Morn,  
adore the God of Light.

And

- 8 And all ye chaste ethereal Fires !  
that move in sprightly Dance,  
Or in your fixed Orbs remain,  
your Maker's Praise advance.
- 9 Ye Elements and sounding, Winds,  
the eldest Birth of Time !  
Your great Creator's Voice repeat,  
and waft from Clime to Clime.
- 10 Ye Seasons of the circling Year !  
and all ye Nights and Days !  
A God ye prove as ye revolve,  
revolving sound his Praise.
- 11 Ye feather'd Songsters of the Sky !  
and all on Earth that move,  
Or in the liquid Waters glide !  
attune your Maker's Love.
- 12 Yes, all ye living Souls below !  
and all ye heav'nly Host !  
The Father everlasting praise,  
praise Son and Holy Ghost.

H Y M N CCCVI.

- 1 **H**AIL, sacred Light : thy quick'ning Glance  
Awakes to Life and points to God,  
Who makes the purest Beams his Robe,  
Thy perfect Splendour his Abode.
- 2 His mighty Hand impels the Sun,  
Unactive else that Orb would lie;

Nor



Nor to expecting Worlds dispense  
His vital Fires, but all must die.

- 3 Thy Bounty, Lord, the vast Expense  
Of daily Light, and Hear detrays,  
And Worlds and Creatures thou preserv'st,  
Fit to receive and feel thy Grace!
- 4 My Soul its willing Homage pays,  
And lengthen'd Life ascribes to thee,  
Pleas'd to depend on that great Source  
Of Love, from whence I sprang to be.
- 5 Thou guard'st my nightly Slumbers free  
From frightful Dreams, and real Harms;  
I wake to Plenty, Peace, and Friends,  
For still I wake within thy Arms.
- 6 Thou wind'st the Springs of Life anew,  
And bidst new Tides of Spirits rise,  
They bear the Mind with prosp'rous Course  
To Truth, to Virtue, and the Skies.
- 7 I mourn my Waste of former Days,  
To thee devote my future Time;  
Bright with thy Favour let it roll,  
Rich in good Fruits, and free from Crime.
- 8 Then cheerful I'd receive my Doom,  
Tho' long were my appointed Race,  
Or joy to change this distant Dawn,  
For the full Glories of thy Face.

HYMN

## H Y M N CCCVII.

- 1 **N**O; I'll repine at Death no more,  
 But, with a cheerful Gasp, resign  
 To the cold Dungeon of the Grave  
 These dying, with'ring Limbs of mine.
- 2 Let Worms devour my wasting Flesh,  
 And crumble all my Bones to Dust,  
 My God shall raise my Frame anew,  
 At the Revival of the Just.
- 3 Break, sacred Morning, thro' the Skies,  
 Bring that delightful, dreadful Day;  
 Cut short the Hours, dear Lord, and come;  
 Thy ling'ring Wheels how long they stay!

## H Y M N CCCVIII.

- 1 **R**ENEW thy Likeness, Lord, in me,  
 Lowly and gentle may I be;  
 No Charms but these to thee are dear:  
 No Anger may'st thou ever find,  
 No Pride in my unruffled Mind;  
 But Faith and Heav'n-born Peace be there.
- 2 A patient, a victorious Mind,  
 A Life that, all Things cast behind,  
 Springs forth obedient to thy Call;  
 A Heart that no Desire can move,  
 But still t' adore, and praise, and love,  
 Give me, my Lord, my Life, my All!

## H Y M N CCCIX.

**F**OUNTAIN of light! from whom yon  
rising Sun

First drew his splendor ; source of life and love ;  
Whose smile awakes o'er earth's rekindling face  
The boundless blush of spring ; O first and best !  
Thy essence, tho' from human sight and search,  
Tho' from the climb of all created thought,  
Ineffable remov'd ; yet man himself,  
Thy humble child of reason, man may read  
The maker's hand, intelligence supreme,  
Unbounded pow'r, on all his works impress'd,  
In characters coeval with the sun,  
And with the sun to last ; from world to world,  
From age to age, through ev'ry clime reveal'd.  
Hail universal Goodness ! in full stream  
Forever flowing  
Thro'g' earth, air, sea, to all things that have life :  
From all that live on earth, in air and sea,  
The great community of nature's sons  
To thee first Father, ceaseless praise ascend !  
And in the gen'ral hymn my grateful voice  
Be duly heard, among thy works, not least,  
Nor lowest ; with intelligence inform'd,  
To know thee and adore ; with freedom crown'd  
Where virtue leads to follow, and be blest.  
O whether by thy prime decree ordain'd  
To days of future life ; or whether now  
The mortal hour is instant, still vouchsafe,

Parent

Parent and Friend! to guide me blameless on  
 Through this dark scene of error and of ill,  
 Thy truth to light me, and thy peace to cheer.  
 All else of me unask'd, thy will supreme  
 Withhold or grant: and let that will be done.

## H Y M N CCCX.

- 1 **S**O weak, so frail an Instrument,  
 If thou, my God, vouchsafe to use;  
 'Tis Praise enough to be employ'd,  
 Reward enough, if thou excuse.
- 2 If thou excuse, then work thy Will  
 By so unfit an Instrument;  
 It will at once thy Goodness shew,  
 And prove thy Pow'r omnipotent.

## H Y M N CCCXI.

- 1 **C**APTAIN of my Salvation, hear!  
 Stir up thy Strength, and bow the Skies;  
 Be thou, the God of Battles near;  
 In all thy Majesty arise!
- 2 Steel me to Shame, Reproach, Disgrace,  
 Arm me with all thy Armour now,  
 Set like a Flint my steady Face,  
 Harden to Adamant my Brow.
- 3 Bold may I wax, exceeding bold  
 My high Commission to perform,



Nor shrink thy harshest Truths t'unfold,  
But more than meet the gath'ring Storm.

- 4 Adverse to Earth's rebellious Throng,  
Still may I turn my fearless Face,  
Stand as an iron Pillar strong,  
And stedfast as a Wall of Brass.
- 5 Give me thy Might, thou God of Pow'r,  
Then let or Man or Fiends assail!  
Strong in thy Strength, I'll stand a Tow'r  
Impregnable to Earth or Hell.

H Y M N CCCXII.

O That the Muse might call, without Offence,  
The gallant Soldier back to his good Sense!  
His temp'ral Field so cautious not to lose;  
So careless quite of his eternal Foes.  
Soldier! so tender of thy Prince's Fame,  
Why so profuse of a superior Name?  
For the King's Sake the Brunt of Battles bear;  
But—for the King or Kings Sake—*Do not Swear.*

H Y M N CCCXIII.

JESUS, to thy dear faithful Hand,  
my naked Soul I trust:  
My Flesh awaits thy blest Command,  
to drop into my Dust.

HYMN



H Y M N CCCXIV.

O when shall I, in endless Day,  
Forever chase dark Sleep away,  
And Hymns, with the supernal Choir,  
Incessant sing, and never tire !

H Y M N CCCXV.

TIME that is past thou never canst recall ;  
Of Time to come thou art not sure at all ;  
Time present only is within thy Pow'r ;  
Now, now improve then, while thou canst,  
the Hour.

H Y M N CCCXVI.

SET not the Faults of other Folks in view,  
But rather mind what thou thyself should'st do ;  
For twenty Errors of thy Neighbour known  
Will tend but little to reform thy own.

H M Y N CCCXVII.

IN vain Men talk of living Faith,  
When all their Works exhibit Death,  
When they indulge some sinful View  
In all they say, and all they do.  
The true Believer fears the Lord ;  
Obeys his Precepts ; keeps his Word ;  
Commits

Commits his Works to God alone;  
And seeks his Will before his own.

- 3 A barren Tree that bears no Fruit,  
Brings no great Glory to its Root:  
When on the Boughs rich Fruit we see,  
'Tis then we cry, A goodly Tree!
- 4 Never did men by Faith divine  
To Selfishness or Sloth incline:  
The Christian works with all his Pow'r;  
And grieves that he can work no more.

H Y M N CCCXVIII.

- 1 **T**HE Man that loves the Lord  
Will mind whate'er he bid;  
Will pay Regard to all his Word,  
And do as Jesus did.
- 2 The dead Professor counts  
Good Works as legal Ties;  
His Faith to Action seldom mounts,  
On Doctrine he relies.
- 3 But Words engender Strife;  
Behold the Gospel-Plan,  
Trust in the Lord alone for Life,  
And do what Good you can.

H Y M N CCCXIX.

**L**OOK round the habitable World, how few  
Know their own Good, or knowing it, pursue.  
How

How void of Reason are our Hopes and Fears !  
 What in the Conduct of our Life appears  
 So well design'd, so luckily begun,  
 But, when we have our Wish, we wish undone ?

## H Y M N CCCXX.

- 1 **D**ISMISS us with thy Blessing, Lord,  
 Help us to feed upon thy Word;  
 All that has been amiss forgive;  
 And let thy Truth within us live.
- 2 Tho' we are guilty, thou art good;  
 Wash all our Souls in Jesu's Blood:  
 Give ev'ry fetter'd Soul Release,  
 And bid us all depart in Peace.

## H Y M N CCCXXI.

**T**O give Reproof in Anger, to be sure,  
 What e'er the Fault, is not the Way to cure:  
 Wou'd a wise Doctor offer, dost thou think,  
 The Sick his Potion, scalding hot to drink !

## H Y M N CCCXXII.

**S**AY, is there Aught that can convey  
 An Image of Life's transient Stay?  
 'Tis an Hands-Breadth ; 'tis a Tale;  
 'Tis a Vessel under Sail;  
 'Tis a Courier's straining Saddle;

'Tis

'Tis a Shuttle in its Speed;  
 'Tis an Eagle in its Way  
 Darting down upon its Prey;  
 'Tis an Arrow in its Flight  
 Mocking the pursuing Sight;  
 'Tis a Vapour in the Air;  
 'Tis a Whirlwind rushing there;  
 'Tis a short-liv'd fading Flow'r;  
 'Tis a Rain bow on a Show'r;  
 'Tis a momentary Ray  
 Smiling in a Winter's Day;  
 'Tis a Torrent's rapid Stream;  
 'Tis a Shadow; 'tis a Dream;  
 'Tis the closing Watch of Night  
 Dying at the rising Light;  
 'Tis a Landscape vainly gay  
 Painted upon crumbling Clay;  
 'Tis a Lamp that wastes its Fires;  
 'Tis a Smoke that quick expires;  
 'Tis a Bubble; 'tis a Sigh:—  
 Be prepar'd, O Man, to die!

# H Y M N CCCXXIII.

**A**LL the So uls that are, were forfeit once,  
 And he, that might the 'Vantage best have  
 took,

Found out the Remedy. How should we be,  
 If he which is the Top of Judgment, should  
 But judge us as we are? oh! think on that;  
 And Mercy then will breathe within your Lips,  
 Like Man new made.

HYMN



## H Y M N CCCXXIV.

WHAT is Eternity?—Can aught  
Paint its Duration to the Thought?

Tell ev'ry Beam the Sun emits,  
When in sublimest Noon he sits;  
Tell every light-wing'd Mote, that strays  
Within its ample Round of Rays;  
Tell all the Leaves, and all the Buds,  
That crown the Gardens and the Woods;  
Tell all the Spires of Grass the Meads  
Produce, when Spring propitious leads  
The new-born Year; tell all the Drops  
The Night upon their bended Tops  
Sheds in soft Silence to display  
Their Beauties with the rising Day;  
Tell all the Sands the Ocean laves,  
Tell all its Changes, all its Waves,  
Or tell with more laborious Pains  
The Drops its mighty Mass contains:  
Be this astonishing Account  
Augmented with the full Amount  
Of all the Drops the Clouds have shed,  
Where'er their wat'ry Fleeces spread,  
Thro' all Time's long-protracted Tour  
From Adam to the present Hour,  
Still short the Sum; nor can it vie  
With the more num'rous Years that lie  
Imbosom'd in Eternity.

Was there a Belt that could contain  
In its vast Orb the Earth and Main,

B b b

With



With Figures was it cluster'd o'er,  
 Without one Cipher in the Score,  
 And could your lab'ring Thought assign  
 The Total of the crowded Line,  
 How scant th' Amount? th' Attempt how  
 vain

To reach Duration's endless Chain?  
 For when as many Years are run  
 Unbounded Age is but begun.

Attend, O Man, with Awe divine,  
 For this Eternity is thine!

### H Y M N CCCXXV.

**S**EARCH, try, O Lord, my Reins and Heart  
 If Evil lurks in any Part;  
 Correct me when I go astray,  
 And guide me in the perfect Way!

### H Y M N CCCXXVI.

**H**OW hapless is th' applauded Virgin's Lot  
 Her God forgetting, by her God forgot.  
 Stranger to Truth, unknowing to obey,  
 In Error nurs'd, and disciplin'd to stray;  
 Swoln with Self-Will, and principled with Pride  
 Sense all her Good, and Passion all her Guide  
 Pleasure its Tide, and Flatt'ry lends its Breath  
 And smoothly waft her to eternal Death.

HYMN

## H Y M N CCCXXVII.

A Y, but to die, and go we know not where;  
 To lie in cold Obstruction, and to rot;  
 This sensible warm Motion to become  
 A kneaded Clod; and the delighted Spirit  
 To bathe in fiery Floods, or to reside  
 In thrilling Regions of thick-ribbed Ice;  
 To be imprison'd in the viewless Winds,  
 And blown with restless Violence round about  
 The pendant World; or to be worse than Worst  
 Of those, that lawless and incertain Thoughts  
 Imagine howling; 'tis too horrible!  
 The weariest and most loathed worldly Life,  
 That Age, Ach, Penury, Imprisonment,  
 Can lay on Nature, is a Paradise  
 To what we fear of Death.

## H Y M N CCCXXVIII.

I. CONTENT is better, all the Wise will grant,  
 Than any earthly Good that thou canst want;  
 And Discontent, with which the Foolish fill  
 Their Minds, is worse than any earthly Ill.

## H Y M N CCCXXIX.

BROAD is the Road that leads to Death,  
 And thousands walk together there;  
 But Wisdom shews a narrower Path,  
 With here and there a Traveller.

B 3

2 Deny

HYMN

- 2 Deny thyself, and take thy Cross,  
Is the Redeemer's great Command!  
Nature must count her Gold but Dross,  
If she would gain this heav'nly Land.
- 3 The fearful Soul that tires and faints,  
And walks the Ways of God no more,  
Is but esteem'd almost a Saint,  
And makes his own Destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my Hopes be vain,  
Create my Heart entirely new;  
Which Hypocrites could ne'er attain,  
Which false Apostates never knew.

H Y M N CCCXXX.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to King David's Son,  
Who reigns on a superior Throne;  
We bless the Prince of heav'nly Birth,  
Who brings Salvation down to Earth.
- 2 Let ev'ry Nation, ev'ry Age,  
In this delightful Work engage;  
Old Men and Babes in Sion sing  
The growing Glories of her King.

H Y M N CCCXXXI.

**W**HAT is Glory but the Blaze of Fame  
The People's Praise, if always Prai  
unmix'd?  
And what the People but a Herd confus'd,

A miscellaneous Rabble, who extol  
Things vulgar, and, well weigh'd, scarce  
worth the Praise?

They praise, and they admire they know not what,  
And know not whom, but as one leads the other :  
And what Delight to be by such extoll'd,  
To live upon their Tongues and be their Talk,  
Of whom to be disprais'd were no small Praise?  
His Lot who dares be singularly good.  
Th' Intelligent among them and the Wise  
Are few, and Glory scarce of few is rais'd.  
This is true Glory and Renown, when God  
Looking on th' Earth, with Approbation marks  
The just Man, and divulges him through Heaven  
To all his Angels, who with true Applause  
Recount his Praises.

## H Y M N CCCXXXII.

**N**O Faith tow'rds God can e'er subsist with  
Wrath

Tow'rds Man, nor Charity with Want of Faith;  
From the same Root hath each of them its  
Growth;

You have not either, if you have not both.

## H Y M N CCCXXXIII.

**Y**E simple Souls, that stray  
Far from the Path of Peace,  
That unfrequented Way  
To Life and Happiness;

How



How long will ye your Folly love,  
 And throng the downward Road,  
 And hate the Wisdom from above,  
 And mock the Sons of God?

2 Madnefs and Misery  
 Ye count our Life beneath,  
 And Nothing great can see,  
 Or glorious in our Death :  
 As born to suffer and to grieve,  
 Beneath your Feet we lie,  
 And utterly condemn'd we live,  
 And unlamented die.

3 Poor pensive Sojourners  
 O'erwhelm'd with Grief and Woes,  
 Perplex'd with needless Fears,  
 And Pleasure's mortal Foes;  
 More irksome than a gaping Tomb,  
 Our Sight ye cannot bear,  
 Wrapt in the melancholy Gloom  
 Of fanciful Despair.

4 So wretched and obscure,  
 The Men whom ye despise,  
 So foolish, weak, and poor,  
 Above your Scorn we rise;  
 Our Conscience in the Holy Ghost  
 Can witness better Things;  
 For he whose Blood is all our boast,  
 Hath made us Priests and Kings.

5 Riches unfearchable  
 In Jesu's Love we know,  
 And Pleasures, from the Well

Of

W  
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Of Life, our Souls o'erflow;  
 From him the Spirit we receive  
 Of Wisdom, Grace, and Pow'r,  
 And always sorrowful we live,  
 Rejoicing evermore.

6 Angels our Servants are,  
 And keep in all our Ways,  
 And in their Hands they bear  
 The sacred Sons of Grace:  
 Our Guardians to that heav'nly Bliss,  
 They all our Steps attend;  
 And God himself our Father is,  
 And Jesus is our Friend.

7 With him we walk in White,  
 We in his Image shine,  
 Our Robes are Robes of Light,  
 Our Righteousness divine;  
 On all the grov'ling Things of Earth  
 With Pity we look down,  
 And claim, in Virtue of our Birth,  
 A never fading Crown.

## H Y M N CCCXXXIV.

WHEN I was yet a child, no childish play  
 To me was pleasing; all my mind was set  
 Serious to learn and know, and thence to do  
 What might be public good; myself I thought  
 Born to that end, born to promote all truth,  
 All righteous things: therefore above my years  
 The law of God I read, and found it sweet  
 Made

Made it my whole delight, and in it grew  
 To such perfection, that ere my age.  
 Had measur'd twice six years, at our great feast  
 I went into the temple, there to hear  
 The teachers of our law, and to propose  
 What might improve my knowledge or their  
 own;

And was admir'd by all: yet this not all  
 To which my spirit aspir'd; victorious deeds  
 Flam'd in my heart, heroic acts, one while  
 To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke,  
 Then to subdue and quell o'er all the earth  
 Brute violence and proud tyrannic pow'r  
 Till truth were freed, and equity restor'd:  
 Yet held it more humane, more heav'nly first  
 By winning words to conquer willing hearts,  
 And make persuasion do the work of fear;  
 At least to try, and teach the erring soul  
 Not wilfully misdoing, but unaware  
 Misled; the stubborn only to subdue.

## H Y M N CCCXXXV.

- 1 SON of God, thy Blessing grant,  
 Still supply my ev'ry Want;  
 Tree of Life, thine Influence shed,  
 With thy Grace my Spirit feed.
- 2 Tend'rest Branch, alas! am I,  
 Wither without thee and die,  
 Weak as helpless Infancy;  
 O confirm my Soul in thee.

Unsustain'd

- 3 Unsustain'd by thee I fall;  
 Send the Help for which I call:  
 Weaker than a bruised Reed,  
 Help I ev'ry Moment need.
- 4 All my Hopes on thee depend;  
 Love me, save me, to the End:  
 Give me the continuing Grace;  
 Take the everlasting Praise.

## H Y M N CCCXXXVI.

**T**HOU, who didst put to flight  
 Primæval silence, when the morning stars,  
 Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;  
 O thou, whose word from solid darkness struck  
 That spark, the sun, strike wisdom from my soul;  
 My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her  
 treasure,

As misers to their gold, while others rest.

Thro' this opaque of nature, and of soul,  
 This double night, transmit one pitying ray,  
 To lighten, and to cheer. O lead my mind,  
 A mind that fain would wander from its woe,  
 Lead it thro' various scenes of life and death;  
 And from each scene the noblest truths inspire:  
 Nor less inspire my conduct, than my views;  
 Teach my best reason, reason; my best will  
 Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve  
 Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear.

## H Y M N CCCXXXVII.

- 1 **D**ESPAIR is a cowardly Thing,  
And the Spirit suggesting it bad ;  
In Spite of my Sins I will sing,  
That Mercy is still to be had.
- 2 For he that has shown it so far,  
As to give me a sensible Heart,  
How heinous soever they are,  
Delights in the merciful Part.
- 3 By Affliction, so heavy to bear,  
He searches the Wound he would cure;  
'Tis his, to be kindly severe,  
'Tis mine, by his Grace to endure.
- 4 O! comfort thyself in his Love,  
Poor sinful and sorrowful Soul,  
Who came, and still comes, from above,  
To the Sick, that would fain be made whole:
- 5 Who said, and continues to say,  
In the Deep of a penitent Breast,  
Come, Sinner, to me come away,  
I'll meet thee, and bring thee to Rest.
- 6 A Refusal to come is absurd;  
I'll put myself under his Care;  
I'll believe his infallible Word,  
And never, no never despair.

## H Y M N CCCXXXVIII.

**G**OD hath now sent his living Oracle  
 Into the World to teach his final Will,  
 And sends his Spirit of Truth henceforth to dwell  
 In pious Hearts, an inward Oracle  
 To all Truth requisite for Men to know.

## H Y M N CCCXXXIX.

- 1 **L**ORD and God of heav'nly Pow'rs,  
 Theirs, yet O ! benignly ours ;  
 Glorious King, let Earth proclaim,  
 Worms attempt to chaunt thy Name.
- 2 Thee to laud in Songs divine,  
 Angels and Archangels join ;  
 We with them our Voices raise,  
 Echoing thy eternal Praise.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy Lord,  
 Live by Heav'n and Earth ador'd ;  
 Full of thee they ever cry,  
 Glory be to God most high.

## H Y M N CCCXL.

**N**OR Steel, nor Flint alone produces Fire ;  
 No Spark arises till they both conspire :  
 Nor Faith alone, nor Work without is right ;  
 Salvation rises, when they both unite.



## H Y M N CCCXLI.

**E**XTOL not riches, Sirs, the toil of fools,  
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare,  
more apt

To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,  
Than prompt her to do ought may merit praise,  
What if with like aversion I reject  
Riches and realms ; yet not for that a crown,  
Golden in shew, is but a wreath of thorns,  
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless  
nights

To him who wears the regal diadem,  
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies ;  
For therein stands the office of a king,  
His honour, virtue, merit and chief praise,  
That for the public all this weight he bears.  
Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules  
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king ;  
Which every wise and virtuous man attains :  
And who attains not, ill aspires to rule  
Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes,  
Subject himself to anarchy within,  
Or lawless passions in him which he serves.  
But to guide nations in the way of truth  
By saving doctrine, and from error lead  
To know, and knowing worship God aright,  
Is yet more kingly ; this attracts the soul,  
Governs the inner man, the nobler part ;  
That other o'er the body only reigns,  
And oft by force, which to a generous mind  
So reigning can be no sincere delight.

Besides

Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought  
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down  
Far more magnanimous, than to assume.

## H Y M N CCCXLII.

- 1 **W**HO shall the Lord's Elect condemn?  
'Tis God that justifies their Souls,  
And Mercy, like a mighty Stream,  
O'er all their Sins divinely rolls.
- 2 Who shall adjudge the Saints to Hell?  
'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their Stead;  
And the Salvation to fulfil,  
Behold him rising from the Dead.
- 3 He lives! he lives! and sits above,  
Forever interceding there;  
Who shall divide us from his Love?  
Or what shall tempt us to despair?
- 4 Shall Persecution, or Distress,  
Famine, or Sword, or Nakedness?  
He that hath lov'd us bears us thro',  
And makes us more than Conqu'rors too.

## H Y M N CCCXLIII.

**Z**EAL without Meekness, like a Ship at Sea,  
To rising Storms may soon become a Prey;  
And Meekness without Zeal is like the same,  
When a dead Calm stops ev'ry sailing Aim.

HYMN

## H Y M N CCCXLIV.

THEY err who count it glorious to subdue  
 By conquest far and wide, to over-run  
 Large countries, and in field great battles win,  
 Great cities by assault: what do these worthies  
 But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and inflave  
 Peaceable nations, neighb'ring, or remote,  
 Made captive, yet deserving freedom more  
 Than those their conquerors, who leave behind  
 Nothing but ruin wheresoever they rove,  
 And all the flourishing works of peace destroy,  
 Then swell with pride, and must be titled gods,  
 Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,  
 Till conqu'ror death discover them scarce men,  
 Rolling in brutish vices, and deform'd,  
 Violent or shameful death their due reward.

## H Y M N CCCXLV.

IF there be in Glory ought of Good,  
 It may by Means far diffi'rent be attain'd  
 Without Ambition, War, or Violence;  
 By Deeds of Peace, by Wisdom eminent,  
 By Patience, Temp'rance, Fortitude of Soul.  
 Who names not now with Honour patient Job,  
 And righteous Enoch, Lot, and perfect Noah?  
 Poor Socrates (who next more memorable?)  
 By what he taught and suffer'd for so doing,

For Truth's Sake suff'ring Death unjust, lives  
 now  
 Equal in Fame to proudest Conquerors.

## H Y M N CCCXLVI.

WHAT if God hath decreed that I shall now  
 Betry'd in humble state, and things adverse,  
 By tribulations, injuries, insults,  
 Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,  
 Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting,  
 Without distrust or doubt, that he may know  
 What I can suffer, how obey? who best  
 Can suffer, best can do; best reign, who first  
 Well hath obey'd; just trial ere I obtain  
 My exaltation without change or end.

## H Y M N CCCXLVII.

LONG night will over all its darkness spread,  
 And all must range the regions of the dead.  
 The old and young in heaps together lie,  
 And from the stroke of death there's none can  
 fly.

## H Y M N CCCXLVIII.

OR Rich, or Poor, by whom begot,  
 Or King, or Begger, matters not:

Nor

Nor Birth, nor Wealth, nor ought can save  
 Man from the unrelenting Grave.  
 Our Lots are in the Urn of Fate,  
 And out they come, or soon, or late ;  
 Then pass we to that silent Shore,  
 From whence there's no Returning more.

## H Y M N CCCXLIX.

**W**HAT e'er thy eyes behold is dead, or  
 dying:

The nights, the days, pass on, and are no more:  
 'The stars of heav'n decay : nor aught avail  
 Earth's firm foundations : they must perish too,  
 And all its mighty fabrick be dissolv'd.  
 And can we then lament that man must die,  
 And perish all his mortal fleeting race ?  
 War cuts off part, and part the seas o'erwhelm:  
 These luckless love swift to destruction brings:  
 These rage ; and these unsatisfy'd desire :  
 Omitting all distemper's dreadful train,  
 Some winter's penetrating rigour kills,  
 Others the baneful summer's sultry ray,  
 And others sickly autumn's chilling showers.  
 What had beginning must expect an end,  
 All, all must die ; all to the Grave must go.

## H Y M N CCCL.

**R**ESIST at first : for help in vain we pray,  
 When sin has gain'd full strength by long  
 delay.

Be



Be speedy : for who's not to day inclin'd,  
To morrow we shall more unwilling find.

## H Y M N CCCLI.

**H**E'S got half way that has his work begun :  
Then dare be wise, and venture boldly on :  
Begin to live : this moment's in thy pow'r ;  
Employ it then, nor wait a fitter hour,  
Like some dull clown, who at a river's side  
Expecting stands, in hopes the running tide  
Will all e'er long be past :—Fool ! not to know  
It still has flow'd the same, and will forever flow.

## H Y M N CCCLII.

**B**UT that I am forbid  
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,  
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word  
Would harrow up thy soul ; freeze thy warm  
blood ;  
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their  
spheres ;  
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,  
And each particular hair to stand on end  
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine :  
But this eternal blazon must not be  
To ears of flesh and blood.

## H Y M N CCCLIII.

- 1 **S**WEET is the Mem'ry of thy Grace,  
my God, my heav'nly King !  
Let Age to Age thy Righteousness,  
in Sounds of Glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines  
his Goodness to the Skies ;  
Thro' the whole Earth his Goodness shines,  
and ev'ry Want supplies.
- 3 With longing Eyes thy Creatures wait  
on thee for daily Food ;  
Thy lib'ral Hand provides them Meat,  
and fills their Mouth with Good.
- 4 How kind are thy Compassions, Lord !  
how slow thine Anger moves !  
But soon he sends his pard'ning Word,  
to cheer the Soul he loves.
- 5 Creatures with all their endless Race,  
thy Pow'r and Praise proclaim ;  
But we who taste thy richer Grace,  
delight to bless thy Name.

## H Y M N CCCLIV.

- 1 **M**Y God, the Spring of all my Joys,  
the Life of my Delights,  
The Glory of my brightest Days,  
and Comfort of my Nights.

- 2 In darkest Shades if thou appear,  
my Dawning is begun:  
Thou art my Soul's bright morning Star,  
and thou my rising Sun.
- 3 The op'ning Heav'n's around me shine  
with Beams of sacred Bliss,  
If Jesus shews his Mercy mine,  
and whispers, I am his.
- 4 My Soul would leave this heavy Clay,  
at that transporting Word;  
Run up with Joy the shining Way,  
to see and praise my Lord.
- 5 Fearless of Hell and ghastly Death,  
I'd break thro' ev'ry Foe:  
The Wings of Love, and Arms of Faith,  
would bear me Conqu'ror thro'.

## H Y M N CCCLV.

**D**ISCREETLY faithful to the hallow'd  
bonds

Of pure religion—let us, like herself,  
Be mild, compassionate, indulgent, wise;  
Nor sink another in the dangerous flood  
That we may gain the land. Forgiveness shines  
The child of reason, rancour is the base  
Mishapen progeny of ignorance.

In this our transient day of pain and grief,  
sprung from the same great Sire, so let us live  
As owning the fraternal tie divine,

D 3

And

And lighten mutually each others load.  
 We tread the path of life all bent beneath  
 Affliction's galling weight. A thousand foes  
 Threaten, with aspect stern, our frail existence,  
 Which, always murmuring, we wou'd fain  
 shake off,

Yet always cherish with assiduous care.  
 Our devious passions wander ; no support,  
 No guide is near ; now scorch'd with fierce desire,  
 And now in frozen lassitude congeal'd.  
 The charms of bland society, at least  
 For some short moments, may our pains beguile:  
 A remedy too impotent to heal  
 The unceasing sting of misery. Wherefore then  
 Pollute with venom the few cordial drops  
 Allotted us by Heaven ?

## H Y M N CCCLVI.

- 1 **H**OW shall the Young secure their Hearts,  
 and guard their Lives from Sin ?  
 Thy Word the choicest Rules imparts  
 to keep the Conscience clean.
- 2 When once it enters to the Mind,  
 it spreads such Light abroad,  
 The meanest Souls Instruction find,  
 and raise their Thoughts to God.
- 3 'Tis like the Sun, an heav'nly Light,  
 that guides us all the Day ;

And

And thro' the Dangers of the Night,  
a Lamp to lead our Way.

- 4 The starry Heav'ns thy Rule obey,  
the Earth maintains her Place;  
And there thy Servants Night and Day  
thy Skill and Pow'r exprefs.
- 5 But still thy Law and Gospel, Lord,  
have Lessons more divine :  
Nor Earth stands firmer than thy Word,  
nor Stars so nobly shine.
- 6 Thy Word is everlasting Truth;  
how pure is ev'ry Page !  
That holy Book shall guide our Youth,  
and well support our Age.

## H Y M N CCCLVII.

COME let us arise,  
And aim at the Prize,  
The Hope of our Calling on this Side the  
By Works let us shew [ Skies.  
That Jesus we know,  
While steadily on to Perfection we go.  
We rest on his Word,  
We shall here be restor'd  
To his Image; the Servant shall be as his  
Lord.

4 Then



Then let us not stop,  
 But continue in Hope,  
 Rejoicing, till all in his Image wake up.  
 His Purity share,  
 His Character bear,  
 And the Truth of his hallowing Promise  
 Thus, thus let us stay, [ declare.  
 And wait for the Day  
 When the Angels are sent to conduct us  
 When with Joy we remove [away:  
 To our Brethren above,  
 And fly up to Heav'n in a Chariot of Love.

## H Y M N CCCLVIII.

- 1 **P**RAISE the Lord enthron'd on high,  
 Praise him in his Sanctity,  
 Praise him in his mighty Deeds,  
 Praise him who in Pow'r exceeds.
- 2 Praise with 'Trumpets pierce the Skies,  
 Praise with Harps and Psalteries,  
 Praise with Timbrels, Organs, Flutes,  
 Praise with Violins and Lutes.
- 3 Jesus is gone up on high,  
 Takes his Seat above the Sky;  
 Shout the Angel Choirs aloud,  
 Echoing to the Trump of God!

- 4 Sons of Earth the Triumph join,  
Praise him with the Hosts divine;  
Emmulate the heav'nly Pow'rs,  
Their victorious Lord is ours.

H Y M N CCCLIX.

- 1 **T**O thee, O Lord our God and King,  
whose Mercies ne'er decay,  
We thus in artless Numbers sing,  
and thus our Praise we pay.
- 2 What e'er is human ebbs and flows,  
as wasting Time prevails;  
But Grace divine no Changes knows:  
Charity never fails.
- 3 From thence flow plenteous Streams and  
clear,  
and may they never cease;  
'Tis you who plant and water here;  
'tis God that gives th' Increase.
- 4 May he your pious Alms regard,  
your Warmth of Zeal approve;  
With ample Blessings still reward  
the Labour of your Love.
- 5 Rescu'd from Ignorance and Shame,  
we'll all our future Days  
Our great Creator's Love proclaim,  
and live but to his Praise.

HYMN

## H Y M N CCCLX.

- 1 COME and let us sweetly join,  
Christ to praise in Hymns divine!  
Give we all with one Accord,  
Glory to our common Lord!  
Strive we, in Affection strive,  
Let the purer Flame revive,  
Such as in the Martyrs glow'd,  
Dying Champions for their God.
- 2 Sing we then in Jesu's Name,  
Now as Yesterday the same;  
One in ev'ry Age and Place  
Full for all of Truth and Grace:  
Christ is now gone up on high,  
Thither may our Wishes fly,  
Sits at God's right Hand above,  
There with him we reign in Love.

## H Y M N CCCLXI.

- 1 CLAP your Hands, ye People all,  
Praise the God on whom ye call,  
Lift your Voice and shout his Praise,  
Triumph in his sov'reign Grace.
- 2 Glorious is the Lord most high,  
Terrible in Majesty;  
He his sov'reign Sway maintains,  
King o'er all the Earth he reigns.

- 3 On himself he takes our Care,  
Saves us not by Sword or Spear;  
Safely to his House we go,  
Fearless of th' invading Foe.
- 4 God keeps off the hostile Bands,  
God protects our happy Lands;  
Stands as Keeper of our Fields,  
Stands as twice ten thousand Shields.
- 5 Wonderful in saving Pow'r,  
Him let all our Hearts adore;  
Earth and Heav'n repeat the Cry,  
Glory be to God most High.

## H Y M N CCCLXII.

- 1 LET Earth and Heav'n agree,  
Angels and Men be join'd,  
To celebrate with me  
The Saviour of Mankind;  
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,  
And bless the Sound of Jesu's Name.
- 2 Jesus, transporting Sound!  
The Joy of Earth and Heav'n;  
No other Name is found;  
No other Name is giv'n,  
By which we can Salvation have;  
But Jesus came the World to save.
- 3 Jesus, harmonious Name!  
It charms the Hosts above!

E e e

They

They evermore proclaim,  
 And wonder at his Love;  
 'Tis all their Happiness to gaze,  
 'Tis Heav'n to see our Jesu's Face.

4 His Name the Sinner hears,  
 And is from Sin set free;  
 'Tis Music in his Ears,  
 'Tis Life and Victory:  
 New Songs do now his Lips employ,  
 And dances his glad Heart for Joy.

5 Stung by the Scorpion Sin,  
 My poor expiring Soul,  
 The balmy Sound drinks in,  
 And is at once made whole:  
 See there my Lord upon the Tree!  
 I hear, I feel, he di'd for me.

6 O unexampl'd Love!  
 O all redeeming Grace!  
 How swiftly didst thou move  
 To save a fallen Race!  
 What shall I do to make it known  
 What thou for all Mankind hast done!

7 O for a Trumpet-Voice  
 On all the World to call,  
 To bid their Hearts rejoice  
 In him who di'd for all!  
 For all my Lord was crucify'd,  
 For all, for all my Saviour dy'd!

8 To serve thy blessed Will,  
 Thy dying Love to praise,

Thy



Thy Counsel to fulfil,  
 And minister thy Grace,  
 Freely what I receive to give,  
 The Life of Heav'n on Earth to live.

## H Y M N CCCLXIII.

**H**AIL, source of being ! universal soul  
 Of heaven and earth ! essential presence, hail !  
 To thee I bend the knee ; to thee my thoughts,  
 Continual, climb ; who, with a master-hand,  
 Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.  
 By thee the various vegetative tribes,  
 Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,  
 Draw the live æther, and imbibe the dew :  
 By thee dispos'd into congenial soils,  
 Stands each attractive plant, and sucks and swells  
 The juicy tide ; a twining mass of tubes.  
 At thy command the vernal sun awakes  
 The torpid sap, detruded to the root  
 By wint'ry winds ; that now in fluent dance,  
 And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads  
 All this innumerable coloured scene of things.

## H Y M N CCCLXIV.

**S**OLDIER of Christ, adieu !  
 Thy Conflicts here are past ;  
 Thy Lord hath brought thee through,  
 And giv'n the Crown at last.

Rejoice to wear the glorious Prize,  
Rejoice with God in Paradise.

2 There all thy Suff' rings cease,  
There all thy Griefs are o'er;  
The Pris'ner is at Peace,  
The Mourner weeps no more;  
From Man's oppressive Tyranny  
Thou liv'st, thou liv'st forever free.

3 Thou out of great Distress  
To thy Rewardart past:  
Triumphant Happiness,  
And Joys that always last:  
Thanks be to God who set thee free,  
And gave thee final Victory.

## H Y M N CCCLXV.

1 **G**IVE Glory to Jesus our Head  
With all that incompass his Throne!  
A Widow, a Widow indeed,  
A Mother in Israel is gone!  
The Winter of Trouble is past,  
The Storms of Affliction are o'er;  
Her Struggle is ended at last,  
And Sorrow and Death are no more.

2 The Soul hath o'er taken her Mate,  
And caught him again in the Sky;  
Advanc'd to her happy Estate,  
And Pleasure that never shall die:

Where

Where glorifi'd Spirits by Sight  
 Converse in their holy Abode,  
 As Stars in the Firmament bright,  
 And pure as the Angels of God.

- 3 Inflam'd with seraphical Love,  
 Combin'd in a Manner unknown,  
 Not given in Marriage above,  
 Or given to Jesus alone:  
 The just, who admitted by Grace,  
 That first Resurrection attain,  
 With Raptures each other embrace,  
 And one with the Deity reign.
- 4 O Heaven! What a Triumph is there,  
 While all in his Praises agree,  
 His beautiful Character bear,  
 And shine with the Glory they see!  
 The Glory of God and the Lamb  
 (While all in the Extasy join)  
 Darts into their spiritual Frame,  
 And gives the Enjoyment divine.
- 5 In loud Hallelujahs they sing,  
 And Harmony echoes his Praise;  
 When lo! the celestial King,  
 Pours out the full Light of his Face.  
 The Joy neither Angel nor Saint,  
 Can bear so ineffably great,  
 But lo! the whole Company faint,  
 And Heaven is found—at his Feet!

HYMN

## H Y M N CCCLXVI.

**H**OW shall I then attempt to sing of him!  
 Who, light himself, in uncreated light  
 Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd  
 From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken;  
 Whose single smile has, from the first of time,  
 Fill'd, overflowing, all those lamps of heaven,  
 That beam forever thro' the boundless sky:  
 But should he hide his face, th' astonish'd sun,  
 And all the extinguish'd stars, would loosening  
     reel  
 Wide from their spheres, and chaos come again!

## H Y M N CCCLXVII.

- 1 **H**AIL, Jesus; hail, our great High-Priest,  
     Enter'd into thy glorious Rest,  
     That holy blissful Place above!  
     The Conquest thou hast more than gain'd,  
     The heavenly Happiness obtain'd,  
     For all that trust thy dying Love.
- 2 The Blood of Goats and Bullocks slain  
     Could never purge our guilty Stain,  
     Could never for our Sins atone:  
     But thou thine own most precious Blood  
     Hast spilt, to quench the Wrath of God,  
     Hast sav'd us by thy Blood alone.
- 3 Shed on the Altar of thy Cross,  
     Thy Blood to God presented was,

Thro'

Thro' the eternal Spirit's Pow'r:  
 Thou didst a spotless Victim bleed,  
 That we from Sin and Suff'ring freed  
 Might live to God and sin no more.

4 Thankful we now the Earnest take,  
 The Pledge, thou wilt at last come back  
 And openly thy Servants own;  
 To us, who long to see thee here,  
 Thou shalt a second Time appear,  
 And bear us to thy glorious Throne.

## H Y M N CCCLXVIII.

**Y**E virgin Souls arise,  
 With all the Dead awake!  
 Unto Salvation wise,  
 Oil in your Vessels take:  
 Upstarting at the midnight Cry,  
 Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh.

He comes, he comes to call  
 The Nations to his Bar  
 And raise to Glory all  
 Who fit for Glory are;  
 Made ready for your full Reward,  
 Go forth with Joy to meet your Lord.

Go meet him in the Sky,  
 Your everlasting Friend;  
 Your Head to glorify,  
 With all his Saints ascend:

Ye



Ye pure in Heart obtain the Grace,  
To see without a Veil his Face.

- 4 Ye that have here receiv'd,  
The Unction from above,  
And in his Spirit liv'd,  
Obedient to his Love;  
Jesus shall claim you for his Bride;  
Rejoice with all the Sanctifi'd !
- 5 The everlasting Doors  
Shall soon the Saints receive,  
Above yon Angel-Powers  
In glorious Joy to live;  
Far from a World of Grief and Sin,  
With God eternally shut in.
- 6 Then let us wait to hear  
The Trumpet's welcome Sound;  
To see our Lord appear,  
Watching let us be found;  
When Jesus doth the Heav'ns bow—  
Be found—as Lord, thou find'st us now !

## H Y M N CCCLXIX.

OTHOU ! by whose almighty Nod the Scale  
Of Empire rises, or alternate falls,  
Send forth the saving Virtues round the Land  
In bright Patrol : white Peace, and social Love  
The tender looking Charity, intent  
On gentle Deeds, and shedding Tears thro'  
Smiles ;

Undaunted

Undaunted Truth, and Dignity of Mind;  
 Courage compos'd, and keen; sound Tem-  
 perance,  
 Healthful in Heart and Look; clear Chastity,  
 With Blushes reddening as she moves along,  
 Disorder'd at the deep Regard she draws;  
 Rough Industry; Activity untir'd,  
 With copious Life inform'd, and all awake:  
 While in the radiant Front, superior shines  
 The first paternal Virtue, Public Zeal;  
 Who throws o'er all an equal wide Survey,  
 And, ever musing on the common Weal,  
 Still labours glorious with some great Design.

## H Y M N CCCLXX.

- 1 I will extol thee, Lord, on high,  
 At thy Command Diseases fly,  
 Who but a God can speak and save  
 From the dark Borders of the Grave?
- 2 Sing to the Lord, ye Saints of his,  
 And tell how large his Goodness is;  
 Let all your Pow'rs rejoice and bless,  
 While you record his Holiness.
- 3 His Anger but a Moment stays;  
 His Love is Life and Length of Days;  
 Tho' Grief and Tears the Night employ,  
 The Morning-Star restores the Joy.

## H Y M N CCCLXXI.

- 1 **I** LONG to behold him array'd,  
 With Glory and Light from above,  
 The King in his Beauty display'd,  
 His Beauty of holiest Love:  
 I languish and sigh to be there,  
 Where Jesus hath fixt his Abode:  
 Oh when shall we meet in the Air,  
 And fly to the Mountain of God!
- 2 With him I on Sion shall stand,  
 (For Jesus hath spoken the Word)  
 The Breadth of Immanuel's Land  
 Survey by the Light of my Lord:  
 But when on thy Bosom reclin'd  
 Thy Face I am strengthen'd to see,  
 My Fulness of Rapture I find,  
 My Heaven of Heavens in thee.
- 3 How happy the People that dwell  
 Secure in the City above!  
 No Pain the Inhabitants feel,  
 No Sickness or Sorrow shall prove:  
 Physician of Souls, unto me  
 Forgiveness and Holiness give;  
 And then from the Body set free,  
 And then to the City receive.

## H Y M N CCCLXXII.

**W**E soon shall see the cause,  
 Why unassuming worth in secret lives,  
 And

And dies, neglected : why the good man's share  
 In life is gall and bitterness of soul :  
 Why the lone widow and her orphans pine  
 In starving solitude ; while luxury  
 In Palaces, lies straining her low thought,  
 To form unreal wants : why heav'n-born truth,  
 And moderation fair, wears the red marks  
 Of superstition's scourge : why licens'd pain,  
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,  
 Imbitters all our bliss. Ye good distressed !  
 Ye noble few ! who here unbending stand  
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while,  
 And what your bounded view, which only saw  
 A little part, deem'd evil, is no more :  
 The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,  
 And one unbounded spring encircle all.

## H Y M N CCCLXXIII.

**F**IRM was my Health, my Day was bright,  
 And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be Night :  
 Fondly I said within my Heart,  
 Pleasure and Peace shall ne'er depart.  
 But I forgot thine Arm was strong,  
 Which made my Mountain stand so long ;  
 Soon as thy Face began to hide,  
 My Health was gone, my Comforts dy'd.

## H Y M N CCCLXXIV.

- 1 **L**EADER of faithful Souls and Guide  
Of all that travel to the Sky,  
Come and with us, ev'n us abide,  
Who would on thee alone rely:  
On thee alone our Spirit stay,  
While held in Life's uneven Way.
- 2 Strangers and Pilgrims here below,  
This Earth we know is not our Place,  
And hasten through the Vale of Woe,  
And restless to behold thy Face:  
Swift to our heav'nly Country move,  
Our everlasting Home above.
- 3 We have no abiding City here,  
But seek a City out of Sight,  
Thither our steady Course we steer,  
Aspiring to the Plains of Light;  
Jerusalem the Saint's Abode,  
Whose Founder is the living God.
- 4 Patient th' appointed Race to run,  
This weary World we cast behind,  
From Strength to Strength we travel on,  
The New Jerusalem to find;  
Our Labour this, our only Aim,  
To find the New Jerusalem.
- 5 Through thee who all our Sins hast borne,  
Freely and graciously forgiv'n,  
With Songs to Zion we return,  
Contending for our native Heav'n;

That



That Palace of our glorious King,  
We find it nearer while we sing.

- 6 Rais'd by the Breath of Love divine,  
We urge our Way with Strength renew'd,  
The Church of the First-born to join,  
We travel to the Mount of God;  
With Joy upon our Heads arise,  
And meet our Captain in the Skies.

## H Y M N CCCLXXV.

LET no presuming impious railer tax  
Creative wisdom, as if aught was form'd  
In vain, or not for admirable ends.  
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce  
His works unwise, of which the smallest part  
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?  
As if upon a full proportion'd dome  
On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art!  
A critic fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads  
An inch around, with blind presumption bold,  
Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.  
And lives the man, whose universal eye  
Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of  
things;  
Mark'd their dependance so, and firm accord,  
As with unfaltering accent to conclude  
That this availeth nought? has any seen  
The mighty chain of beings, lessening down  
From infinite perfection to the brink  
Of dreary nothing, desolate abyss!

From

From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns?  
 Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,  
 And hymns of holy wonder, to that power,  
 Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds,  
 As on our smiling eyes yon glorious sun.

## H Y M N CCCLXXVI.

- 1 **O** for a Shout of sacred Joy  
 to God the sov'reign King!  
 Let ev'ry Land their Tongues employ,  
 and Hymns of Triumph sing.
- 2 Jesus our God ascends on high;  
 his heav'nly Guards around  
 Attend him rising thro' the Sky,  
 with Trumpet's joyful Sound.
- 3 While Angels shout and praise their King,  
 let Mortals learn their Strains;  
 Let all the Earth his Honours sing;  
 o'er all the Earth he reigns.
- 4 Rehearse his Praise with Awe profound,  
 let Knowledge lead the Song:  
 Nor mock him with a solemn Sound  
 upon a thoughtless Tongue.

## H Y M N CCCLXXVII.

- 1 **A**WAY with our Sorrow and Fear,  
 We soon shall recover our Home;

The

The City of Saints shall appear,  
 The Day of Eternity come :  
 From Earth we shall quickly remove,  
 And mount to our native Abode,  
 The House of our Father above,  
 The Palace of Angels and God.

2 Our Mourning is all at an end,  
 When rais'd by the life-giving Word,  
 We see the new City descend,  
 Adorn'd as a Bride for her Lord ;  
 The City so holy and clean,  
 No Sorrow can breath in the Air ;  
 No Gloom of Affliction or Sin,  
 No Shadow of Evil is there !

3 By Faith we already behold  
 That lovely Jerusalem here,  
 Her Walls are of Jasper or Gold,  
 As Crystal her Buildings are clear ;  
 Immoveably founded in Grace,  
 She stands as she ever hath stood,  
 And brightly her Builder displays,  
 And flames with the Glory of God.

4 No Need of the Sun in that Day,  
 Which never is follow'd by Night,  
 Where Jesus's Beauties display  
 A pure and a permanent Light :  
 The Lamb is their Light and their Sun,  
 And lo ! by Reflection they shine,  
 With Jesus ineffably one,  
 And bright in Effulgence divine !

5 The

- 5 The Saints in his Presence receive  
 Their great and eternal Reward,  
 In Jesus, in Heaven they live,  
 They reign in the Smile of their Lord:  
 The Flame of angelical Love  
 Is kindl'd at Jesus's Face;  
 And all the Enjoyment above  
 Consists in the rapturous Gaze.

## H Y M N CCCLXXVIII.

**A**FFLICTION is the wholesome soil of  
 virtue;  
 Where patience, honour, sweet humanity,  
 Calm fortitude take root, and strongly flourish.  
 But prosperous fortune, that allures with pleasure,  
 Dazzles with pomp, and undermines with  
 flattery,  
 Poisons the soil, and its best product kills.

## H Y M N CCCLXXIX.

- 1 **S**HEW Pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive,  
 Let a repenting Rebel live;  
 Are not thy Mercies large and free?  
 May not a Sinner trust in thee?
- 2 My Crimes are great, but not surpass  
 The Pow'r and Glory of thy Grace:  
 Great God, thy Nature hath no Bound,  
 So let thy pard'ning Love be found.

- 3 O wash my Soul from ev'ry Sin,  
And make my guilty Conscience clean;  
Here on my Heart the Burden lies,  
And past Offences pain mine Eyes.
- 4 My Lips with Shame my Sins confess  
Against thy Law, against thy Grace;  
Lord, should thy Judgments grow severe,  
I am condemn'd but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden Vengeance seize my Breath,  
I must pronounce thee just in Death:  
And if my Soul were sent to Hell,  
Thy righteous Law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling Sinner, Lord,  
Whose Hope, still hov'ring round thy Word,  
Would light on some sweet Promise there,  
Some sure Support against Despair.

## H Y M N CCCLXXX.

- 1 **W**HAT are these array'd in White,  
Brighter than the noon-day Sun?  
Foremost of the Sons of Light,  
Nearest the eternal Throne?  
These are they that bore the Cross,  
Nobly for their Master stood:  
Suff'ers in his righteous Cause;  
Followers of the dying God.
- 2 Out of great Distress they came,  
Wash'd their Robes, by Faith below,

G g g

In



In the Blood of yonder Lamb  
 Blood that walhes white as Snow;  
 Therefore are they next the Throne,  
 Serve their Maker Day and Night,  
 God resides among his own,  
 God doth in his Saints delight.

3 More than Conquerors at last,  
 Here they find their Trials o'er :  
 They have all their Sufferings past,  
 Hunger now and thirst no more;  
 No excessive Heat they feel  
 From the Sun's director Ray,  
 In a milder Clime they dwell,  
 Region of eternal Day.

4 He that on the Throne doth reign,  
 These the Lamb shall always feed,  
 With the Tree of Life sustain,  
 To the living Fountains lead;  
 He shall all their Sorrows chase,  
 All their Wants at once remove;  
 Wipe the Tears from every Face,  
 Fill up ev'ry Soul with Love.

## H Y M N CCCLXXXI.

**T**HE human Race are Sons of Sorrow born;  
 And each must have his Portion. Vulgar  
 Minds

Refuse, or crouch beneath their Load; the brave  
 Bear theirs without Repining.

HYMN

## H Y M N CCCLXXXII.

- 1 **I** NFINITE God, to thee we raise  
Our Hearts in solemn Songs of Praise,  
By all thy Works on Earth ador'd,  
We worship thee, the common Lord,  
The everlasting Father own,  
And bow our Souls before thy Throne.
- 2 Thee all the Choir of Angels sings,  
The Lord of Hosts, the King of Kings;  
Cherubs proclaim thy Praise aloud,  
And Seraphs shout the triune God,  
They, Holy, Holy, Holy, cry,  
Thy Glory fills both Earth and Sky.
- 3 God of the Patriarchal Race,  
The antient Seers record thy Praise;  
The goodly Apostolic Band  
In highest Joy, and Glory stand;  
And all the Saints and Prophets join  
T'extol the Majesty divine.
- 4 Head of the Martyr's noble Host,  
Of thee they make their glorious Boast,  
The Church to Earth's remotest Bounds  
Her heav'nly Founder's Praise resounds,  
And strive with those around thy Throne  
To hymn the mystic Three in One.
- 5 Father, of endless Majesty,  
All Might and Love they render thee,  
Thy true and only Son adore,

The same in Dignity and Pow'r,  
And God the Holy Ghost declare,  
The Saint's eternal Comforter.

- 6 Messiah, Joy of ev'ry Heart,  
Thou, thou the King of Glory art,  
The Father's everlasting Son,  
Thee, thee we most delight to own,  
For all our Hopes on thee depend,  
Whose glorious Mercies never end.
- 7 Hallow and make thy Servants meet,  
And with thy Saints in Glory seat,  
Sustain and bless us by thy Sway,  
And keep to that tremendous Day,  
When all thy Church shall chant above  
The new, eternal Song of Love.

H Y M N CCCLXXXIII.

- 1 O Love divine, how sweet thou art !  
When shall I find my willing Heart  
All taken up by thee?  
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove  
The Greatness of redeeming Love,  
The Love of Christ to me!
- 2 Stronger is Love than Death or Hell;  
Its Riches are unsearchable :  
The first born Sons of Light  
Desire in vain its Depths to see:  
They cannot reach the Mystery,  
The Length, and Breadth, and Height.

- 3 God only knows the Love of God:  
Oh! that it now was shed abroad  
In this poor stony Heart!  
For Love I sigh, for Love I pine:  
This only Portion, Lord, be mine!  
Be mine this better Part!
- 4 Oh! that I could for ever sit  
With Mary at the Master's Feet,  
Be this my happy Choice!  
My only Care, Delight, and Bliss,  
My Joy, my Heaven on Earth be this,  
To hear the Bridegroom's Voice!
- 5 Oh! that I could with favour'd John  
Recline my weary Head upon  
The dear Redeemer's Breast!  
From Care, and Sin, and Sorrow free,  
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee,  
My everlasting Rest.

H Y M N CCCLXXXIV.

SINCE God himself has Men so various made,  
So various turn'd, that in Opinions, they  
Must blindly think, or take a different Way,  
In spite of Force, since Judgment will be free;  
Then let us in this righteous Mean agree;  
Let holy Rage, let Persecution cease;  
Let the Head argue, but the Heart be Peace;  
Let all Mankind in Love of what is right,  
In Virtue and Humanity unite.

HYMN

## H Y M N CCCLXXXV.

- 1 **E**RE the blue Heav'nswere stretch'd abroad,  
From Everlasting was the Word;  
With God he was; the Word was God,  
And must divinely be ador'd.
- 2 By his own Pow'r all Things were made;  
By him supported all Things stand;  
He is the whole Creation's Head,  
And Angels fly at his Command.
- 3 But lo, he leaves those heav'nly Forms,  
The Word descends and dwells in Clay,  
That he may hold Converse with Worms,  
Dress'd in such feeble Flesh as they.
- 4 Mortals with Joy behold his Face,  
Th' eternal Father's only Son:  
How full of Truth! how full of Grace!  
When through his Eyes the Godhead shone!
- 5 Arch-Angels leave their high Abode,  
To learn new Myst'ries here, and tell  
The Love of our descending God,  
The Glories of Emmanuel.

## H Y M N CCCLXXXVI.

- 1 **T**HOU hidden Source of calm Repose,  
Thou all-sufficient Love divine;  
My Help and Refuge from my Foes,  
Secure I am, if thou art mine:  
And lo! from Sin, and Grief, and Shame  
I hide me, Jesus, in thy Name.



- 2 Thy mighty Name Salvation is,  
 And keeps my happy Soul above;  
 Comfort it brings, and Pow'r, and Peace,  
 And Joy, and everlasting Love:  
 To me with thy dear Name are giv'n,  
 Pardon, and Holiness, and Heav'n.
- 3 Jesu, my all in all thou art,  
 My Rest in Toil, my Ease in Pain;  
 The Medicine of my broken Heart,  
 In War my Peace, in Loss my Gain;  
 My Smile beneath the Tyrant's Frown,  
 In Shame my Glory and my Crown.
- 4 In Want my plentiful Supply,  
 In Weakness my almighty Pow'r:  
 In Bonds my perfect Liberty,  
 My Light in Satan's darkest Hour;  
 In Grief my Joy unspeakable,  
 My Life in Death, my Heav'n in Hell.

## H Y M N CCCLXXXVII.

OF my dear Flock one more is gone  
 T' appear before th' eternal Throne,  
 And pass the grand decisive Test:  
 Ashes to Ashes, Dust to Dust,  
 Surviving Friends with Tears intrust  
 There till the gen'ral Doom to rest.

The Soul dismiss'd from cumb'rous Clay,  
 Expatiates in eternal Day,  
 And with the great Jehovah dwells:

The

The Dawn of Immortality  
 With Scenes unknown fills all the Eye,  
 And Wonders vast and new reveals.

- 3 Thus, while I'm dreaming Life away,  
 Or Books and Studies charm the Day,  
 My Flock is dying one by one ;  
 Convey'd beyond my warning Voice,  
 To endless Pains, or endless Joys,  
 Forever happy or undone.
- 4 I too ere long must yield my Breath :  
 My Mouth, forever clos'd in Death,  
 Shall sound the Gospel-Trump no more :  
 Then, while my Charge is in my Reach,  
 With Fervour let me pray and preach,  
 And eager catch the flying Hour !
- 5 Almighty Grace, my Soul inspire,  
 And touch my Lips with heav'nly Fire !  
 Let Faith, and Love, and Zeal arise !  
 O teach me that divinest Art,  
 To reach the Conscience, gain the Heart,  
 And train Immortals for the Skies !

## H Y M N CCCLXXXVIII.

- 1 **T**HE glorious Armies of the Sky,  
 to thee, O mighty King !  
 Triumphant Anthems consecrate,  
 and Hallelujahs sing :  
 But still their most exalted Flights  
 fall vastly short of thee ;

How

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How distant then must human Praise  
from thy Perfections be!

2 Yet how, my God, shall I refrain,  
when to my ravish'd Sense  
Each Creature in its various Ways  
displays thy Excellence!  
The active Lights that shine above,  
in their eternal Dance,  
Reveal their skilful Maker's Praise  
with silent Eloquence.

3 The Blushes of the Morn confess  
that thou art much more fair,  
When in the East its Beams revive  
to gild the Fields of Air.  
The fragrant, the refreshing Breath  
of ev'ry flow'ry Bloom,  
In balmy Whispers owns from thee  
their pleasing Odours come.

The singing Birds, the warbling Winds,  
and Water's murm'ring Fall,  
To praise the first almighty Cause  
with diff'rent Voices call.

Thy num'rous Works exalt thee thus,  
and shall I silent be?

No, rather let me cease to breathe  
than cease from praising thee!

H Y M N CCCLXXXIX.

O God, thou bottomless Abyss!  
Thee to Perfection who can know?

H h h

Oh

Oh Height immense! what Words suffice  
Thy countless Attributes to show?  
Unfathomable Depths thou art!

Oh plunge me in thy Mercy's Sea,  
Void of true Wisdom is my Heart,  
With Love embrace and cover me!  
While thee all-infinite I set  
By Faith before my ravish'd Eye,  
My Weakness bends beneath the Weight  
O'er-pow'r'd I sink, I faint, I die.

- 2 Eternity thy Fountain was,  
Which like thee, no Beginning knew;  
Thou wast e'er Time began his Race,  
E'er glow'd with Stars th' ethereal Blue  
Greatness unspeakable is thine,  
Greatness whose undiminish'd Ray,  
When short-liv'd Worlds are lost, shall shine  
When Earth and Heav'n are fled away  
Unchangeable, all perfect Lord,  
Essential, Life's unbounded Sea,  
What lives and moves, lives by thy Word  
It lives, and moves, and is, from thee

- 3 Thy Parent-Hand, thy forming Skill,  
Firm fix'd this universal Chain;  
Else empty, barren; Darkness still  
Had held his unmolested Reign:  
Whate'er in Earth, or Sea, or Sky,  
Or shuns or meets the wand'ring Thought  
Escapes or strikes the searching Eye,  
By thee was to Perfection brought;

High is thy Pow'r above all Height :  
 Whate'er thy Will decrees, is done:  
 Thy Wisdom, equal to thy Might,  
 Only to thee, Oh! God, is known.

4 Heav'n's Glory is thy awful Throne,  
 Yet Earth partakes thy gracious Sway:  
 Vain Man! thy Wisdom, Folly own,  
 Lost is thy Reason's feeble Ray :  
 What our dim Eye could never see,  
 Is plain and naked to thy Sight,  
 What thickest darkness veils, to thee  
 Shines clearly as the morning Light:  
 In Light thou dwell'st; Light that no Shade,  
 No Variation ever knew:  
 And Heav'n and Hell, stand all display'd,  
 And open to thy piercing View.

Thou, true and only God, lead'st forth  
 Th' immortal Armies of the Sky,  
 Thou laugh'st to scorn the Gods of Earth,  
 Thou thunder'st, and amaz'd they fly!  
 With down-cast Eye th' angelic Choir  
 Appear before thy awful Face;  
 Trembling they strike the golden Lyre,  
 And through Heav'n's Vault resound thy  
 Praise;

In Earth, in Heav'n, in all thou art,  
 The conscious Creature feels thy Nod,  
 Whose forming Hand on ev'ry Part  
 Impress'd the Image of its God.



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Thy countless Attributes to show?  
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 Appear before thy awful Face;  
 Trembling they strike the golden Lyre,  
 And through Heav'n's Vault resound thy  
 Praise;

In Earth, in Heav'n, in all thou art,  
 The conscious Creature feels thy Nod,  
 Whose forming Hand on ev'ry Part  
 Impress'd the Image of its God.

- 6 Thine, Lord, is Wisdom, thine alone;  
 Justice and Truth before thee stand;  
 Yet nearer to thy sacred Throne  
 Mercy with-holds thy lifted Hand.  
 Each Evening shews thy tender Love,  
 Each rising Morn thy plent'ous Grace,  
 Thy waken'd Wrath doth slowly move,  
 Thy willing Mercy flies apace!  
 To thy benign, indulgent Care,  
 Father, this Light, this Breath we owe,  
 And all we have, and all we are,  
 From thee, great Source of Being, flow.
- 7 Parent of Good, thy bount'ous Hand  
 Incessant Blessings down distils,  
 And all in Air, or Sea, or Land,  
 With plent'ous Food and Gladness fills,  
 All Things in thee live, move and are,  
 Thy Pow'r infus'd doth all sustain;  
 Ev'n those thy daily Favours share,  
 Who thankless spurn thy easy Reign,  
 Thy Sun thou bid'st his genial Ray  
 Alike on all impartial pour;  
 To all who hate or bless thy Sway,  
 Thou bid'st descend the fruitful Show'r.
- 8 Yet while at length who scorn'd thy Might  
 Shall feel thee a consuming Fire,  
 How sweet the Joys, the Crown how bright  
 Of those who to thy Love aspire!  
 All Creatures praise th' eternal Name  
 Ye Hosts, that to his Courts belong,  
 Cherubic Choirs, seraphic Flames,

Awake

Awake the everlasting Song.  
 Thrice holy, thine the Kingdom is,  
 The Pow'r omnipotent is thine;  
 And when created Nature dies,  
 Thy never-ceasing Glories shine.

## H Y M N CCCXC.

**R**EJOICE, ye Sons of Piety! and sing  
 Loud Hallelujahs to his glorious Name,  
 Who was, and will forever be the same:  
 Your grateful Incense to his Temples bring,  
 That from the smoaking Altars may arise  
 Clouds of Perfumes to the imperial Skies.  
 His Promises stand firm to you,  
 And endless Joy will be bestow'd,  
 As sure as that there is a God,  
 On all who Virtue chuse, and righteous Paths  
 pursue.

## H Y M N CCCXCI.

**A**ND is it in the Flight of threescore Years,  
 To push Eternity from human Thought,  
 And smother Souls immortal in the Dust?  
 A Soul immortal, spending all her Fires,  
 Wasting her Strength in strenuous Idleness,  
 Thrown into Tumult, raptur'd or alarm'd  
 At aught this Scene can threaten, or indulge,  
 Resembles Ocean into Tempest wrought,  
 To waft a Feather, or to drown a Fly.

HYMN



## H Y M N CCCXCII.

COME now, the Saviour cries, ye Sons of  
Grace,

Partakers ~~once~~ of all my Wrongs and Shame,  
Despis'd and hated for my Name;

Come to your Saviour's and your God's  
Embrace!

Ascend, and those bright Diadems possess,  
For you by my eternal Father made  
Ere the Foundation of the World was laid;  
And that surprizing Happiness,  
Immense as my own God-head, and will ne'er  
be less.

For when I languishing in Prison lay;  
Naked, and starv'd almost for Want of Bread,  
You did your kindly Visits pay,  
Both cloath'd my Body, and my Hunger fed.  
Weary'd with Sicknes, or oppress'd with Grief,  
Your Hand was always ready to supply;  
When e'er I wanted, you where always by  
To share my Sorrows, or to give Relief.  
In all Distress so tender was your Love,  
I could no anxious Trouble bear;  
No black Misfortune or vexatious Care,  
But you were still impatient to remove,  
And mourn'd your charitable Hand should un-  
successful prove:

All this you did, tho' not to me  
In Person, yet to mine in Misery;  
And shall for ever live

In



In all the Glories that a God can give,  
Or a created Being's able to receive.

## H Y M N CCCXCIII.

- 1 **B**EGIN the high celestial Strain,  
My ravish'd Soul, and sing  
A solemn Hymn of grateful Praise,  
To Heav'n's almighty King.  
Ye circling Mountains, as you roll  
your silver Waves along,  
Whisper to all your verdant Shores  
the Subject of my Song.
- 2 Retain it long, ye echoing Rocks,  
the sacred Sound retain,  
And from your hollow winding Caves  
return it oft again.  
Bear it, ye Winds, on all your Wings  
to distant Climes away,  
And round the wide extended World  
my lofty Theme convey.
- 3 Take the glad Burden of his Name,  
ye Clouds, as you arise,  
Whether to deck the golden Morn,  
or shade the ev'ning Skies.  
Let harmless Thunders roll along  
the smooth ætherial Plain,  
And answer from the crystal Vault  
to ev'ry flying Strain.

Long

- 4 Long let it warble round the Spheres,  
 and eccho thro the Sky,  
 Till Angels with immortal Skill  
 improve the Harmony.  
 While I, with sacred Rapture fir'd,  
 the blest Creator sing,  
 And warble consecrated Lays  
 to Heav'n's almighty King.

## H Y M N CCCXCIV.

- 1 **W**HEN quiet in my House I sit,  
 Thy Book be my Companion still;  
 My Joy thy Sayings to repeat,  
 Talk o'er the Records of thy Will;  
 And search the Oracles divine,  
 Till ev'ry heart-felt Word be mine.
- 2 Oh! may the gracious Words divine,  
 Subject of all my Converse be;  
 So will the Lord his Follow'r join,  
 And walk and talk himself with me:  
 So shall my Heart his Presence prove,  
 And burn with everlasting Love.
- 3 Oft as I lie me down to rest,  
 Oh! may the reconciling Word,  
 Sweetly compose my weary Breast;  
 While on the Bosom of my Lord,

I sink in blissful Dreams away,  
And Visions of eternal Day.

- 4 Rising to sing my Saviour's Praise,  
Thee may I publish all Day long,  
And let thy precious Word of Grace,  
Flow from my Heart, and fill my Tongue :  
Fill all my Life with purest Love,  
Ah join me to thy Church above.

## H Y M N CCCXCV.

SINCE we can die but once, and after Death  
Our State no Alteration knows,  
But when we have resign'd our Breath  
Th' immortal Spirit goes  
To endless Joys or everlasting Woes;  
Wise is the Man who labours to secure  
That mighty and important Stake,  
And by all Methods strives to make  
His Passage safe, and his Reception sure.

## H Y M N CCCXCVI.

- 1 CHRIST nought doth ask in lieu of all  
his Love,  
But Love of us, for Guerdon of his Pain :  
Aye me ! what can us less than that behove ?  
Had he required Life for us again,  
Had it been wrong to ask his own with Gain ?

- He gave us Life, he it restored lost ;  
 Then Life where least, that us so little cost.
- 2 But he our Life hath left unto us free,  
 Free that was thrall, and blessed that was  
 band,  
 Ne ought demands but that we loving be,  
 As he himself hath lov'd us afore-hand,  
 And bound thereto with an eternal Band,  
 Him first to love that was so dearly bought,  
 And next our Brethren, to his Image  
 wrought.
- 3 Him first to love great Right and Reason is,  
 Who first to us our Life and Being gave,  
 And after, when we fared had amiss,  
 Us wretches from the second Death did  
 save ;  
 And last, the Food of Life, which now we  
 have,  
 Even he himself, in his dear Sacrament,  
 To feed our hungry Souls, unto us lent.
- 4 Then next to love our Brethren, that were  
 made  
 Of that self Mould and that self Maker's Hand  
 That we, and to the same again shall fade,  
 Where they shall have like Heritage of Land,  
 However here on higher Steps we stand,  
 Which also were with self-same Price re-  
 deemed  
 That we, however of us light esteemed.



5 And were they not, yet fith that loving Lord  
 Commanded us to love them for his Sake,  
 Even for his Sake, and for his sacred Word,  
 Which in his last Bequest he to us spake,  
 We should them love, and with their Needs  
 partake,

Knowing that whatsoe'er to them we give,  
 We give to him by whom we all do live.

6 Such Mercy he by his most holy Reed  
 Unto us taught, and, to approve it true,  
 Ensampled it by his most righteous Deed,  
 Shewing us Mercy (miserable Crew !)  
 That we the like should to the Wretches shew,  
 And love our Brethren, thereby to approve  
 How much himself that loved us we love.

7 Then rouze thyself, O Earth ! out of thy Soil,  
 In which thou wallow'st like to filthie Swine,  
 And doost thy Mind in durty Pleasures moyl,  
 Unmindful of that dearest Lord of thine;  
 Lift up to him thy heavy-clouded Eyne,  
 That thou this sovereign Bounty maist be-  
 hold,  
 And read through Love his Mercies manifold.

## H Y M N CCCXCVII.

COME, Holy Ghost, all quick'ning Fire,  
 Come and my hallow'd Heart inspire,  
 Sprinkled with the atoning Blood:



Now to my Soul thyself reveal,  
 Thy mighty Workings let me feel,  
 And know that I am born of God;  
 Thy Witness with my Spirit bear,  
 That God, my God, inhabits there;  
 Thou with the Father and the Son,  
 Eternal Light's coeval Beam,  
 Be Christ in me and I in him,  
 'Till perfect we are made in one.

- 2 When wilt thou my whole Heart subdue?  
 Come, Lord, and form my Soul anew,  
 Emptied of Pride, and Wrath, and Hell:  
 Less than the least of all thy Store  
 Of Mercies, I myself abhor:  
 All, all my Vileness may I feel,  
 Humble, and teachable, and mild,  
 Oh! may I, as a little Child,  
 My lowly Master's Steps pursue!  
 Be Anger to my Soul unknown:  
 Hate, Envy, Jealousy, be gone!  
 In Love create thou all Things new.

- 3 Let Earth no more my Heart divide,  
 With Christ may I be crucified,  
 To thee with my whole Soul aspire;  
 Dead to the World and all its Toys,  
 Its idle Pomp and fading Joys,  
 Be thou alone my whole Desire.  
 Be thou my Joy, be thou my Dread;  
 In Battle cover thou my Head,  
 Or Earth, or Hell, I shall not fear:

So shall I turn my steady Face;  
 Want, Pain, defy, enjoy Disgrace,  
 Glory in Dissolution near.

4 My Will be swallowed up in thee :  
 Light in thy Light still may I see,  
 Beholding thee with open Face :  
 Call'd the full Pow'r of Faith to prove,  
 Let all my hallow'd Heart be Love,  
 And all my spotless Life be Praise.  
 Come, Holy Ghost, all-quick'ning Fire,  
 My consecrated Heart inspire,  
 Sprinkled with the atoning Blood ;  
 Still to my Soul thyself reveal ;  
 Thy mighty Working may I feel,  
 And know that I am one with God !

## H Y M N CCCXCVIII.

**I**F all must quit the Stage,  
 When or how soon we cannot know,  
 But late or early we are sure to go,  
 In the fresh Bloom of Youth or wither'd Age,  
 We cannot take too sedulous a Care  
 In this important grand Affair,  
 For as we die we must remain ;  
 Hereafter all our Hopes are vain,  
 To make our Peace with Heav'n, or to return  
 again.

HYMN

## H Y M N CCCXCIX.

- 1 **A**ND can I in Sorrow lie down  
 My weary and languishing Head,  
 Nor think on the Souls that are gone,  
 Nor envy the peaceable Dead !  
 The peaceable Dead are set free,  
 The good which I covet they have,  
 An End of their Sorrows they see,  
 And bury their Cares in the Grave.
- 2 Their Souls are impassive above,  
 And nothing of Mortals they know,  
 Unless on an Errand of Love  
 They visit a Mourner below,  
 With Pity angelical view  
 A Spirit imprison'd in Pain,  
 And long for his Happiness too,  
 And wait for his bursting the Chain.
- 3 Ye Souls of the Righteous, appear,  
 If any are waiting around,  
 To look on a Spectacle here,  
 In Iron and Misery bound ;  
 Survey the sad Children of Men,  
 The Purchase of Mercy divine,  
 And say, if ye ever have seen  
 A Soul so afflicted as mine.
- 4 When will the Affliction be o'er,  
 When will the fierce Agony cease !  
 With those that are gather'd before

I press to the Haven of Peace:  
 I would as a Shadow remove,  
 And suddenly vanish away,  
 Escape to the Spirits above,  
 Ascend to the Regions of Day.

## H Y M N CCCC.

WE have the Promise of eternal Truth,  
 Those who live well, and pious Paths pursue,  
 To Man and to their Maker true,  
 Let 'em expire in Age or Youth,  
 Can never miss  
 Their Way to everlasting Bliss;  
 But from a World of Misery and Care  
 To Mansions of eternal Ease repair,  
 Where Joy in full Perfection flows,  
 And in an endless Circle moves  
 Thro' the vast Round of beatific Love,  
 Which no Cessation knows.

## H Y M N CCCC.I.

HOW happy are they,  
 Who the Saviour obey,  
 and have laid up their Treasure above:  
 Tongue cannot express,  
 The sweet Comfort and Peace,  
 of a Soul in its earliest Love.  
 That Comfort was mine,  
 When the Favour divine,

When



I first found through the Blood of the Lamb:  
 When my Heart it believed,  
 What a Joy it received,  
 What a Heav'n in Jesus's Name!

3 Jesus, all the Day long,  
 Was my Joy and my Song;  
 O that all his Salvation may see!  
 He hath lov'd me, I cried,  
 He hath suffer'd and died,  
 To redeem such a Rebel as me.

4 I rode on the Sky,  
 Freely justify'd I,  
 Nor envied Elijah his Seat;  
 My Soul mounted higher  
 In a Chariot of Fire,  
 And the Moon it was under my Feet.

5 O the rapturous Height  
 Of that holy Delight,  
 Which I felt in the Life-giving Blood!  
 Of my Saviour possess'd  
 I was perfectly blest,  
 As if fill'd with the Fulness of God!

## H Y M N CCCCII.

I JESUS, my God and King,  
 Thy regal State I sing:  
 Thou and only thou art great,  
 High thine everlasting Throne;



Thou the sov'reign Potentate,  
Blest Immortal thou alone.

Essay your choicest Strains,  
The King Messiah reigns!  
Tune your Harps, celestial Choir,  
Joyful all, your Voices raise,  
Christ, than Earth-born Monarchs higher,  
Sons of Men and Angels praise.

Hail your dread Lord and ours,  
Dominions, Thrones and Pow'rs;  
Source of Pow'r he rules alone;  
Veil your Eyes and prostrate fall,  
Cast your Crowns before his Throne,  
Hail the Cause, the Lord of all.

Justice and Truth maintain  
Thine everlasting Reign:  
One with thine almighty Sire,  
Partner of an equal Throne,  
King of Hearts, let all conspire,  
Gratefully thy Sway to own.

Let Earth's remotest Bound  
With ecchoing Joys resound;  
Christ to praise let all conspire;  
Praise to Christ doth all belong;  
Shout, ye first-born Sons of Fire,  
Earth, repeat the glorious Song.

## H Y M N CCCCIII.

- 1 **H**APPY the House, like Abr'ham's, blest  
 with Heads, who rule for God;  
 Where strict Religion stands confest,  
 who chuse the narrow Road.
- 2 Instructions there divinely flow  
 to mind the great Concern;  
 There ev'ry Child and Servant too  
 the Paths of Wisdom learn.
- 3 There morning Pray'rs like Incense rise,  
 and sacred Odours shed;  
 While at their ev'ning Sacrifice,  
 the Wings of Peace o'erspread.
- 4 Those pious Youth their Children teach  
 this great Concern to mind,  
 And true Religion lives to reach  
 to Ages yet behind.
- 5 Such, Lord, may ev'ry House be made  
 in this degenerate Day;  
 And thy paternal Love display'd,  
 where e'er thy Children pray.

## H Y M N CCCCIV.

- 1 **L**ET Earth and Heav'n agree,  
 Angels and Men be join'd,  
 To celebrate with me  
 The Saviour of Mankind,

T'ad

T'adore the all-atoning Lamb,  
And bless the Sound of Jesu's Name.

2 Jesus, transporting Sound !  
The Joy of Earth and Heav'n !  
No other Help is found,  
No other Name is giv'n,  
By which we can Salvation have :  
But Jesu came the World to save.

Jesus, harmonious Name !  
It charms the Hosts above ;  
They evermore proclaim,  
And wonder at his Love !  
'Tis all their Happiness to gaze,  
'Tis Heav'n to see our Jesu's Face.

His Name the Sinner hears,  
And is from Sin set free ;  
'Tis Music in his Ears,  
'Tis Life and Victory ;  
New Songs do now his Lips employ,  
And dances his glad Heart for Joy.

## H Y M N CCCC.V.

COME view, my Soul, with sweet Surprise,  
what pious Friendship is ;  
Come see the Love, come taste the Joys,  
and sing the mutual Bliss.

Where Friends in Christ devoutly meet,  
to read, to praise, and pray ;

K k k 3

There

T'ad

- There chuse thyself some humble Seat,  
and join in all they say.
- 3 They tell what Sins and Sorrows mean,  
how Guilt deprest the Mind;  
How vain their Hearts and Lives have been;  
what Peace in Christ they find.
- 4 They number o'er the fiery Darts,  
the hellish Fiend has thrown;  
They sing the Joys that fill'd their Hearts,  
for Vict'ries Faith has won.
- 5 Come, ye that fear the Lord, they cry,  
and let our Joys be known:  
Jesus has rais'd our Pleasures high,  
and join'd our Hearts in one.
- 6 Lord, let me fill my panting Soul  
with Friendship so divine:  
Thus let my Hours divinely roll,  
till Heav'n itself be mine.

## H. Y M N CCCCVI.

- 1 LORD, in the solemn Shades of Night  
when I behold the Skies,  
In Contemplation of thy Works,  
my Thoughts to Heaven rise.  
If I survey the silver Moon  
array'd in Robes of Light,  
Who form'd her lucent Orb, I cry,  
must be supremely bright.

- 2 But when I view ten thousand Stars  
 shining with rival Rays,  
 My soaring Soul the Sky transcends,  
 and thinks she sees thy Blaze;  
 'Transported with extatic Love,  
 ingulph'd in Bliss I stand,  
 Gaze on thy dazling Beams, and taste  
 the Joys at thy Right-Hand.
- 3 Celestial Pleasures thro' my Veins  
 in Floods of Transport roll,  
 And thy amazing Goodness, Lord,  
 with Rapture melts my Soul.  
 O Lord our God, how wond'rous great  
 is thine exalted Name !  
 The Glories of thy heav'nly State  
 let all the Earth proclaim.

## H Y M N CCCCVII.

- 1 SINCE all the downward Tracts of Time  
 God's watchful Eye surveys;  
 O ! who so wise to chuse our Lot,  
 and regulate our Ways?
- 2 Since none can doubt his equal Love,  
 unmeasurably kind ;  
 To his unerring, gracious Will,  
 be ev'ry Wish resign'd.
- 3 Good when he gives, supremely good ;  
 nor less, when he denies ;

Ev'n



Ev'n Crosses, from his sov'reign Hand,  
are Blessings in Disguise.

## H Y M N CCCCVIII.

- 1 **A**ND let this feeble Body fail,  
and let it faint or die,  
My Soul shall quit the mournful Vale,  
and soar to Worlds on high:  
Shall join the disembodied Saints,  
and find its long sought Rest,  
That only Blifs for which it pants,  
in the Redeemer's Breast.
- 2 In Hope of that immortal Crown,  
I now the Cross sustain,  
And gladly wander up and down,  
and smile at Toil and Pain.  
I suffer on my threescore Years  
till my Deliv'rer come,  
And wipe away his Servant's Tears,  
and take his Exile home.
- 3 O what hath Jesus bought for me!  
before my ravish'd Eyes  
Rivers of Life divine I see,  
and Trees of Paradise!  
I see a World of Spirits bright  
who taste the Pleasures there!  
They all are rob'd in spotless White,  
an conqu'ring Palms they bear.

- 4 O what are all my Suff'rings here,  
 if, Lord, thou count me meet  
 With that enraptur'd Host t'appear  
 and worship at thy Feet.  
 Give Joy or Grief, give Ease or Pain,  
 take Life and Friends away;  
 But let me find them all again  
 in that eternal Day.

## H Y M N CCCCIX.

- 1 OH, wretched Souls, who strive in Vain,  
 Slaves to the World, and Slaves to Sin!  
 A nobler Toil may I sustain,  
 A nobler Satisfaction win.
- 2 May I resolve with all my Heart,  
 With all my Powers to serve the Lord;  
 Nor from his Precepts e'er depart,  
 Whose Service is a rich Reward.
- 3 O be his Service all my Joy,  
 Around let my Example shine,  
 Till others love the blest Employ,  
 And join in Labours so divine.
- 4 Be this the Purpose of my Soul,  
 My solemn, my determin'd Choice,  
 To yield to his supreme Controul,  
 And in his kind Commands rejoice.
- 5 O may I never faint nor tire,  
 Nor wand'ring leave his sacred Ways;

Great

Great God, accept my Soul's Desire,  
And give me Strength to live thy Praise.

## H Y M N CCCCX.

- 1 **C**OME, thou long expected Jesus,  
Born to set thy People free,  
From our Fears and Sins relieve us,  
Let us find our Rest in thee:  
Israel's Strength and Consolation;  
Hope of all the Earth thou art,  
Dear Desire of ev'ry Nation,  
Joy of ev'ry longing Heart.
- 2 Born thy People to deliver,  
Born a Child and yet a King,  
Born to reign in us forever,  
Now thy gracious Kingdom bring;  
By thine own eternal Spirit  
Rule in all our Hearts alone,  
By thine all sufficient Merit  
Raise us to thy glorious Throne.

## H Y M N CCCCXI.

- 1 **H**AIL, glorious Angels, Heirs of Light,  
ye high-born Sons of Fire!  
Whose Hearts burn chaste, whose Flames  
shine bright,  
all Joy, yet all Desire.  
Hail, holy Saints, who long in Hope,

and

and Expectation sat,  
'Till for its King Heav'n did set ope  
its everlasting Gate.

- 2 Hail, great Apostles of the Lamb,  
who brought that early Ray,  
Which from our Sun reflected came,  
and made that glorious Day.  
Hail, generous Martyrs, whose strong Hearts  
bravely rejoic'd to prove,  
How weak, pale Death, are all thy Darts  
compar'd to those of Love.
- 3 Hail, all ye happy Spirits above,  
who make that glorious Ring  
About the sparkling Throne of Love,  
and there forever sing.  
Great Lord, among their Crowns of Praise,  
accept this little Wreath,  
Which, while their lofty Notes they raise,  
we humbly sing beneath.

## H Y M N CCCCXII.

**A**WAKE, my Soul, nor slumb'ring lie,  
Amid the gloomy Haunts of Death;  
Perhaps the awful Hour is nigh,  
Commission'd for my parting Breath.

That awful Hour will soon appear,  
Swift on the Wings of Time it flies,  
When all that pains or pleases here,  
Will vanish from my closing Eyes.

L I I

3 Think

- 3 Think, O my Soul, how much depends  
On the short Period of a Day;  
Shall Time, which Heaven in Mercy lends,  
Be negligently thrown away?
- 4 Thy remnant Minutes strive to use,  
Awake! rouse ev'ry active Pow'r!  
And not in Dreams and Trifles lose  
This little Now! this precious Hour!
- 5 Insure thy nobler Life on high,  
Life, from a dying Saviour's Blood!  
Then tho' my Minutes swiftly fly,  
They bear me nearer to my God.

## H Y M N CCCCXIII.

- 1 LISTED into the Cause of Sin,  
Why should a Good be evil?  
Music alas! too long has been  
Prest to obey the Devil:  
Drunken, or lewd, or light the Lay,  
Flow'd to the Soul's Undoing,  
Widen'd and strew'd with Flow'rs the Way  
Down to eternal Ruin.
- 2 Who on the Part of God will rise,  
Innocent Sound recover,  
Fly on the Prey, and take the Prize,  
Plunder the carnal Lover,  
Strip him of ev'ry moving Strain,  
Every melting Measure,



Music in Virtue's Cause retain,  
Rescue the holy Pleasure?

3 Come let us try if Jesu's Love  
Will not as well inspire us :  
This is the Theme of those above,  
This upon Earth shall fire us.  
Say, if your Hearts are tun'd to sing,  
Is there a Subject greater?  
Harmony all its Strains may bring,  
Jesu's Name is sweeter.

Jesus the Soul of Music is;  
His is the noblest Passion :  
Jesus's Name is Joy and Peace,  
Happiness and Salvation :  
Jesus's Name the Dead can raise,  
Shew us our Sins forgiven,  
Fill us with all the Life of Grace,  
Carry us up to Heaven.

Then let us in his Praises join,  
Triumph in his Salvation,  
Glory ascribe to Love divine,  
Worship and Adoration :  
Heaven already is begun,  
Open'd in each Believer,  
Only believe, and still sing on,  
Heaven is ours for ever.

## H Y M N CCCCXIV.

- 1 **Y**ES, Lord, I'll act the loyal Part,  
and thy Commands obey;  
True Love shall bend my captive Heart,  
to thine imperial Sway.
- 2 Now shall it be my great Concern,  
to know and do thy Will;  
Thy Pleasure with Delight I'll learn,  
and be complying still.
- 3 Nor will I Duty more decline,  
nor any Danger dread;  
But, thro' the Pow'r of Love divine,  
bold in thy Paths proceed.
- 4 I'll face each Foe, their Force withstand,  
and tread the Tempter down;  
My Work and Warfare still attend,  
till I obtain the Crown.
- 5 This will sincere Affection shew,  
Love that will bear the Test;  
All else is mere Pretence I know,  
dissembled Love at best.

## H Y M N CCCCXV.

- 1 **F**ATHER of Mercies, in thy Word  
what endless Glory shines?  
Forever be thy Name ador'd  
for these celestial Lines.

2 Her

- 2 Here, Mines of heav'nly Wealth disclose  
their bright unbounded Store:  
The glitt'ring Gem no longer glows,  
and India boasts no more.
- 3 Here, may the wretched Sons of Want  
exhaustless Riches find:  
Riches, above what Earth can grant,  
and lasting as the Mind.
- 4 Here, the fair Tree of Knowledge grows,  
and yields a free Repast;  
Sublimier Sweets than Nature knows,  
invite the longing Taste.
- 5 O may these heav'nly Pages be  
my ever-dear Delight,  
And still new Beauties may I see,  
and still encreasing Light,
- 6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
be thou forever near,  
Teach me to love thy sacred Word,  
and view my Saviour there.

H Y M N CCCCXVI.

- 1 NOT diff'rent Food, nor diff'rent Dress  
Compose the Kingdom of our Lord;  
But Peace, and Joy, and Righteousness,  
Faith, and Obedience to his Word.
- 2 When weaker Christians we despise,  
We do the Gospel mighty wrong:

For

For God, the gracious and the wise,  
Receives the feeble with the strong.

- 3 Let Pride and Wrath be banish'd hence,  
Meekness and Love our Souls pursue:  
Nor shall our Practice give Offence  
To Saints, the Gentile, or the Jew.

## H Y M N CCCCXVII.

- 1 **F**ATHER, how wide thy Glory shines!  
how high thy Wonders rise!  
Known thro' the Earth by thousand Signs;  
by thousand thro' the Skies.
- 2 Part of thy Name divinely stands,  
on all thy Creatures writ;  
They shew the Labour of thy Hands,  
or Impress of thy Feet.
- 3 But when we view thy strange Design,  
to save rebellious Worms;  
Where Vengeance and Compassion join  
in their divinest Forms:
- 4 Here the whole Deity is known,  
nor dares a Creature guess,  
Which of the Glories brightest shone,  
the Justice or the Grace.
- 5 Now the full Glories of the Lamb,  
adorn the heav'nly Plains;  
Bright Seraphs learn Immanuel's Name,  
and try their choicest Strains.



- 6 O may I bear some humble Part  
in that immortal Song;  
Wonder and Joy shall tune my Heart,  
and Love command my Tongue.

## H Y M N CCCCXVIII.

- 1 **C**OMMIT thou all thy Griefs  
And Ways into his Hands;  
To his sure Truth and tender Care,  
Who Earth and Heav'n commands.
- 2 Who points the Clouds their Course,  
Whom Winds and Seas obey;  
He shall direct thy wand'ring Feet,  
He shall prepare thy Way.
- 3 Thou on the Lord rely,  
So safe shall thou go on;  
Fix on this Work thy stedfast Eye,  
So shall thy Work be done.
- 4 No Profit can'st thou gain  
By self-consuming Care;  
To him commend thy Cause, his Ear  
Attends the softer Pray'r.
- 5 Give to the Winds thy Fears,  
Hope, and be undismay'd;  
God hears thy Sighs, and counts thy Tears,  
God shall lift up thy Head.
- 6 Thro' Waves, and Clouds, and Storms  
He gently clears thy Way;

Wait



Wait thou his Time, so shall this Night  
Soon end in joyous Day.

- 7 Leave to his sov'reign Sway  
To chule, and to command,  
So shalt thou wond'ring own, his Way  
How wise, how strong his Hand !
- 8 Far, far above thy Thought  
His Council shall appear,  
When fully he the Work hath wrought,  
That caus'd thy needless Fear.
- 9 Thou see'st our Weakness, Lord,  
Our Hearts are known to thee ;  
O lift thou up thy sinking Hand,  
Confirm the feeble Knee !
- 10 Let us in Life, in Death,  
Thy stedfast Truth declare,  
And publish with our latest Breath  
Thy Love and guardian Care.

## H Y M N CCCCXIX.

- 1 **A**ND is the lovely Shadow fled ?  
The blooming Wonder of her Years,  
So soon inshrined among the Dead !  
She justly claims our pious Tears,  
Who now to heav'nly Spirits join'd,  
Hath left our wretched World behind.

- 2 Her early short liv'd Excellence  
With meek Submission we bemoan,  
Snatch'd

Snatch'd in a fatal Moment hence,  
 Gone from our Arms, to Jesus gone,  
 To heighten by her swift Remove  
 The Grief below, and Joy above.

3 In vain the dear departing Saint  
 Forbids our gushing Tears to flow,  
 Forbear, my Friends, your fond Complaint,  
 From Earth to Heaven I gladly go,  
 To glorious Company above,  
 Bright Angels, and the God of Love.

O praise him, and rejoice for me  
 So happy, happy in my God!  
 So soon from all my Pain set free,  
 And hasten to that blest Abode;  
 With swift Desire my Steps pursue,  
 And take the Prize prepar'd for you.

Meet am I for the great Reward,  
 The great Reward I know is mine;  
 Come, O my sweet redeeming Lord,  
 Open those loving Arms of thine,  
 And take me up thy Face to see,  
 And let me die to live with thee.

cars, The Pray'r is seal'd, the Soul is fled,  
 And sees her Saviour Face to Face;  
 But still she speaks to us, tho' dead,  
 She calls us to that heav'nly Place,  
 Where all the Storms of Life are o'er,  
 And Pain and Parting is no more.

atch'd

M m m

HYMN

## H Y M N CCCCXX.

- 1 **H**OW happy, gracious Lord, are we,  
Divinely drawn to follow thee,  
Whose Hours divided are  
Betwixt the Mount and Multitude;  
Our Day is spent in doing good,  
Our Night in Praise and Prayer.
- 2 With us no melancholy Void,  
No Moment lingers unemploy'd,  
Or unimprov'd below;  
Our Weariness of Life is gone,  
Who live to serve our God alone,  
And only thee to know.
- 3 The Winter's Night and Summer's Day  
Glide imperceptibly away,  
Too short to sing thy Praise;  
Too few we find the happy Hours,  
And haste to join those heavenly Powers  
In everlasting Lays.
- 4 With all who chant thy Name on high,  
And holy, holy, holy cry!  
A bright harmonious Throng,  
We long thy Praises to repeat,  
And restless sing around thy Seat,  
The new eternal Song.

## H Y M N CCCCXXI.

- 1 **O** God of all Grace,  
Thy Goodness we praise:

Thy Son thou hast given to die in our Place.

With Joy we approve

The Design of thy Love; [above.

'Tis a Wonder on Earth, and a Wonder

He hath ransom'd our Race;

O how shall we praise,

Or worthily sing thy unspeakable Grace?

Nothing else will we know

In our Journey below,

But, singing thy Grace, to thy Paradise go.

Nay, and when we remove

To the Mansions above,

Our Heav'n shall still be to sing of thy Love.

Thrice happy Employ!

We there shall enjoy

A Fulness of Pleasure that never can cloy.

O hasten the Day!

Thou wilt not delay,

But quickly return, and conduct us away.

Ere long we shall fly

To the Regions on high,

For Israel's Strength cannot vary or lie.

## H Y M N CCCCXXII.

AH! where am I now?

When was it, or how?

That I fell from my Heaven of Grace!

I am brought into Thrall,



I am stript of my all,  
I am banish'd from Jesus's Face.

2 Hardly yet do I know  
How I let my Lord go,  
So insensibly starting aside,  
When the Tempter came in  
With his own subtle Sin,  
And infected my Spirit with Pride.

3 But I felt it too soon  
That my Saviour was gone,  
Swiftly vanishing out of my Sight;  
My Triumph and Boast  
On a sudden were lost,  
And my Day it was turn'd into Night.

4 I never shall rise  
To my first Paradise,  
Or come my Redeemer to see:  
But I feel a faint Hope,  
That at last he will stoop,  
And his Pity shall bring him to me.

# H Y M N CCCCXXIII.

1 **H**APPY Soul, thy Days are ended,  
All thy mourning Days below;  
Go, by Angel Guards attended,  
To the Sight of Jesus go!

2 Waiting to receive thy Spirit,  
Lo! the Saviour stands above,

She



Shews the Purchase of his Merit,  
Reaches out the Crown of Love.

- 3 Struggle thro' thy latest Passion  
To thy dear Redeemer's Breast,  
To his uttermost Salvation,  
To his everlasting Rest.
- 4 For the Joy he sets before thee,  
Bear a momentary Pain,  
Die, to live the Life of Glory,  
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

H Y M N CCCCXXIV.

- 1 **T**HY daily Mercies, O my God,  
my waking Thoughts employ,  
And while I meditate on thee,  
my Heart is fill'd with Joy.
- 2 Thou giv'st me Rest upon my Bed,  
soft Slumbers to my Eyes;  
Thy Goodness is again renew'd  
when in the Morn I rise.
- 3 Throughout the Bus'ness of the Day  
thine Arm does me uphold,  
Amidst the Terrors of the Night  
thy Presence makes me bold.
- 4 Whether in Sicknefs or in Health,  
thy Grace does me sustain:  
Let me, O Lord, thy Favour have,  
and I shall ne'er complain.

HYMN

## H Y M N CCCCXXV.

- 1 **H**APPY the Souls to Jesus join'd,  
and sav'd by Grace alone;  
Walking in all thy ways we find,  
our Heav'n on Earth begun.
- 2 The Church triumphant in thy Love,  
their mighty Joys we know;  
They sing the Lamb in Hymns above,  
and we in Hymns below.
- 3 Thee in thy glorious Realm they praise,  
and bow before thy Throne;  
We in the Kingdom of thy Grace,  
the Kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The Holy to the Holiest leads,  
from hence our Spirits rise;  
And he that in thy Statutes treads,  
shall meet thee in the Skies.

## H Y M N CCCCXXVI.

- 1 **B**URY'D in Shadows of the Night  
We lie, till Christ restores the Light;  
Wisdom descends to heal the Blind,  
And chase the Darknes of the Mind.
- 2 Our guilty Souls are drown'd in Tears,  
Till the atoning Blood appears;  
Then we awake from deep Distress,  
And sing, *The Lord our Righteousness.*

Jesus

- 3 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,  
Binding his Slaves in heavy Chains;  
He sets the Pris'ners free, and breaks  
The iron Bondage from our Necks.
- 4 Poor helpless Worms in thee possess,  
Grace, Wisdom, Pow'r, and Righteousness;  
Thou art our mighty All, and we  
Give our whole Selves, O Lord, to thee.

H Y M N CCCCXXVII.

- 1 ALTHO' the Fig-tree blossom not,  
nor Vineyard yield Increase,  
In thee, my Saviour and my God,  
To joy I will not cease.
- 2 Yea, tho' the World by Storms be tost,  
and crumbled into Dust;  
Yet still in thee my only Hope,  
I will securely trust.

H Y M N CCCCXXVIII.

- 1 COME ye that love the Lord,  
And let your Joys be known;  
Join in a Song with sweet Accord,  
while ye surround the Throne.
- 2 The Sorrows of the Mind,  
Be banish'd from this Place;

Religion

Religion never was design'd  
To make our Pleasures less.

- 3 Let those refuse to sing,  
That never knew our God,  
But Children of the heav'nly King  
May speak their Joys abroad.
- 4 The God that rules on high,  
And thunders when he please,  
That rides upon the stormy Sky,  
And manages the Seas :
- 5 This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our Love;  
He shall send down his heav'nly Pow'rs  
To carry us above.
- 6 There shall we see his Face,  
And never, never sin;  
There, from the Rivers of his Grace,  
Drink endless Pleasures in.
- 7 Yes, and before we rise  
To that immortal State,  
The Thoughts of such amazing Bliss  
Should constant Joys create.
- 8 The Men of Grace have found  
Glory begun below,  
Celestial Fruit on earthly Ground,  
From Faith and hope may grow.
- 9 The Hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred Sweets,

Before



Before we reach the heav'nly Fields,  
Or walk the golden Streets.

- 10 Then let our Songs abound,  
And ev'ry Tear be dry;  
We're marching thro' Immanuel's Ground  
To fairer Worlds on high.

## H Y M N CCCCXXIX.

- 1 **H**OW vain are all Things here below!  
how false, and yet how fair!  
Each Pleasure hath its Poison too;  
and ev'ry Sweet a Snare.
- 2 The brightest Things below the Sky,  
give but a flatt'ring Light;  
We should suspect some Danger nigh,  
where we possess Delight.
- 3 Our dearest Joys, and nearest Friends,  
the Partners of our Blood,  
How they 'divide our wav'ring Minds,  
and leave but half for God!
- 4 The Fondness of a Creature's Love,  
how strong it strikes the Sense?  
Thither the warm Affections move,  
nor can we call them thence.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy Beauties be  
my Soul's eternal Food;  
And Grace command my Heart away,  
from all created Good.

N n n

HYMN



## H Y M N CCCCXXX.

- 1 **H**AIL! holy Faith, whose Hand benign,  
points out the blest Abode;  
And raising Human to Divine,  
leads Nature to her God.
- 2 Thee glowing Hope, celestial Maid,  
in Union sweet attends;  
Improves the Scene thy Care display'd  
and added Beauty blends.
- 3 Nor e'er, fair Partners, do ye stray  
from her, your Sister Grace,  
Blest Charity whose kindly Ray  
exalts the human Race.
- 4 To him be sacred all our Lays,  
whose Pity to Distress,  
Gave Hope to cheer, gave Faith to raise,  
and Charity to bless.

## H Y M N CCCCXXXI.

- 1 **H**AIL! fairest Daughter of the Sky;  
Hail! gentle lovely Charity;  
What Name so fit to Grace our Song;  
To dwell the length'ning Notes among;  
To waken Music's noblest Part;  
To glad the sympathizing Heart;  
As thine; sweet Counterpart of Bliss above?  
Thyself Source, Guardian, and Reward of  
Love.
- 2 Thee

- 2 Thee, the great Father of Mankind,  
His Delegate on Earth assign'd,  
Taught thee to bless, exalt and charm,  
Bade thee aspiring Nature warm,  
Assist each bursting Virtue's Birth,  
And ripen tender Sense to Worth;  
Gave thee to banish Pain, Despair and Fear,  
To check th' encroaching Woe and starting  
Tear.

## H Y M N CCCCXXXII.

- 1 O God of Good, in whom combine  
The Heights and Depths of Love divine,  
With thankful Hearts to thee we sing;  
To thee our longing Souls aspire  
In fervent Flames of strong Desire:  
Come, and thy sacred Unction bring.
- 2 All Things in Earth, and Air, and Sea,  
Exist, and live, and move in thee:  
All Nature trembles at thy Voice:  
With Awe, ev'n we thy Children, prove  
Thy Pow'r: O let us taste thy Love;  
So evermore shall we rejoice.
- 3 O Love, our stubborn Wills subdue,  
Create our ruin'd Frame anew;  
Dispel our Darkness by thy Light:  
Into all Truth our Spirit guide,  
But from our Eyes forever hide  
All Things displeasing in thy Sight.

N n n 3

HYMN

Thee

## H Y M N CCCCXXXIII.

- 1 **T**O thee, my God, I hourly sigh,  
but not for golden Stores;  
Nor covet I the brightest Gems  
on the rich eastern Shores :
- 2 Nor that deluding empty Joy  
Men call a mighty Name,  
Nor Greatness in its gayest Pride,  
my restless Thoughts inflame :
- 3 Nor Pleasures soft enchanting Charms  
my fond Desires allure :  
For greater Things than these from thee  
my Wishes would secure.
- 4 Those blissful, those transporting Smiles,  
that brighten Heav'n above,  
The boundless Riches of thy Grace,  
and Treasures of thy Love.
- 5 These are the mighty Things I crave :  
O ! make these Blessings mine,  
And I the Glories of the World  
contentedly resign.

## H Y M N CCCCXXXIV.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,  
in Concert with the Blest,  
Who joyful in harmonious Lays,  
employ an endless Rest.

2. Thus

- 2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,  
we blest and pious grow;  
By Hymns of Praise we learn to be  
triumphant here below.
- 3 On this glad Day a brighter Scene  
of Glory was display'd  
By God, th' eternal Word, than when  
this Universe was made.
- 4 He rises, who Mankind has bought,  
with Grief and Pain extreme;  
'Twas great to speak the World from Nought,  
'Twas greater to redeem.

## H Y M N CCCCXXXV.

PRAISE to the God who arch'd the Sky,  
Is the high Note that wakes my Tongue:  
Praise to the God who reigns on high,  
Shall be the Cadence of the Song:  
Celestial Worlds, your Maker's Name  
Resound thro' ev'ry shining Coast:  
Our God a greater Praise will claim,  
Where he unfolds his Glories most.

Angels, that his Commission bear,  
And ye that wait around the Throne,  
Next in the tuneful Work appear,  
And send your lofty Honours down.  
Stupendous Globe of flaming Day,  
Praise him in your sublime Career,

He

Thus



He struck from Night thy peerless Ray,  
Weigh'd the thy Path and guidest the there.

- 3 Moon, milder Regent of the Night,  
Our God expects his Praise from you,  
If faint your Beams, yet they can write,  
In fainter Strokes his Praises too.  
Ye starry, Lamps, to whom 'tis giv'n,  
Nights fabler Horrors to illumine;  
Praise him who hung you in the Heav'n,  
With vivid Fires to gild the Gloom.
- 4 Oceans, with all th' enormous Race  
Peopling your Wombs, his Name adore;  
Soft be the Note, if smooth your Face,  
But sounding, if their Billows roar.  
Dragons, of huge terrific Size,  
Can you your Maker's Praise forbear?  
His Vengeance flashes in your Eyes,  
Your Backs his scaly Liv'ry wear.
- 5 Light'nings, that round th' Eternal play,  
Thunders, that from his Arm are hurl'd,  
The Grandeur of your God convey,  
Blazing or bursting on the World:  
Let rounded Hail, let fleecy Snow,  
Publish their Maker's wide Renown:  
Snows, you must waft it soft and slow,  
While Hail in Tempest bears it down.
- 6 Whirlwinds, that with impetuous Force  
Fulfil Jehovah's dire Commands,  
Praise him in your unfetter'd Course,  
And sound his Terrors thro' the Lands.  
Vapours



Vapours, when you ascend the Skies,  
 Array'd in Beauties not your own,  
 On your gay Plumes let Praises rise,  
 And aid the Concert to the Throne.

7 Mountains, with everlasting Zeal,  
 Proclaim your Maker's Name abroad;  
 While Grove to Grove, and Hill to Hill,  
 In humble Ecchos praise their God.  
 Praise him, ye Trees; with Verdure crown'd,  
 Or hung with Fruits of golden Dye,  
 From the low Shrub that creeps the Ground,  
 To Cedars waving in the Sky.

8 Resound his Name, ye Beasts of Prey,  
 Thro' all your Dens in awful Strains,  
 And let the lowing Herds essay  
 His Honours as they graze the Plains.  
 Ye Birds, in painted Plumage drest,  
 Tune to your God your lab'ring Throats;  
 By Reptiles be his Praise exprest,  
 Tho' rude and artless be their Notes.

9 Monarchs, who hold imperial Sway,  
 By Leave from Heav'n's eternal King,  
 Come with the Millions that obey  
 Your Nod, and your Creator sing.  
 Judges, enthron'd in solemn State,  
 Th' impartial Judge of all revere;  
 And while you seal the Guilty's Fate,  
 Think of your Sentence at his Bar.

10 Let Youth of ev'ry Sex and Rank,  
 Exulting in the Bloom of Life,

Their

Their God for all his Blessings thank,  
 And join the loud harmonious Strife.  
 Hoary in Holiness the Sage  
 With grateful Songs should meet his Death,  
 And Infants in their tender Age,  
 Should list their God with joyful Breath.  
 II From Clime to Clime, from Shore to Shore,  
 Be the almighty God ador'd;  
 He made the Nations by his Pow'r,  
 And sways them with his sov'reign Word.  
 At once let Nature's ample Round,  
 To God the vast Thanksgiving raise:  
 His high Perfection knows no Bound,  
 But fills th' Immensity of Space.

# H Y M N CCCCXXXVI.

- I **O** for an Heart to praise my God!  
 an Heart from Sin set free;  
 An Heart that always feels the Blood,  
 so freely spilt for me.
- 2 An Heart resign'd, submissive, meek,  
 my dear Redeemer's Throne,  
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
 Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 An humble, lowly, contrite Heart,  
 believing, true, and clean,  
 Which neither Life, nor Death can part  
 from him that dwells within.

- 4 An Heart in ev'ry Thought renew'd,  
and filled with Love divine;  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
a Copy, Lord, of thine.

## H Y M N CCCCXXXVII.

- 1 **B**EING of Beings, God of Love,  
to thee our Hearts we raise;  
Thy all-sustaining Pow'r we prove,  
and gladly sing thy Praise.
- 2 Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be;  
our Sacrifice receive:  
Made, and preserv'd, and sav'd by thee;  
to thee ourselves we give.
- 3 Heav'n-ward our ev'ry Wish aspires,  
for all thy Mercy's Store;  
The sole Return thy Love requires,  
is, that we ask for more.
- 4 For more we ask, we open then  
our Hearts t' embrace thy Will:  
Turn and beget us, Lord, again;  
with all thy Fulness fill.
- 5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's Love  
shed in our Hearts abroad;  
So shall we ever live and move,  
and be with Christ in God.

## H Y M N CCCCXXXVIII.

1 **H**AIL, Father, whose creating Call  
 unnumber'd Worlds attend;  
 Jehovah, comprehending all,  
 whom none can comprehend:  
 In Light unsearchable enthron'd,  
 which Angels dimly see,  
 The Fountain of the Godhead own'd,  
 and foremost of the Three.

2 From thee through an eternal Now,  
 the Son, thine Offspring, flow'd:  
 And everlasting Father thou,  
 as everlasting God.  
 Nor quite display'd to Worlds above,  
 nor quite on Earth conceal'd:  
 By wond'rous unexhausted Love  
 to mortal Man reveal'd.

3 Supreme and all-sufficient God,  
 when Nature shall expire,  
 And Worlds created by thy Nod,  
 shall perish by thy Fire:  
 Thy Name Jehovah be ador'd  
 by Creatures without End,  
 Whom none but thy essential Word  
 and Spirit comprehend.

## H Y M N CCCCXXXIX.

1 **R**EGENT of all the Worlds above;  
 Thou Sun, whose Rays adorn our Sphere,  
 And



And with unwearied Swiftness move,  
T'o form the Circle of the Year :

2 Praise the Creator of the Skies,  
Who decks thy Orb with borrow'd Rays :  
Or may the Sun forget to rise,  
When he forgets his Maker's Praise.

3 Thou reigning Beauty of the Night,  
Fair Queen of Silence, silver Moon,  
Whose paler Fires and female Light  
Are softer Rivals of the Noon :

4 Arise, and to that sov'reign Pow'r,  
Waxing and waning Honours pay ;  
Who bade thee rule the dusky Hours,  
And half supply the absent Day,

5 Ye glitt'ring Stars that gild the Skies,  
When Darkness has her Curtain drawn,  
That keeps the Watch with wakeful Eyes,  
When Business, Cares, and Day are gone :

6 Proclaim the Glories of your Lord,  
Dispers'd through all the heav'nly Street,  
Whose boundless Treasure can afford  
So rich a Pavement for his Feet.

Thou Heav'n of Heav'ns, supremely bright,  
Fair Palace of the Court divine,  
Where with inimitable Light,  
The Godhead condescends to shine ;

Praise thou the great Inhabitant,  
Who scatters lovely Beams of Grace



On ev'ry Angel, ev'ry Saint,  
Nor veils the Lustre of his Face.

- 9 O God of Glory, God of Love,  
Thou art the Sun that mak'st our Days;  
'Midst all thy wond'rous Works above  
Let Earth and Dust attempt thy Praise.

## H Y M N CCCCXL.

- 1 SINNERS, obey the Gospel Word,  
Haste to the Supper of my Lord,  
Be wise to know your gracious Day;  
All Things are ready, come away.
- 2 Ready the Father is to own,  
And kifs his late returning Son:  
Ready your loving Saviour stands,  
And spreads for you his bleeding Hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit of his Love  
Just now the Stony to remove,  
T' apply and witness with the Blood,  
And wash and seal the Sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the Angels wait  
To triumph in your blest Estate;  
Tuning their Harps, they long to praise  
The Wonders of redeeming Grace.
- 5 The Father, Son, and holy Ghost,  
Are ready with their shining Host;  
All Heav'n is ready to resound,  
The Dead's alive! the Lost is found!

HYMN

H Y M N CCCCXLI.

- 1 COME, O ye Sinners, to your Lord,  
In Christ to Paradise restor'd ;  
His proffer'd Benefits embrace,  
The Plenitude of Gospel-Grace.
- 2 A Pardon written with his Blood,  
The Favour and the Peace of God,  
The seeing Eye, the feeling Sense,  
The mystic Joys of Penitence ;
- 3 The godly Grief, the pleasing Smart,  
The Meltings of a broken Heart,  
The Tears that tell your Sins forgiv'n,  
The Sighs that waft you up to Heav'n ;
- 4 The guiltless Shame, the sweet Distress,  
Th' unutterable Tenderness,  
The genuine, meek Humility,  
The wonder, Why such Love to me !
- 5 Th' o'erwhelming Pow'r of saving Grace,  
The Light that Veils the Seraph's Face,  
The speechless Awe that dares not move,  
And all the silent Heav'n of Love !

H Y M N CCCCXLII.

- HAPPY the Man who finds the Grace,  
The Blessings of God's chosen Race,  
The Wisdom coming from above,  
The Faith that sweetly works by Love.
- 2 Happy

- 2 Happy beyond Description he,  
Who knows, the Saviour dy'd for me;  
The Gift unspeakable obtains,  
And heav'nly Understanding gains.
- 3 Wisdom divine! Who tells the Price  
Of Wisdom's costly Merchandize!  
Wisdom to Silver we prefer,  
And Gold is Dross compar'd to her.
- 4 Better she is than richest Mines,  
All earthly Treasures she outshines,  
Her Value above Rubies is,  
And precious Pearls are vile to this.
- 5 What e'er thy Heart can wish is poor  
To Wisdom's all-sufficient Store:  
Pleasure, and Fame, and Health, and Friends;  
She all created Good transcends.
- 6 Her Hands are fill'd with Length of Days,  
True Riches and immortal Praise,  
Riches of Christ on all bestow'd,  
And Honour that descends from God.
- 7 To purest Joys she all invites,  
Chaste, holy, spiritual Delights:  
Her Ways are Ways of Pleasantness,  
And all her flow'ry Paths are Peace.
- 8 He finds, who Wisdom apprehends,  
A Life begun that never ends;  
The Tree of Life divine she is,  
Set in the Midst of Paradise.

Happy the Man who Wisdom gains,  
Thrice happy—who his Guest retains;  
He owns, and shall for ever own,  
Wisdom, and Christ, and Heav'n are one.

## H Y M N CCCCXLIII.

JESUS, attend! thyself reveal!  
Are we not met in thy great Name?  
Thee in the Midst we wait to feel,  
We wait to catch the spreading Flame.

Thou God, that answerest by Fire!  
The Spirit of Burning now impart,  
And let the Flames of pure Desire  
Rise from the Altar of our Heart.

Truly our Fellowship below  
With thee and with the Father is:  
In thee eternal Life we know,  
And Heav'n's unutterable Bliss.

## H Y M N CCCCXLIV.

O that my Load of Sin were gone!  
O that I could at last submit,  
At Jesu's Feet to lay it down,  
To lay my Soul at Jesu's Feet!  
When shall mine Eyes behold the Lamb,  
The God of my Salvation see!

Weary



Weary, O Lord, thou know'st I am,  
Yet still I cannot come to thee.

- 3 Rest for my Soul I long to find:  
Saviour, if mine indeed thou art,  
Give me thy meek and lowly Mind,  
And stamp thine Image on my Heart.
- 4 Come, Lord, the drooping Sinner cheer,  
Nor let thy Chariot-Wheels delay;  
Appear, in my poor Heart appear;  
My God, my Saviour, come away!

## H Y M N CCCCXLV.

- 1 **W**HEN shall thy lovely Face be seen?  
When shall our Eyes behold our God!  
What Lengths of Distance lie between,  
And Hills of Guilt? A heavy Load!  
Ye heav'nly Gates, loose all your Chains,  
Let the eternal Pillars bow,  
Blest Saviour, cleave the starry Plains,  
And make the crystal Mountains flow.
- 2 Hark! how thy Saints unite their Cries,  
And pray and wait the gen'ral Doom;  
Come, thou! the Soul of all our Joys;  
Thou, the Desire of Nations, come!  
Our Heart-Strings groan with deep Complaint,  
Our Flesh lies panting, Lord, for thee;  
And ev'ry Limb and ev'ry Joint,  
Stretches for Immortality.



3 Now let our cheerful Eyes survey  
 The blazing Earth and melting Hills,  
 And smile to see the Lightnings play,  
 And flash along before thy Wheels.  
 Hark! what a Shout of vi'lent Joys,  
 Joins with the mighty Trumpet's Sound!  
 The Angel Herald shakes the Skies,  
 Awakes the Graves, and tears the Ground.

4 Ye slumb'ring Saints! a heav'nly Host  
 Stands waiting at your gaping Tombs;  
 Let ev'ry sacred, sleeping Dust  
 Leap into Life; for Jesus comes:  
 Jesus, the God of Might and Love,  
 New moulds our Limbs of cumbrous Clay,  
 Quick as seraphic Flames we move,  
 To reign with him in endless Day.

## H Y M N CCCCXLVI.

OUR Lord is risen from the Dead,  
 Our Jesus is gone up on high,  
 The Powers of Hell are captive led,  
 Dragg'd to the Portals of the Sky.  
 There his triumphal Chariot waits,  
 And Angels chaunt the solemn Lay,  
 Lift up your Heads, ye heav'nly Gates;  
 Ye everlasting Doors, give Way.  
 Loose all your Bars of massy Light,  
 And wide unfold th'etherial Scene;  
 He claims these Mansions as his Right,  
 Receive the King of Glory in.

P p p

Who

Who is this King of Glory, who?  
 The Lord that all his Foes o'ercame,  
 The World, Sin, Death and Hell o'erthrew;  
 And Jesus is the Conq'r's Name.

- 3 Lo! his triumphal Chariot waits,  
 And Angels chaunt the solemn Lay,  
 Lift up your Heads, ye heav'nly Gates;  
 Ye everlasting Doors, give way!  
 Who is this King of Glory, who?  
 The Lord, of glorious Pow'r possess,  
 The King of Saints and Angels too,  
 God over all, forever blest.

## H Y M N CCCCXLVII.

- 1 **T**HOU Shepherd of Israel, and mine,  
 The Joy and Desire of my Heart,  
 For closer Communion I pine,  
 I long to reside where thou art;  
 The Pasture I languish to find,  
 Where all, who their Shepherd obey,  
 Are fed; on thy Bosom reclin'd,  
 Are screen'd from the Heat of the Day.
- 2 Ah shew me that happiest Place,  
 That Place of thy People's Abode,  
 Where Saints in an Extacy gaze,  
 And hang on a crucify'd God:  
 Thy Love for a Sinner declare  
 Thy Passion and Death on the Tree;

My Spirit to Calvary bear  
 To suffer and triumph with thee.  
 'Tis there with the Lambs of thy Flock,  
 There only I covet to rest,  
 To lie at the Foot of the Rock,  
 Or rise to be hid in thy Breast:  
 'Tis there I would always abide,  
 And never a Moment depart,  
 Conceal'd in the Cleft of thy Side,  
 Eternally hid in thy Heart.

## H Y M N CCCCXLVIII.

FOR me and all Mankind  
 The Lamb of God was slain;  
 My Lord his Life resign'd  
 For ev'ry Soul of Man:  
 Loving to all, he none pass'd by,  
 He would not have one Sinner die.

## H Y M N CCCCXLIX.

COME on, my Partners in Distress,  
 My Comrades thro' the Wilderness,  
 Who still your Bodies feel;  
 Awhile forget your Griets and Fears,  
 And look beyond the Vale of Tears  
 To that celestial Hill.  
 Beyond the Bounds of Time and Space,  
 Look forward to that happy Place,

The Saint's secure Abode,  
On Faith's strong eagle Pinions rise,  
And force your Passage to the Skies,  
And scale the Mount of God.

3 See where the Lamb in Glory stands,  
Incircled with his radiant Bands,  
And join th' angelic Pow'rs ;  
For all that Height of glorious Bliss  
Our everlasting Portion is,  
And all that Heav'n is ours.

4 Who suffer for our Master here,  
We shall before his Face appear,  
And by his Side sit down ;  
To patient Faith the Prize is sure,  
And all that to the End endure  
The Cross, shall wear the Crown.

5 Thrice blessed bliss-inspiring Hope ;  
It lifts the fainting Spirit up !  
It brings to Life the Dead !  
Our Conflicts here shall soon be past,  
And you and I ascend at last  
Triumphant with our Head.

6 That great mysterious Deity  
We soon with open Face shall see—  
The beatific Sight  
Shall fill the heav'nly Courts with Praise,  
And wide diffuse the golden Blaze  
Of everlasting Light !



- 7 The Father shining on his Throne,  
 The glorious co-eternal Son,  
 The Spirit one and seven,  
 Conspire our Rapture to compleat,  
 And lo! we fall before his Feet,  
 And Silence heightens Heav'n.
- 8 In Hope of that extatic Pause,  
 Jesus, we now sustain thy Cross,  
 And at thy Footstool fall,  
 Till thou our hidden Life reveal,  
 Till thou our ravish'd Spirits fill,  
 And God is all in all.

## H Y M N CCCCL.

- 1 FAINT is my Head, and sick my Heart,  
 While thou dost ever, ever stay;  
 Fixt in my Soul I feel thy Dart,  
 Groaning I feel it Night and Day:  
 Come, Lord, and shew thyself to me,  
 Or take me up to thee.
- 2 Canst thou with-hold thy healing Grace,  
 So kindly lavish of thy Blood,  
 When swiftly trickling down thy Face,  
 For me the purple Current flow'd!  
 Come, Lord, &c.
- 3 When Man was lost, Love look'd about,  
 To see what Help in Earth or Sky;  
 In vain: for none appear'd without;

The



The Help did in thy Bosom lie!  
Come, Lord, &c.

4 There lay thy Son: but left his Rest,  
Thralldom and Mis'ry to remove  
From those who Glory once possess,  
But wantonly abus'd thy Love.  
Come, Lord, &c.

5 He came—O my Redeemer dear!  
And canst thou after this be strange,  
Nor yet within my Heart appear?  
Can Love like thine, or fail or change?  
Come, Lord &c.

6 But if thou tarriest, why must I?  
My God, what is this World to me?  
This World of Woe—hence let them fly,  
The Clouds that part my Soul and thee:  
Come, Lord, &c.

7 Why should this weary World delight,  
Or Sense th' immortal Spirit bind?  
Why should frail Beauty's Charms invite,  
The trifling Charms of Woman-kind?  
Come, Lord, &c.

8 A Sigh thou breath'st into my Heart,  
And earthly Joys I view with Scorn:  
Far from my Soul, ye Dreams, depart,  
Nor mock me with your vain Return?  
Come, Lord, &c.

9 Sorrow, and Sin, and Loss, and Pain,  
Are all that here on Earth we see:

Restless

Restless, we pant for Ease in vain,  
 In vain—till Ease we find in thee:  
 Come, Lord, &c.

10 Idly we talk of Harvest here,  
 Eternity our Harvest is:  
 Grace brings the great sabbatic Year,  
 When ripen'd into glorious Bliss:  
 Come, Lord, &c.

11 O loose this Frame, Life's Knot untie,  
 That my freed Soul may use her Wing;  
 Now pinion'd with Mortality,  
 A weak, entangled, wretched Thing!  
 Come, Lord, &c.

12 Why should I longer stay and groan!  
 The most of me to Heav'n is fled:  
 My Thoughts and Joys are thither gone:  
 To all below I now am dead:  
 Come, Lord, &c.

13 Come, dearest Lord, my Soul's Desire  
 With eager Pantings gasps for Home:  
 Thee, thee, my restless Hopes require:  
 My Flesh and Spirit bid thee come:  
 Come, Lord, &c.

## H Y M N CCCCLI.

JESUS drinks the bitter Cup;  
 The Wine-press treads alone,  
 Tears the Graves and Mountains up

By

- By his expiring Groan :  
 Lo! the Pow'rs of Heav'n he shakes ;  
 Nature in Convulsion lies,  
 Earth's profoundest Centre quakes,  
 The great Jehovah dies!
- 2 Dies the glorious Cause of all,  
 The true eternal Pan,  
 Falls to raise us from our Fall,  
 'To ransom sinful Man:  
 Well may Sol withdraw his Light,  
 With the Suff'rer sympathize,  
 Leave the World in sudden Night,  
 While his Creator dies.
- 3 Well may Heav'n be cloath'd with Black,  
 And solemn Sackcloth wear,  
 Jesu's Agony partake,  
 The Hour of Darkness share:  
 Mourn th' astonish'd Hosts above  
 Silence saddens all the Skies,  
 Kindler of seraphic Love,  
 The God of Angels dies.
- 4 O my God, he dies for me,  
 I feel the mortal Smart!  
 See him hanging on the Tree—  
 A Sight that breaks my Heart!  
 O that all to thee might turn!  
 Sinners, ye may love him too,  
 Look on him ye pierc'd, and mourn  
 For one who bled for you.

- 5 Weep o'er your Desire and Hope  
 With Tears of humblest Love;  
 Sing, for Jesus is gone up,  
 And reigns enthron'd above!  
 Lives our Head to die no more,  
 Power is all to Jesus giv'n;  
 Worshipp'd as he was before,  
 Th' immortal King of Heav'n.
- 6 Lord, we bless thee for thy Grace  
 And Truth which never fail,  
 Hast'ning to behold thy Face  
 Without a dimming Veil:  
 We shall see our heavenly King,  
 All thy glorious Love proclaim,  
 Help the Angel Choirs to sing  
 Our dear triumphant Lamb.

## H Y M N CCCCLII.

LAMB of God, whose bleeding Love  
 We now recal to Mind,  
 Send the Answer from above,  
 And let us Mercy find:  
 Think on us who think on thee,  
 And ev'ry struggling Soul release:  
 O remember Calvary,  
 And bid us go in Peace.

By thine agonizing Pain,  
 And bloody Sweat we pray,

Q q q

By

By thy dying Love to Man,  
 Take all our Sins away;  
 Burst our Bonds and set us free,  
 From all Iniquity release:  
 O remember Calvary,  
 And bid us go in Peace.

3 Let thy Blood by Faith applied,  
 The Sinners Pardon seal,  
 Speak us freely justified,  
 And all our Sickness heal:  
 By thy Passion on the Tree,  
 Let all our Grievs and Troubles cease:  
 O remember Calvary,  
 And bid us go in Peace.

4 Never will we hence depart,  
 Till thou our Wants relieve,  
 Write Forgiveness on our Heart,  
 And all thine Image give:  
 Still our Souls shall cry to thee,  
 Till perfected in Holiness:  
 O remember Calvary,  
 And bid us go in Peace.

### H · Y · M · N    CCCCLIII.

1 **A**LL hail, the true Elijah,  
 The Lord our God and Saviour!  
 Who leaves behind  
 For all Mankind,

The

And tri



The Tokens of his Favour :

The never-dying Prophet,  
Awhile to Mortals given,

This solemn Day

Is wrapt away,

By flaming Steeds to Heaven

2 Come see the rising Triumph,

And prostrate fall before him ;

He mounts, he flies

Above the Skies,

Where all his Hosts adore him.

Born on his fiery Chariot,

With joyful Acclamation

Pursue the Lord,

To Heav'n restor'd,

The God of our Salvation.

Who see their Lord at parting,

They shall on Earth inherit

A double Pow'r,

A larger Show'r

Of his descending Spirit.

The Spirit of our Master

Shall rest on each Believer,

And surely we

Our Master see,

Who lives and reigns forever.

Yes, our exalted Jesus,

By Faith we now adore thee,

And still we sit

Before thy Feet,

The And triumph in thy Glory.

In vain the flaming Chariot  
 Hath parted us asunder,  
 We still thro' Grace  
 Behold thy Face,  
 And shout our loving Wonder.

- 5 By Faith we catch thy Mantle,  
 The Covering of thy Spirit;  
 By Faith we wear,  
 And gladly share  
 Thine all-involving Merit.  
 We rest beneath thy Shadow,  
 Till by the Whirlwind driven,  
 From Earth we rise,  
 And mount the Skies,  
 And grasp our Lord in Heaven.

# H Y M N CCCCLIV.

- 1 O God, of Good th' unfathom'd Sea!  
 Who would not give his Heart to thee  
 Who would not love thee with his Might  
 O Jesu, Lover of Mankind!  
 Who would not his whole Soul and Mind  
 With all his Strength to thee unite?

- 2 Thou shin'st with everlasting Rays  
 Before th' insufferable Blaze;  
 Angels with both Wings veil their Eyes  
 Yet free as Air thy Bounty streams  
 On all thy Works; thy Mercy's Beams  
 Diffusive as thy Sun's arise.

2 Astonish

- 3 Astonish'd at thy frowning Brow,  
 Earth, Hell, and Heav'n's strong Pillars bow;  
 Terrible Majesty is thine!  
 Who then can that vast Love express,  
 Which bows thee down to me, who less  
 Than Nothing am, till thou art mine!
- 4 High thron'd on Heav'n's eternal Hill,  
 In Number, Weight, and Measure still  
 Thou sweetly order'st all that is:  
 And yet thou deign'st to come to me,  
 And guide my Steps, that I with thee  
 Enthron'd may reign in endless Bliss.
- 5 Fountain of Good, all Blessing flows  
 From thee; no Want thy Fulness knows:  
 What but thyself canst thou desire?  
 Yes: self-sufficient as thou art,  
 Thou dost desire my worthless Heart;  
 This, only this thou dost require.
- 6 Primeval Beauty! in thy Sight  
 The first-born fairest Sons of Light  
 See all their brightest Glories fade:  
 What then to me thine Eyes could turn?  
 In Sin conceiv'd, of Woman born,  
 A Worm, a Leaf, a Blast, a Shade!
- 6 Hell's Armies tremble at thy Nod,  
 And trembling own th' almighty God,  
 Sov'reign of Earth, Hell, Air, and Sky;  
 But who is this that comes from far,  
 Whose Garments roll'd in Blood appear?  
 'Tis God made Man, for Man to die.

- 7 O God, of Good th' unfathom'd Sea,  
 Who would not give his Heart to thee?  
 Who would not love thee with his Might?  
 O Jesu, Lover of Mankind,  
 Who would not his whole Soul and Mind,  
 With all his Strength to thee unite?

## H Y M N CCCCLV.

- 1 **A**WAY, my unbelieving Fear!  
 Fear shall in me no more take Place;  
 My Saviour doth not yet appear,  
 He hides the Brightness of his Face:  
 But shall I therefore let him go?  
 And basely to the Tempter yield?  
 No; in the Strength of Jesus, no;  
 I never will give up my Shield.
- 2 Although the Vine its Fruit deny,  
 Although the Olive yield no Oil,  
 The with'ring Figtree droop and die,  
 The Field illude the Tiller's Toil,  
 The empty Stall no Herd afford,  
 And perish all the bleating Race,  
 Yet will I triumph in the Lord,  
 The God of my Salvation praise.
- 3 Barren although my Soul remain,  
 And no one Bud of Grace appear;  
 No Fruit of all my Toil and Pain,  
 But Sin, and only Sin is here;  
 Although my Gifts and Comforts lost,  
 My blooming Hopes cut off I see,

Yet

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Yet will I in my Saviour trust,  
And glory that he dy'd for me.

- 4 In Hope believing against Hope,  
Jesus, my Lord and God I claim;  
Jesus, my Strength, shall lift me up,  
Salvation is in Jesu's Name:  
To me he soon shall bring it nigh,  
My Soul shall then outstrip the Wind,  
On Wings of Love mount up on high,  
And leave the World and Sin behind.

## H Y M N CCCCLVI.

- 1 THE Voice of my Beloved sounds,  
While o'er the Mountain Tops he bounds,  
He flies exulting o'er the Hills,  
And all my Soul with Transport fills.  
Gently doth he chide my Stay,  
Rise, my Love, and come away.

- 2 The scatter'd Clouds are fled at last,  
The Rain is gone, the Winter's past,  
The lovely vernal Flow'rs appear,  
The warbling Choir enchant our Ear;  
Now with sweetly pensive Moan,  
Cooes the Turtle Dove alone.

The Voice of my Beloved sounds,  
While o'er the Mountain Tops he bounds,  
He flies exulting o'er the Hills,  
And all my Soul with Transport fills.

Gently -



Gently doth he chide my Stay,  
Rise, my Love, and come away.

## H Y M N CCCCLVII.

Air. **L**AMB of God, that in the Bosom  
Of the Father dwellest high,  
Deign to visit humble Sinners,  
From thy Rest above the Sky.

Chorus. God incarnate, leave thy Glory,  
Nor abhor the Virgin's Womb;  
Spread Salvation like a River;  
Jesus, let thy Kingdom come.

Air. Love divine, all Love excelling,  
Joy of Heaven to Earth come down;  
Fix in us thy humble Dwelling,  
All thy faithful Mercies crown.

Chorus. Jesus, thou art all Compassion,  
Pure unbounded Love thou art,  
Visit us with thy Salvation,  
Enter ev'ry trembling Heart.

Air. Shepherds, did you hear him coming,  
Whilst you kept your Flocks by Night?  
Did you see his Star in Heaven,  
Blaze with new created Light?

Chorus. Haste, ye Magi, come and worship  
See the orient Star before;  
Bring your Presents, Gold and Spices,  
Blest Arabia's balmy Store.

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Air. All ye joyous Hosts of Heaven,  
Loudly speak the Saviour's Praise;  
Saints and Angels, in full Chorus,  
Your seraphic Voices raise.

Chorus. Come, O come, your Hall'elujahs  
In wide echoing Songs proclaim,  
Heaven and Earth with Joy resounding,  
Praise the blest Redeemer's Name.

H Y M N CCCCLVIII.

- 1 O All ye Nations of the Earth,  
to Heav'n your Voices raise;  
Awake each tuneful Instrument  
to sing your Maker's Praise.
- 2 Jehovah reigns; his sacred Page  
proclaims our happy Lot,  
That we poor Children in Distress  
shall never be forgot.
- 3 Objects of Pity we implore,  
O Lord, thy guardian Care:  
'Tis thine to hear the Needy cry;  
'tis thine to hear their Pray'r.
- 4 Great Parent of Mankind, by thee  
sustain'd each Creature lives:  
Helpless we ask, O blest the Hand,  
the Hand that free'y gives.
- 5 Increase their Store, prolong their Days;  
richly thy Grace impart;

R r r

Accept

Accept our Mite of Gratitude,  
an humble, thankful Heart.

- 6 O magnify the Lord with us,  
with us that God adore,  
Whose gracious Mercy was, is now,  
and shall be evermore.

## H Y M N CCCCLIX.

- 1 O Thou God of my Salvation,  
My Redeemer from all Sin;  
Mov'd by thy divine Compassion,  
Thou hast dy'd my Heart to win:  
I will praise thee;  
Where shall I thy Praise begin?

- 2 Tho' unseen I love the Saviour,  
He hath brought Salvation near,  
Manifests his pard'ning Favour,  
And when Jesus doth appear,  
Soul and Body  
Shall his glorious Image bear.

- 3 While the Angel Choirs are vying,  
Glory to the great I AM,  
I, with them, will still be crying,  
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

O how precious  
Is the Sound of Jesu's Name?

- 4 Now I see with Joy and Wonder,  
Whence the gracious Spring arose;  
Angel Minds are lost to ponder

Dying

Dying Love's mysterious Cause;  
 But the Blessing  
 Down to all, to me, it flows.

5 This hath set me all on Fire,  
 Strongly glows the Flame of Love;  
 Higher mounts my Soul, and higher,  
 Struggles for its swift Remove;  
 Then I'll praise thee  
 In a nobler Strain above.

## H Y M N CCCCLX.

1 **W**HEN the fierce North Wind with his  
 airy Forces  
 Rears up the Baltic to a foaming Fury;  
 And the red Lightning with a Storm of Hail  
 comes Rushing amain down.

2 How the poor Sailors stand amaz'd and  
 tremble!  
 While the hoarse Thunder, like a bloody  
 Trumpet,  
 Roars a loud Onset to the gaping Waters  
 Quick to devour them.

3 Such shall the Noise be, and the wild Disorder,  
 (If Things eternal may be like those earthly)  
 Such the dire Terror when the great Archangel  
 Shakes the Creation;

Tear the strong Pillars of the Vault of Heaven,  
 Breaks up old Marble, the Repose of Princes;

R r r 3

Sec



See the Graves open, and the Bones arising,  
Flames all around 'em!

- 5 Hark, the shrill Outcries of the guilty  
Wretches!  
Lively bright Horror, and amazing Anguish,  
Stare thro' their Eyelids, while the living  
Worm lies Gnawing within them.
- 6 Thoughts, like old Vultures, prey upon  
their Heartstrings,  
And the Smart twinges, when the Eye beholds  
The lofty Judge frowning, and a Flood of  
Veng'ance Rolling afore him.
- 7 Hopeless Immortals! how they scream and  
shiver,  
While Devils push them to the Pit wide-  
yawning,  
Hideous and gloomy, to receive them  
headlong Down to the Center.
- 8 Stop here, my Fancy: (all away, ye horrid  
Doleful Ideas,) come, arise to JESUS;  
How he sits Godlike! and the Saints around  
him Thron'd, yet adoring!
- 9 O may I sit there when he comestriumphant,  
Dooming the Nations! then ascend to Glory  
While our Hosannas all along the Passage  
Shout the Redeemer.

HYMN



## H Y M N CCCCLXI.

- 1 **I** Love the Lord ; but ah ! how far  
My Thoughts from the dear Object are !  
This wanton Heart, how wide it roves !  
And Fancy meets a thousand Loves.
- 2 If my Soul burn to see my God,  
I tread the Courts of his Abode :  
But Troops of Rivals throng the Place,  
And tempt me off before his Face.
- 3 Would I enjoy my Lord alone ?  
I bid my Passions all be gone,  
All but my Love ; and charge my Will  
To bar the Door and guard it still.
- 4 But Cares, or Trifles, make or find  
Still new Avenues to the Mind,  
Till I with Grief and Wonder see  
Huge Crowds betwixt my Lord and me.
- 5 This foolish Heart can leave her God,  
And Shadows tempt her Thoughts abroad :  
How shall I fix this wandring Mind ?  
Or throw my Fetters on the Wind ?
- 6 Look gently down, almighty Grace,  
Prison me round in thine Embrace ;  
Pity the Soul that would be thine,  
And let thy Pow'r my Love confine.

HYMN

## H Y M N CCCCLXII.

- 1 **G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah;  
Pilgrim thro' this barren Land,  
I am weak, but thou art mighty,  
Hold me with thy pow'rful Hand;  
Bread of Heaven, Bread of Heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal Fountain,  
Whence the healing Streams do flow;  
Let the fiery cloudy Pillar  
Lead me all my Journey through:  
Strong Deliverer, Strong Deliverer,  
Be thou still my Strength and Shield.
- 3 When I tread the Verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious Fears subside;  
Death of Death's, and Hell's Destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's Side,  
Songs of Praises, Songs of Praises,  
I will ever give to thee.

## H Y M N CCCCLXIII.

- 1 'TIS a Point I long to know,  
Oft it causes anxious Thought;  
Do I love the Lord, or no?  
Am I his, or am I not?
- 2 If I love—why am I thus?  
Why this dull and lifeless Frame—

Hardly

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Sin is  
You  
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8 Lord,  
Thou  
Shine  
If it be  
Let me  
If I lov

Hardly? sure can they be worse,  
Who have never heard his Name !

3 Could my Heart so hard remain—  
Pray'r a Task and Burden prove—  
Ev'ry Trifle give me Pain—  
If I knew a Saviour's Love?

4 When I turn my Eyes within,  
All is dark, and vain, and wild :  
Fill'd with Unbelief and Sin,  
Can I deem myself a Child ?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,  
Sin is mix'd with all I do ;  
You that love the Lord indeed,  
Tell me—is it thus with you ?

6 Yet I mourn my stubborn Will—  
Find my Sin a Grief and Thrall—  
Should I grieve for what I feel,  
If I did not love at all ?

7 Could I joy his Saints to meet—  
Choose the Ways I once abhorr'd—  
Find, at Times, the Promise sweet—  
If I did not love the Lord ?

8 Lord, decide the doubtful Case !  
Thou who art thy People's Sun ;  
Shine upon thy Work of Grace,  
If it be indeed begun !

Let me love thee more and more,  
If I love at all, I pray ;

If

If I have not lov'd before,  
Help me to begin to-day.

## H Y M N CCCCLXIV.

- 1 **L**ET party Names no more  
The christian World o'erspread;  
Gentile and Jew, and Bond and Free,  
Are one in Christ their Head.
- 2 Among the Saints on Earth  
Let mutual Love be found;  
Heirs of the same Inheritance,  
With mutual Blessings crown'd.
- 3 Let Envy and Ill-will  
Be banish'd far away;  
Those shou'd in strictest Friendship dwell,  
Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the Church below  
Resemble that above,  
Where Streams of Pleasure ever flow,  
And ev'ry Heart is Love.

## H Y M N CCCCLXV.

- 1 **J**ESU, Lord, we look to thee,  
Let us in thy Name agree;  
Shew thyself the Prince of Peace,  
Bid all Jars forever cease:



- 2 By thy reconciling Love  
 Ev'ry stumbling Block remove;  
 Each to each unite, endear;  
 Come, and spread thy Banner here.
- 3 Make us of one Heart and Mind,  
 Courteous, pitiful and kind,  
 Lowly, meek in Thought and Word,  
 Altogether like our Lord.
- 4 Let us each for other care,  
 Each another's Burden bear;  
 To thy Church the Pattern give,  
 Shew how true Believers live.
- 5 Let us then with Joy remove  
 To thy Family above,  
 On the Wings of Angels fly,  
 Shew how true Believers die.

## H Y M N CCCCLXVI.

ARISE, my tend'rest Thoughts, arise,  
 To Torrents melt my streaming Eyes;  
 And thou, my Heart, with Anguish feel  
 Those Evils, which thou canst not heal!

See human Nature sunk in Shame!  
 See Scandals pour'd on Jesu's Name!  
 The Father wounded thro' the Son!  
 The World abus'd, the Soul undone!

See the short Course of vain Delight  
 Closing in everlasting Night!

S f s

In



In Flames that no Abatement know,  
The briny Tears for ever flow.

- 4 My God, I feel the mournful Scene;  
My Bowels yearn o'er dying Men;  
And fain my Pity wou'd reclaim,  
And snatch the Fire-Brands from the Flame!
- 5 But feeble my Compassion proves,  
And can but weep where most it loves;  
Thine own all-saving Arm employ,  
And turn those Drops of Grief to Joy.

## H Y M N CCCCLXVII.

- 1 **A** Charge to keep I have,  
A God to glorify;  
A never-dying Soul to save,  
And fit it for the Sky.
- 2 To serve the present Age,  
My Calling to fulfil;  
O may it all my Pow'rs engage,  
To do my Master's Will!
- 3 Arm me with jealous Care,  
As in thy Sight to live;  
And O! thy Servant, Lord, prepare  
A good Account to give!
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely;  
And let me ne'er my Trust betray,  
Lest I for ever die.

HYMN

## H Y M N CCCCLXVIII.

1 FAR from my Thoughts, vain World, be  
gone,

Let my religious Hours alone;

May I by Faith the Saviour see :

I wait a Visit, Lord, from thee !

2 O warm my Heart with holy Fire  
And kindle there a pure Desire ;  
Come, dearest Saviour, from above,  
And feed my Soul with heavenly Love.

3 Blest'd Jesus, what delicious Fare !  
How sweet thy Entertainments are ?  
Never did Angels taste above  
Redeeming Grace and dying Love.

5 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine ;  
In thee thy Father's Glories shine !  
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,  
That Eyes have seen or Angels known.

## H Y M N CCCCLXIX.

1 RISE, my Soul, adore thy Maker ;  
Angel's Praise join thy Lays,  
With them be Partaker.

2 Sov'reign Lord of ev'ry Spirit,  
In thy Light lead me right,  
Thro' my Saviour's Merit.

- 3 Thou this Night wast my Protector,  
With me stay all this Day,  
Ever my Director.
- 4 Leave me not, but ever love me ;  
Let thy Peace be my Bliss,  
Till thou hence remove me.
- 5 Holy, holy, holy Giver  
Of all Good, Life and Food,  
Reign ador'd for ever.
- 6 Glory, Honour, Thanks, and Blessing,  
One in Three, we give thee,  
Never never ceasing.

## H Y M N CCCCLXX.

- 1 **E**RE I sleep for ev'ry Favour  
This Day shew'd me by my God,  
I will bless my Saviour.
- 2 O my Lord ! what shall I render  
To thy Name, still the same,  
Gracious, good and tender.
- 3 Leave me not, but ever love me ;  
Let thy Peace be my Bliss,  
Till thou hence remove me.
- 4 Visit me with thy Salvation ;  
Let thy Care now be near,  
Round my Habitation.

5 Thou

- 5 Thou, my Rock, my Guard, my Tow'r  
 Safely keep while I sleep,  
 Me, with all thy Pow'r.
- 7 And, whene'er in Death I slumber,  
 Let me rise with the Wise,  
 Counted in their Number.

## H Y M N CCCCLXXI.

A H! lovely Appearance of Death,  
 No Sight upon Earth is so fair:  
 Not all the gay Pageants that breathe,  
 Can with a dead Body compare;  
 With solemn Delight I survey  
 The Corps when the Spirit is fled,  
 In Love with the beautiful Clay,  
 And longing to lie in its Stead.

How blest is our Brother, bereft  
 Of all that could burden his Mind;  
 How easy the Soul that hath left  
 The wearisome Body behind!  
 Of Evil incapable thou,  
 Whose Relics with Envy I see;  
 No longer in Misery now,  
 No longer a Sinner like me.

This Earth is affected no more  
 With Sicknes, or shaken with Pain;  
 The War in the Members is o'er,  
 And never shall vex him again:

No

No Anger henceforward, or Shame,  
 Shall redden this innocent Clay,  
 Extinct in the animal Flame,  
 And Passion is vanish'd away.

4 This languishing Head is at Rest,  
 Its Thinking and Aching are o'er;  
 This quiet immovable Breast  
 Is heav'd by Affliction no more;  
 This Heart is no longer the Seat  
 Of Trouble and torturing Pain;  
 It ceases to flutter and beat,  
 It never shall flutter again.

5 The Lids he so seldom could close,  
 By Sorrow forbidden to sleep,  
 Seal'd up in eternal Repose,  
 Have strangely forgotten to weep:  
 The Fountain can yield no Supplies,  
 These Hollows from Water are free;  
 The Tears are all wip'd from these Eyes,  
 And Evil they never shall see.

6 To mourn and to suffer is mine,  
 While bound in a Prison I breathe;  
 And still for Deliverance pine,  
 And press to the Issues of Death.  
 What now with my Tears I bedew,  
 O might I this Moment become;  
 My Spirit created anew,  
 My Flesh be consign'd to the Tomb!

HYMN



H Y M N CCCCLXXII.

1 **L**OVING Saviour, Prince of Peace,  
Author of our Unity,  
Making Wars and Jarrings cease,  
Causing Men, tho' Foes, t' agree,  
Kindly rule in us;  
Make us happily go on,  
Helping each to bear his Cross,  
Stedfast 'till our Work is done.

2 Let us like a Flock of Sheep,  
Close together persevere,  
True by one another keep,  
Each esteeming very dear,  
Altogether move:  
Truly subject be the whole,  
Bound in Bands of truest Love,  
One in Heart, in Mind, and Soul.

H Y M N CCCCLXXIII.

**G**REAT God, whose universal Sway  
The known and unknown Worlds obey,  
Now give the Kingdom to thy Son,  
Extend his Pow'r, exalt his Throne.

HYMN

## H Y M N CCCCLXXIV.

- 1 **O** God, how endless is thy Love,  
Thy Gifts are ev'ry Ev'ning new ;  
And Morning-Mercies, from above,  
Gently distil like early Dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the Curtain of the Night,  
Great Guardian of our Sleeping Hours ;  
Thy sov'reign Word restores the Light,  
And quickens all our drowsy Pow'rs.
- 3 We yield our Pow'rs to thy Command,  
To thee we consecrate our Days ;  
Perpetual Blessings from thine Hand  
Demand perpetual Songs of Praise.

## H Y M N CCCCLXXV.

**J**ESUS shall reign where e'er the Sun  
Does his successive Journeys run ;  
His Kingdom stretch from Shore to Shore,  
'Till Moons shall wax and wane no more.

## H Y M N CCCCLXXVI.

- 1 **M**EET and right it is to sing  
Glory to our God and King ;  
Meet in ev'ry Time and Place,  
To rehearse his solemn Praise.
- 2 Join, ye Saints, the Song around,  
Angels, help the cheerful Sound ;

Publish

Publish through the World abroad  
Glory to th' eternal God.

- 3 Praises here to thee we give,  
Gracious thou our Thanks receive;  
Holy Father, sov'reign Lord,  
Ev'ry where be thou ador'd.

## H Y M N CCCCLXXVII.

- 1 **O** What shall I do my Saviour to praise,  
So faithful and true, so plenteous in Grace;  
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem  
The weakest Believer that hangs upon him?

- 2 How happy the Man whose Heart is set free,  
The People that can be joyful in thee!  
Their Joy is to walk in the Light of thy Face,  
And still they are talking of Jesus's Grace.

- 3 Their daily Delight shall be in thy Name;  
They shall as their Right thy Righteousness  
claim;

Thy Righteousness wearing, and cleans'd  
by thy Blood,

Bold shall they appear in the Presence of God.

For thou art their Boast, their Glory and  
Pow'r;

And I also trust to see the glad Hour,  
My Soul's new Creation, a Life from the  
Dead,

The Day of Salvation, that lifts up my Head.

T t t

5 Yes

- 5 Yes, Lord, I shall see the Blifs of thine own;  
Thy Mercy to me shall soon be made known;  
For Sorrow and Sadness, I Joy shall receive,  
And share in the Gladness of all that believe.

## H Y M N CCCCLXXVIII.

- 1 SWEET was the Hour, the Minutes sweet,  
When my Beloved me did meet,  
His Death to evidence :  
My Heart which wounded was before,  
Kindly he bound ; therein did pour  
Love's healing Quintessence.
- 2 Death's Heritage he then laid waste,  
And calm'd each stormy furious Blast,  
And cancel'd all my Sins ;  
Placing his Cross before my Eyes,  
"Look to me, and be sav'd," he cries,  
From Death thy Life begins.
- 3 Sweet was the Feast my Heart enjoy'd;  
I ate, I drank, nor was I cloy'd,  
For more I thirsted still :  
Here let me stay, I longing pray'd,  
Sure this is Achor's Vale, I said,  
Or holy Tabor's Hill.
- 4 His left Hand under me was plac'd,  
And his right Hand my Soul embrac'd,  
His Kindness sweet did prove :  
Safely I sat beneath his Shade,

Quite

Quite round my Soul he overspread  
His Canopy of Love.

5 I sung, assur'd of Jesu's Love,  
Refresh'd with Manna from above,  
For Flesh no more I cry'd :  
Warm'd with the Sun's enliv'ning Beams,  
I laid me down at Shiloh's Streams,  
Content and satisfy'd.

6 Untouch'd by Satan's envious Crew,  
Upon my Fleece, like Drops of Dew,  
His free Grace did descend :  
Strangers in vain attempt to tell  
The Joy immense, unspeakable,  
I found in Christ my Friend.

7 Thus freed from Bondage, I did prove  
The Sweets of his redeeming Love,  
And bask'd in sunny Beams:  
In this sweet Frame may I rejoice,  
Still hearken to my Saviour's Voice,  
Still drink those living Streams!

## H Y M N CCCCLXXIX.

1 JESUS, my All, to Heav'n is gone,  
He whom I fix my Hopes upon;  
His Track I see, and I'll pursue  
The narrow Way, till him I view.

2 The Way the holy Prophets went,  
The Road that leads from Banishment;

T t t 3

The



The King's Highway of Holiness  
I'll go, for all his Paths are Peace.

- 3 This is the Way I long have fought,  
And mourn'd because I found it not;  
My Grief a Burden long has been,  
Because I could not cease from Sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its Pow'r  
I sinn'd, and stumbled but the more;  
Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
"Come hither, Soul, I AM THE WAY."
- 5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,  
Shalt take me to thee as I am:  
Nothing but Sin I thee can give,  
Nothing but Love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to Sinners round  
What a dear Saviour I have found;  
I'll point to thy redeeming Blood,  
And say, "Behold the Way to God."

## H Y M N CCCCLXXX.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of the heav'nly King,  
As ye journey sweetly sing;  
Sing your Saviour's worthy Praise,  
Glorious in his Works and Ways!
- 2 Ye are trav'ling home to God,  
In the Way the Fathers trod:  
They are happy now, and ye  
Soon their Happiness shall see.

- 3 O ye banish'd Seed, be glad !  
 Christ our Advocate is made ;  
 Us to save our Flesh assumes,  
 Brother to our Souls becomes.
- 4 Shout, ye little Flock and blest,  
 You on Jesu's Throne shall rest ;  
 There your Seat is now prepar'd,  
 There your Kingdom, and Reward.
- 5 Fear not, Brethren, joyful stand  
 On the Borders of your Land ;  
 Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,  
 Bids you undismay'd go on.
- 6 Lord ! obediently we'll go,  
 Gladly leaving all below ;  
 Only thou our Leader be,  
 And we still will follow thee !

## H Y M N CCCCLXXXI.

- 1 REJOICE evermore with Angels above,  
 In Jesus's Power, in Jesus's Love  
 With glad Exultation your Triumph proclaim,  
 Ascribing Salvation to God and the Lamb.
- 2 Thou, Lord, our Relief in Trouble hast been ;  
 Hast sav'd us from Grief, hast sav'd us from Sin ;  
 The Pow'rof thy Spirit can set our Hearts free ;  
 And we shall inherit all Fulness in thee.
- 3 All Fulness of Peace, all Fulness of Joy,  
 And spiritual Bliss that never can cloy ;

To

To us it is given in Jesus to know,  
A Kingdom of Heaven, a Heaven below.

- 4 No longer we join where Sinners invite,  
Nor envy the Swine their brutish Delight;  
Their Joy is all Sadness, their Mirth is all vain,  
Their Laughter is Madness, their Pleasure  
is Pain.

- 5 O may they at last with Sorrow return,  
The Pleasure taste for which they were born!  
Our Jesus receiving, our Happiness prove,  
The Joy of believing, the Heaven of Love,

## H Y M N CCCCLXXXII.

- 1 **L**ORD, dismiss us with thy Blessing;  
Fill our Hearts with Joy and Peace;  
Let us each, thy Love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming Grace:  
O refresh us, &c.  
Trav'ling thro' this Wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give and Adoration  
For thy Gospel's joyful Sound:  
May the Fruits of thy Salvation  
In our Hearts and Lives abound!  
Ever faithful, &c.  
To the Truth may we be found!
- 3 So whene'er the Signal's given  
Us from Earth to call away,  
Borne on Angel's Wing to Heaven,  
Glad the Summons to obey,

May

May we ever, &c.  
Reign with Christ in endless Day !

# H Y M N CCCCLXXXIII.

1 **O**, WAS my Heart but form'd for Woe,  
What Streams of pitying Tears  
should flow,  
To see the thoughtless Sons of Men  
Labour and toil, and live in vain !

2 One Thing is needful, one alone;  
If this be ours, all is our own :  
'Tis needful now, 'twill needful be  
In Death, and thro' Eternity.

3 Without it we are all undone,  
Tho' we could call the World our own;  
Not all the Joys of Time and Sense  
Can countervail the Loss immense.

4 Yet, (O the Horrors of the Thought !  
The one Thing needful is forgot;  
Forgot, while Trifles of an Hour  
Our Love, and Hope, and Zeal devour.

5 Hurry, and Toil, and anxious Care,  
The busy Life of Mortals share,  
Till Death compels them to bemoan  
Their Folly, when their Sands are run.

6 The Bliss of Heav'n they disregard,  
Hell's flaming Terrors rage unfear'd ;

Eternity



Eternity a Trifle seems;  
Immense Realities are Dreams.

- 7 O Sinners ! will you now return ?  
Or must I still your Madness mourn ?  
O will you now at length be wise,  
And strive to gain the only Prize ?
- 8 Great God ! that pow'rful Grace of thine,  
Which rous'd a Soul so dead as mine,  
Can rouse these thoughtless Sinners too  
The one Thing needful to pursue.

## H Y M N CCCCLXXXIV.

- 1 **T**HE Fire with wild unbounded Pow'r  
May ruin ev'ry earthly Joy,  
And in a swift surprizing Hour  
Our Treasures, Homes and Lives destroy:
- 2 But still the Saint its Rage defies,  
And should Destruction seize his Frame,  
His unimbody'd Soul would rise,  
And mount to Glory in the Flame.
- 3 There stands a Palace built sublime  
In yonder Heav'ns to which we go  
Secure from all the Wastes of Time,  
And all the dire Events below.
- 4 When Vengeance, kindling all her Fires,  
Shall ride in Ruin o'er the Ball,  
Saints shall enjoy their full Desires,  
Their God, their Saviour, and their All.

HYMN



## H Y M N CCCCLXXXV.

**W**HAT Joy shall abound,  
 When our Brethren around  
 The Throne of our glorious Redeemer are  
 Not a dissonant String [tound!  
 Shall be heard while we sing,  
 With the Chorus of Angels, our Saviour  
 Our Saviour we own and King.  
 Who sits on the Throne,  
 All Praise to the Father and Spirit and Son!  
 We are sav'd by the Lamb,  
 Let all Heaven proclaim;  
 Let all Heaven bow down to his wonderful  
 Our Jesus surround, [Name.  
 With Majesty crown'd,  
 And Amen to our Praises, ye Seraphim, sound;  
 Lo, he shews us his Face!  
 Ye Seraphim, gaze,  
 Or fall and adore in the Spirit of Praise.  
 Thus, thus let us lye,  
 'Till, rais'd by his Eye,  
 Hallelujah, again Hallelujah, we cry!  
 Progressively move,  
 And in Rapture improve,  
 And Eternity spend to the Praise of his Love.

## H Y M N CCCCLXXXVI.

- 1 JESUS, we thy Promise plead;  
 Grant the Things for which we pray  
 Give us, Lord, our daily Bread,  
 This and ev'ry happy Day:  
 Now our Body's Strength renew;  
 Feed our needy Spirits too.
- 2 Comfort ev'ry longing Heart,  
 Longing thee alone to know:  
 Nourishment divine impart,  
 Immaterial Bread bestow,  
 Bread by which our Souls may live:  
 Give thyself, for ever give!

## H Y M N CCCCLXXXVII.

- 1 O FATHER of all,  
 Who fillest with Good  
 The Ravens that call  
 On thee for their Food;  
 Them, ready to perish,  
 Thou lov'st to sustain:  
 And wilt thou not cherish  
 The Children of Men?
- 2 On thee we depend  
 Our Wants to supply,  
 Whose Goodness shall send  
 Us Bread from the Sky:  
 On Earth thou wilt give us

I. A Taste of thy Love;  
And shortly receive us,  
To banquet above.

pray  
H Y M N CCCCLXXXVIII.

YESUS, our outward Wants relieve;  
But oh, the Food immortal give,  
Our hungry Souls to fill!  
Sustain us by thy pard'ning Grace,  
And lead us, through this Wilderness,  
To thy celestial Hill.

H Y M N CCCCLXXXIX.

VII. BE present at our Table, Lord;  
Be here and every where ador'd:  
These Creatures bless, and grant that we  
May feast in Paradise with thee.

H Y M N CCCCXC.

WAY with all our Trouble,  
And caring for To-morrow?  
The God of Love  
Doth still remove  
Every Want and Sorrow:  
Our joyful Lips shall bless him,  
All good Gifts the Giver;  
Thy Spirit, Lord,

U 3

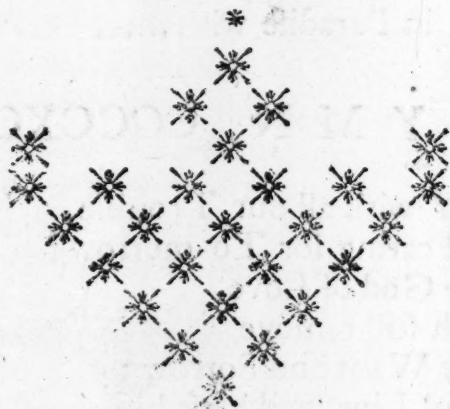
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( 432 )

Hath spoke the Word  
That seals us thine for ever.

H Y M N CCCCXCI.

COME, Lord, from above,  
The Mountains remove,  
Overturn all that hinders the Course of the  
My Bosom inspire, [Love  
Enkindle the Fire,  
And wrapt me in Flames of celestial Desire.



# ANTHEMS.

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## ANTHEM I.

**BLESSED** be he that cometh in the Name of the Lord. We have wished you good Luck, ye that are of the House of the Lord. We will go into his Tabernacle, and fall low on our Knees before his Footstool. Let thy Priests be clothed with Righteousness, and let thy Saints sing with Joyfulness. The Lord is my Strength and Song, and he is become my Salvation. Help me now, O Lord, send us now Prosperity. Thou art my God and I will praise thee; thou art my God and I will exalt thee. O give Thanks unto the Lord, for he is gracious, and his Mercy endureth forever. Hallelujah. Amen.

## II.

**SING**, O Heavens, and be joyful, O Earth, and break forth into Singing, O Mountains; for the Lord hath comforted his People, and will have Mercy upon his Afflicted. The Lord hath made bare his holy Arm, in the Eyes of all the Nations, and all the Ends of the Earth shall see the Salvation of our God: for behold, I bring you glad Tidings of great Joy which shall be to all People; for unto us is born this Day in the City of David, a Saviour



viour which is Christ the Lord. A Light to lighten the Gentiles, and the Glory of his People Israel. The Wildernets and the solitary Place shall be glad for him, and the Defart shall rejoyce and blossom as the Rose. Sing, O ye Heavens; for the Lord hath done it, shout ye lower parts of the Earth; break forth into singing, ye Mountains, O Forests, and every Tree therein: for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and glorified himself in Israel,

## III.

**T**HE People that walked in Darknes have seen a great Light, and they that dwell in the Land of the Shadow of Death, upon them hath the Light shined.

For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given, and the Government shall be upon his Shoulder, and his Name shall be called, Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

## IV.

**B**EHOLD the Lamb of God, that taketh away the Sins of the World.

He was despised and rejected of Men, a Man of Sorrows and acquainted with Grief. He gave his Back to the Smiters, and his Cheeks

to

to them that plucked off the Hair: He hid not his Face from Shame and Spitting.

Surely he hath born our Grievs, and carry'd our Sorrows: He was wounded for our Transgressions, he was bruised for our Iniquities, the Chastisement of our Peace was upon him, and with his Stripes we are healed.

All we like Sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own Way; and the Lord hath laid on him the Iniquity of us all.

# V.

CHRIST our Passover is sacrificed for us: therefore let us keep the Feast. Not with old Leaven, or the Leaven of Malice and Wickedness: but with the unleavened Bread of Sincerity and Truth.

CHRIST being raised from the Dead, dieth no more: Death hath no more Dominion over him. For in that he died, he died unto Sin once: but in that he liveth, he liveth unto God. Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto Sin: but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

CHRIST is risen from the Dead: and become the First-fruits of them that slept. For since by Man came Death: by Man came

came also the Resurrection of the Dead. For as in Adam all die: even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the Beginning, is now, and ever shall be: World without End. Amen.

VI.

**L**IFT up your Heads, O ye Gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting Doors, and the King of Glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?

The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in Battle.

Lift up your Heads, O ye Gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting Doors, and the King of Glory shall come in.

Who is this King of Glory?

The Lord of Hosts: He is the King of Glory.

VII.

**G**OD is gone up with a Shout, the Lord with the Sound of a Trumpet.

He hath led Captivity captive; he hath received Gifts for Men.

He

He will not leave us comfortless, he will come unto us. 'Lo! he is with us alway, even unto the End of the World. He will pour out his Spirit upon all People, and cause them to walk in his Statutes.

O sing Praises, sing Praises unto our God;  
O sing Praises, sing Praises unto our King.

## VIII.

**O** the Depth of the Riches both of the Wisdom and Knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his Judgments, and his Ways past finding out!

For who hath known the Mind of the Lord, or who hath been his Counsellor?

Or who hath first given to him, and it shall be recompensed unto him again?

For of him, and through him, and to him are all Things: to whom be Glory for ever. Amen.

## IX.

**BLESSED** are the Dead which die in the Lord, even so saith the Spirit, for they rest from their Labours.

When a few Years are come, then shall I go the Way whence I shall not return.

Man that is born of a Woman, is of few Days, and full of Trouble.

X x x

• He

He cometh forth like a Flower, and is cut down ; he fleeth also as a Shadow and continueth not : Man dieth and wasteth away, yea Man giveth up the Ghost, and where is he ?

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter Day upon the Earth ; and though after my Skin, Worms destroy this Body, yet in my Flesh shall I see God.

Blessed are the Dead which die in the Lord : even so saith the Spirit, for they rest from their Labours.

## X.

**P**RAISE ye the Lord. Praise God in his Sanctuary : praise him in the Firmament of his Power.

Praise him for his mighty Acts : praise him according to his excellent Greatness.

Praise him with the Sound of the Trumpet : praise him with the Psaltery and Harp.

Praise him with the Timbrel and Dance : praise him with stringed Instruments, and Organs.

Praise him upon the loud Cymbals : praise him upon the high-sounding Cymbals.

Let every Thing that hath Breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

## XI.

**H**E shall feed his Flock like a Shepherd ; and he shall gather the Lambs with his Arm, and

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and carry them in his Bosom, and gently lead those that are with young.

Come unto him, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and he will give you Rest.

Take his Yoke upon you, and learn of him, for he is meek and lowly of Heart, and ye shall find Rest unto your Souls.

His Yoke is easy, and his Burden light.

## XII.

**I** Know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter Day upon the Earth: And though Worms destroy this Body, yet in my Flesh shall I see God. For now is Christ risen from the Dead, the first Fruits of them that sleep.

Since by Man came Death, by Man came also the Resurrection of the Dead:

For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

## XIII.

**T**HE Trumpet shall sound, and the Dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this Corruptible must put on Incorruption, and this Mortal must put on Immortality.

O Death where is thy Sting?

O Grave where is thy Victory?

The Sting of Death is Sin,

And the Strength of Sin is the Law.

X x x 3

But

But Thanks be to God who giveth us the Victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

## XIV.

**I**F God be for us, who can be against us? Who shall lay any Thing to the Charge of God's Elect? It is God that justifieth, who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather that is risen again, who is at the right Hand of God, who maketh Intercession for us.

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, and hath redeemed us to God by his Blood, to receive Power, and Riches, and Wisdom, and Strength, and Honour, and Glory, and Blessing. Blessing and Honour, Glory and Power be unto him that sitteth upon the Throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever. Amen.

## XV.

**V**IRTUE my Soul shall still embrace;  
Goodness shall make me great;  
Who builds upon this steady Base,  
Dreads no Event of Fate.  
Virtue my Soul shall still embrace;  
Goodness shall make me great.

## XVI.

**T**HE smiling Dawn of happy Days  
Presents a Prospect clear;

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And pleasing Hope's all-bright'ning Rays,  
 Dispel each gloomy Fear;  
 While every Charm that Peace displays,  
 Makes Spring-time all the Year.

## XVII.

HOW dark, O Lord, are thy Decrees,  
 All hid from mortal Sight;  
 All our Joys to Sorrows turning,  
 And our Triumphs into Mourning,  
 As the Night succeeds the Day,  
 No certain Bliss, no solid Peace,  
 We Mortals know, on Earth below,  
 Yet on this Maxim still obey;  
 Whatever is, is right.

## XVIII.

FOR ever blessed be thy holy Name,  
 Lord God of Is—ra—el.  
 Theme sublime of endless Praise,  
 Just and righteous are thy Ways,  
 And thy Mercies still endure,  
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

## XIX.

PIOUS Orgies, pious Airs,  
 Decent Sorrows, decent Pray'rs,  
 Will to the Lord ascend, and move  
 His Pity, and regain his Love.  
 O Father, whose almighty Power,

The

The Heav'ns, and Earth, and Seas adore  
 The Hearts of Sion, thy Delight,  
 In one obedient Bond unite,  
 And them to Glory do thou bring,  
 Through Christ, their Prophet, Priest, and King.

## XX.

HOW vain is Man, who boasts in Fight  
 The Valour of Gigantic Might;  
 And dreams not that a Hand unseen,  
 Directs and guides this weak Machine!

## XXI.

THE Lord worketh Wonders  
 His Glory to raise,  
 And still as he thunders  
 Is fearful in Praise.

## XXII.

O never, never, bow we down  
 To the rude stock or sculptur'd Stone:  
 But ever worship Israel's God,  
 Ever obedient to his Nod.  
 We never, never will bow down  
 To the rude Stock, or sculptur'd Stone.—  
 We worship God, and God alone.

## XXIII.

**T**hree great God, be all the Honour giv'n  
That grateful Hearts can send from  
Earth to Heav'n.

## XXIV.

**O** lovely Peace, with Plenty crown'd,  
Come spread thy Blessings all around ;  
Let fleecy Flocks the Hills adorn,  
And Vallies smile with wavy Corn ;  
Let the shrill Trumpet cease, nor other Sound  
But Nature's Songsters, wake the cheerful Morn.  
Rejoice, O Sion ! and in Songs divine,  
With Cherubim, and Seraphim, harmonious  
Hallelujah, &c. (join.

## XXV.

**O** All ye Works of the Lord, bless ye the  
Lord ; praise him and magnify him for ever.  
O ye Angels of the Lord, &c.  
O ye Sun and Moon, &c.  
O ye Stars of Heaven, &c.  
O ye Winter and Summer, &c.  
O ye Nights and Days, &c.  
O ye Light and Darkness, &c.  
O ye Lightning and Clouds, &c.  
O ye Mountains and Hills, &c.  
O ye Seas and Floods, &c.  
O all ye Fowls of the air, &c.  
O all ye Beasts and Cattle, &c.



O ye Children of Men, &c.  
 O ye Priests of the Lord, &c.  
 O ye Servants of the Lord, &c.  
 Glory be to the Father, &c.

## XXVI.

**I** Beheld! and lo! a great Multitude which no Man could number, of all Nations, and Kindreds, and People, and Tongues, stood before the Throne, and before the Lamb, clothed in white Robes, and Palms were in their Hands. And they cry'd with a loud Voice, saying, Salvation unto God, which sitteth on the Throne and unto the Lamb. And they cry'd with a loud Voice, saying, Blessing, Hallelujah, and Glory, and Wisdom, and Thanksgiving, and Honour and Power, and Might be unto the Lord God, for ever and ever. Amen. Hallelujah.

## XXVII.

**B**EHOLD, the Lord is my Salvation; in him will I trust; for the Lord is my Strength and my Song, and he is become my Salvation. Cry aloud, and sing unto the Lord; for great is the Holy-One of Israel. Hallelujah.

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F I N I S.

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# I N D E X.

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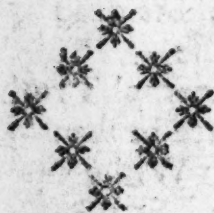


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*Diary of James*

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Sarah Paul



